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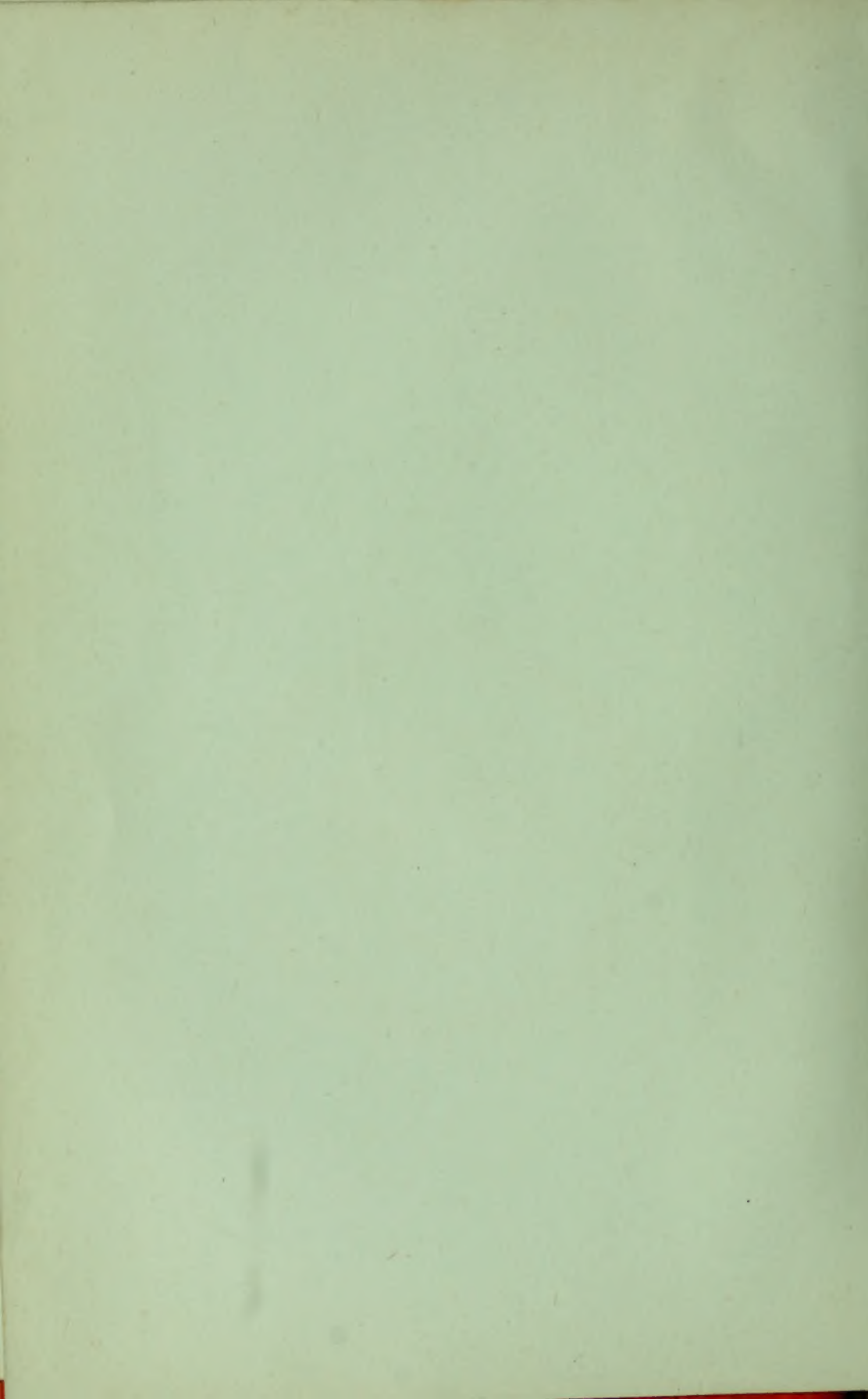
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THE HAVERFORDIAN



**MARCH
1909**

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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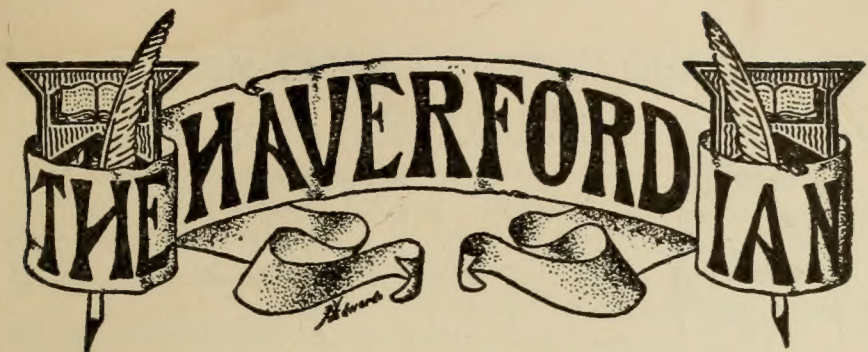
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the tenth of each month during the College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends, contributions are invited and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-sixth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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VOL XXXI

HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1909

No. 1

TO HER



BEYOND the realm of words her beauty lies
'Tis like the glory of the summer night
When stars that blaze along the purple skies
Pulse with the wonder of the infinite.
Oh God! Although I cannot words devise
I thank Thee Thou hast given me my sight
To see the tenderness deep in her eyes
When my lips softly met her cheek so white.

To hear her tiny breathing fall and rise
I'd still my heart, and with her warm breath share
I would not miss for any earthly prize
The gleam of gold along her wind-blown hair.
Words are but hollow, empty parodies
Of Love that girds the soul like autumn air.

C. D. M.

THE MADRID ATENEO: A MODEL MEN'S CLUB



VERY Spanish town has its *casino* where the men play *tresilla* and talk gossip until the small hours of the night. But only Madrid has its *Ateneo*,—a serious club, of which many foreigners have heard, but which comparatively few have had the opportunity to appreciate.

To an American student, shivering in the chill of a Madrid winter, the proposal of temporary membership in a club,—which was warmed with real coal stoves and which was provided with comfortable chairs, electric lights and a complete library,—seemed a veritable Godsend. The necessary introduction and the payment of a nominal fee entitled me to all the privileges of the club, and to the smiling salutation of *Buenos días* or *Buenas tardes* from the rotund little black-eyed porter who kept tab on those who passed through the sacred portals.

The *Ateneo* is an unpretentious looking building in the *Calle del Prado*, a few minutes walk from the *Puerta del Sol*. One might pass it on his way from the hotels to the Prado Gallery.

After going up a long flight of steps, from which there is a side entrance into the auditorium, the member passes through some glass doors and finds himself in the heavily carpeted corridors and *salas de conversación*. The doors are hung with massive red draperies; the walls are covered with oil portraits of the illustrious men of Spain who have belonged to the *Ateneo*; and over all there hangs a faint blue haze produced by the smoke of the innumerable cigarettes which are daily consumed in this resort. If all Spaniards are inveterate smokers, the literary men and politicians seem to exceed even their fellows in their devotion to the habit. Each group of talkers in these lower rooms is sending forth its own cloud of blue smoke; cigarettes are pulled out from unseen receptacles and passed about with the fingers, one at a time, with charming informality; matches are crackling constantly. Until you have admired their deftness in handling their "smokables," you think these men can never accomplish anything so serious as reading or writing. In reality, the smoking of a cigarette is so much an affair of habit with them that it causes no more distraction from the business in hand than does the simple process of breathing.

The second floor is devoted to the library and reading room,—a most admirably arranged apartment and most conducive to study. The very atmosphere of the book-lined room is redolent with the odor dear

to a book lover. The rows of desks, the vistas of heads bent over books and paper, and, towering above all at one end, the librarian's spacious platform,—tend to make the student feel that he has come again to his own.

And who are the men who use a club of this kind? They are, for the most part, professional men: writers, reporters, lawyers, politicians and simple readers. The well chosen library of many thousand volumes is very complete upon all subjects dealing with Spanish history, art, literature and law. The selection of foreign literature is rather limited. The university student comes here to do his studying, the reporter to write his 'copy', the editor to consult back files of the journals, and the casual reader to glance through the daily paper or the latest novel. But whatever he may be reading, each man is busy at something. Above the crackling of matches and the frequent *Pst!* of a reader calling Pepe or Pedro to fetch a book, there reigns the silence of concentration and brain activity.

All the afternoon and all the evening until about one o'clock the desks are filled with readers. To beguile his long hours of study one soon adopts the custom of ringing for a pot of tea or coffee, which is served directly at the desk. Add to the luxury of having your cup and saucer at hand, the rare privilege of smoking while at work, and you will see what advantages the *Ateneo* has over our own University libraries and clubs. The Spaniard believes most thoroughly in making himself comfortable, and the right to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes anywhere and everywhere is a right which no one thinks of contesting.

Before leaving the reading-room, mention should be made of that courteous librarian and eminent scholar Señor Menéndez Pidal, now on a visit to the United States, to whom all foreign students owe a debt of gratitude for his polite attention and sterling scholarship. There is an easy *bonhomie* on the part of all the *personnel* of the reading room which makes a foreigner feel that he is among friends. I remember many a conversation with the employees of the club, who were all most respectable men and to a certain extent interested in a *Yanqui*. One of them, noticing one day an English rubber tobacco-pouch upon my desk, coveted it and with perfect frankness asked me to send him one like it when I should be in Gibraltar. Needless to say, knowing the custom of the country, I told him that the pouch was his on the spot, if he would accept it with my compliments. He did so, with many protestations of *gracias*, straightway put it into use, and I bought myself a new one upon reaching the land of tobacco-pouches.

If now, leaving the reading-room, we descend to the club rooms

on the first floor about ten o'clock in the evening, we shall come upon an animated scene. These rooms are where the talkers, *los habladores*, congregate, to avoid the silence imposed in the *sala de lectura*. Here young poets recite their verses to groups of friends, the latest play is discussed, the eternal vicissitudes of Church and State are exposed from every point of view with the most dramatic passion. Is it not strange that the two very subjects which are most avoided in general conversation in the United States should occupy every one's attention in Spain: politics and religion? At private *tertulias*, in the cafés, in the clubs, in groups and in pairs, with ladies or without them, the conversation sooner or later turns upon one or the other of these always live topics. At the *Ateneo*, where the atmosphere of the *salas de conversación* is distinctly political, where there can always be found of an evening a handful of *senadores* and *diputados*, the conversation upon politics naturally becomes animated. The talk at such times is in groups. Now, no Spaniard can talk at his ease when seated. His movements are hampered, his gestures restrained. So, when moved to express his sentiments, each speaker rises from his seat and, after thundering until he has drowned the voices of all competitors, he continues his harangue, shaking his fists, rolling his eyes and swaying his body until he in turn is winded and falls heavily into his reclining chair. What *Hombres!* What *Carambas!* What shaking of fists, and shrugging of shoulders! Surely one's criticism of such shouting and mutual recrimination must be that there is much ado about nothing. Surely it is the bane of Spain to-day that she has so many talkers and so few doers, so many orators and so few statesmen. Each party, nay, each individual has his own panacea for the existing woes. It is sad that in Spain so many succeeding ministries have proved false to their pledge that general mistrust has been engendered. Many citizens talk who do not vote. At the important crisis in 1901 when Señor Moret was forming a cabinet, one of the new ministers about whom I inquired was described by the conventional epithet "*el menos malo*," the least objectionable.

In the auditorium, which holds several hundred persons, public entertainments of a literary or musical character are frequently given.

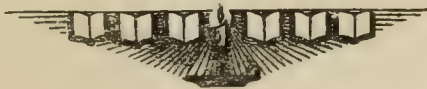
It is evident from this brief description of the *Ateneo* that its activities are of three kinds. It responds to three needs. It offers at once a library, a suite of club rooms and a lecture hall. By avoiding all luxury and by providing exactly what is most needed, the fees are reduced to a minimum figure. As a consequence, the *Ateneo* has long been, and still is, a club for intelligent men of all classes, a club within the reach of all. It has been for years the center of Spanish political and literary life.

There political plans are hatched, candidates are discussed, measures are censured in open court and reforms suggested. To be asked to lecture there is for the literary man a marked favor.

In thinking now of this club in Madrid, whose existence has been so significant in the development of modern Spain, one can but reflect how little in comparison has been accomplished by our university clubs. How little the latter differ from any other social club! With a membership drawn from the best of our educated men, our university clubs fail to offer anything more than a lounging-place, a café, a small library, and possibly a few bedrooms. They do not pretend to be centers of influence, nor are they such. It must be admitted that our American club system offers nothing comparable to the *Ateneo*. No club where comfort should be combined with facilities for work has yet occurred to the American. When the latter goes into a library, it is to consult some books and escape as soon as possible. When he goes into a club, it is to get a meal, to talk for an hour with a friend, or to look at the papers. In other words, the serious intellectual element is not in this country regarded as an adjunct of social clubs, while the desire for material luxury has been carried to an exaggerated extent. On the other hand, our serious clubs, which exist for a specific purpose, offer nothing more than meeting rooms where lectures or "smoke-talks" may be held. They are not in constant use for social purposes. The *Ateneo* with a far smaller plant, with a far poorer membership, is able to bring together in familiar intercourse a large body of educated men. Thus a kind of forum is established.

In conclusion, if our university clubs spent an annual sum to collect a consulting library, if a series of talks by specialists upon contemporary topics was inaugurated, if the most influential and respected men in our cities could be seen at such places,—then our clubs of university men would perhaps exercise a potent influence in our national life. Perhaps the time will come when each of our large cities will have at least one large club where intelligent men will go to discuss informally matters of public interest.

William Wistar Comfort.



THE TWO PRINCESSES.



WO moods hath my mind, and two maidens
In turn on its changes attend;
One major, one minor in cadence
Like strains in a symphony blend.
But which takes the lead in this play-time
Of revery's gloaming or gleam;—
Is it thou, splendid princess of day-time,
Or thou, oh my princess of dream?

In the laughing allegro of morning
When the breast of ambition breathes deep,
And the brazen bright bugle note's warning
Strikes shafts through the shadows of sleep
It is thou then that nerverest to action,
Oh goddess of sunlight supreme;
While fades all thy fancied attraction,
My moon-pallid princess of dream.

But ah! when the sun has departed
And the soft wings of twilight sink down,
Like a sigh o'er the desolate-hearted,
When above me the lights of the town
Beacon forth from the home of the lonely.
With a pleading, compassionate beam,—
It is thee then I worship, thee only,
My mystical princess of dream.

Both love I and therefore could choose not
Either one, if the other must part,
Both need I and therefore would lose not
One solace so sweet to my heart,
Then dwell with me, each in succession,
Inspiring my life's varied theme,
Each taking in turn full possession;
Thou of daylight, and thou, love, of dream.

Charles Wharton Stork.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH WAITRESS

III. A TEMPERANCE INTERLUDE.



ALWAYS thought he was rale pleasant," said Policeman Morison.

"Shure, so he was," said Barbara, "He was a fine ould fellow, Xenyphon was, but we had to get rid of him, he was that supercilious. Them alley-cats was his undoin', they led him into awful bad company. But he was a rare ould cat, with a rale sinse of humor. Did I iver tell you about

the time he got mixed up with the fly-paper?"

"Well, ye see, it was some time ago. Xenyphon was quite young, he had his flighty ways on him still. It was a Sunday marnin', one o' them rale warm days like when you might be up on the third floor a-makin' your bed, and the ice man comes along. So you says to him 'A ten-cent piece, please,' an' he brings it in. But, be the saints, whin ye git downstairs a few minutes later, where's the ice? If ye look hard maybe ye can see a little splinter, no bigger than a butter-ball, divil a bit. So ye see it was warm.

"Faix, I knew somethin' was goin' to happen that day, for whin I was coming down the backstairs before breakfast, I tripped on the mousetrap the Mrs. always kapes there (she's afraid the mice'll git upstairs!) and inconvenienced me wrist."

"Which one?" said Policeman Morison.

"This here."

"Let's see."

"Oh no ye don't!" said Barbara.

"Well, sure enough, after breakfast, while I was just afther puttin' out some new fly-papers in the pantry, for the flies was pesterin' somethin' cruel, in comes Mrs. Harrison with a telygram in her hand. 'Oh Barbara,' she says, in her bad-news voice, 'I've jist got word that the Bishop will be here for dinner tonight. Will you tell cook to fix up somethin' extra special, and we won't have the wine jelly I ordered, for the Bishop is a stric' toteetaler.' So I says to cook, 'Look here, we're goin' to have a stric' toteetal Bishop here for supper, and the Mrs. wants us to fix every-thing up right. But you mustn't put any o' the juice in, because if ye do the Bishop will scent it out. The Mrs. says his nose for it is somethin' wonderful.' You see the Harrisons is kind o' warm-hearted people, an' they like a bit o' the ould convivial in what they eat. So cook gets into

the habit o' puttin' in a taste o' the barley into most everythin'. Why shure I remember one day whin she spilt about half a glassful o' Cruiskeen (what she was takin' for her nerves after her ould man died) into some spinach. Well, acushla, it was jist upon dinner time and it had to go on. So she mixed it up an' stirred it 'round as well as she cud, but faix, it was that strong I had to hold down the lid o' the dish whin I carried it in. Tar an' ages, but the Profissor took three helps, an' then he says 'This spinach has the rale Parasian twang.' So I says to cook 'He says that spinach is a worrk of art, divil the less.' An' iver since then she always put half a glass av grog in the spinach.

"So cook sit to work lookin' up Mrs. Rorer, an' I sint Jane, the housemaid, out to get a couple o' loaves o' bread. And everythin' wint well 'till right after lunch, whin we heard the most frightful noise in the pantry that iver was, divil the less—a rollin' and bangin' and scufflin', an' then, jist as I was afther helpin' cook up onto a chair, came a yowlin' an' spittin' an' Xenyphon flopped into the room mixed up between two fly-papers for all the world like a ham-sandwidge. An' he rolled an' kicked and rushed about the kitchen so frightful that what with him screechin' an' cook yellin' bloody murther, I set me foot in one of the blue soup-plates what the Mrs. kapes for Sundays.

"Faix, now we see what it was, an' we tried to git hould of the baste, but he was jist naturally done up with the fly-paper into wan tight parcel, with his tail stickin' out at wan end an' his nose an' ears at the other. Wirra, wirra, ye should av seen him!

"Well, we didn't know what to do, but whoile I was puttin' away the paces of the soup-plate an' cook was gettin' off of the chair, in come Mrs. Harrison who had heard the noise.

" 'Tar an' ages!' she cried, 'what's doin'?' an' then she saw Xenyphon. I started to try an' take off the fly-paper, but the pore cat, bad cess to him, made such a noise I had to stop. 'What on airth will take off the Tanglefoot?' asked Mrs. Harrison. 'Alcohol will do it, mum,' says the cook. 'Barney O'Flynn!' says the Mrs., 'There's not hide nor hair av ut in the house, an' shure we'll have to do somethin' right away or poor Xenny 'll go batty'—for the cat was wallopin' round the floor like a mad crayture. 'Try cookin' brandy,' said the cook, 'That's it' says the Mrs., so I ran for the bottle.

"Faix, we got most o' the paper off after about an hour's work, to say nothin' av the fur, but we left most o' the glue behind, an' the cat was nearly drowned in brandy, him objectin' most unraisonable all the time seein' we was doin' all we cud for him."

"Most onraisonable, under the carcumstances," said Policeman Morison.

"Well, anyway, the kitchen smelt like a shebeen-house. Xenyphon's fur, what was left av ut, was all plastered up in tight little knots an' he was rale shiny all over. Begorry he looked like one o' these Siv-inth-day Baptists afther an immairision. But we didn't have no time to do anythin' more for him so we let him go.

"About half an hour later I noticed him lickin' himself off very industrious, so I says to the cook—'Mary, what effec' does cookin' brandy have on cats?' 'Phwat effec' does it have on most people?' says the cook, with a wink. Then I knowed somethin' would happen.

"It was pretty near supper time before I saw Xenyphon again, an' I declare it was scandalous! Mother av mercy, the cat was drunk as a fiddler, for he come a-staggerin' into the kitchen, that dizzy he couldn't be afther standin' up straight with all four legs. Ye see in claning himself he had licked a cruel deal o' the sperit off of his fur, an' he was jist as convaniently tipsy as could be. Faix! but he was comical! He ca-apered around the kitchen like he was afther doin' a barn-dance, an' he fairly stunk o' brandy! Shure, 'tis a bad wind that don't benefit nobody!

" 'Saints presarve us!' says the cook, 'Too much o' the beamish for him! For the love av mercy don't let the Bishop see 'im!'

"The Bishop arrived on time, and we had an iligant dinner for him. Everythin' was fixed up swell, an' maybe the dinin'-room didn't look fine, with little candles with red shades, an' flowers an' sich.

"Shure 'twas the first bishop I ever see, an' bein' as it was sich hot weather I envied 'im the way he wore his legs. But he was a foine-lookin' ould gintleman, and rale plaisant-like. 'Tar an' ages!' says the cook, when she see him, ' 'Tis a pity sich a social ould crayture loses himself so much plaisure as he moight get from a nip o' the poteen now an' then.'

"Ye see, the cook knows what good sperits is.

"Well, dinner begun, the soup was iligant, for me thumb slipped in the Bishop's plate as I was bringin' it in, an' I tasted it. Everythin' went merry as a wake, till a little later as I was passin' through to the kitchen Xenyphon slipped through the door an' into the dinin'-room. Ye see he was a great pet an' he always used to come in for meals. He would sit on the arm of the Mrs.'s chair, and then he had a grand trick of jumpin' up on people's shoulders and rubbin' his head forninst their cheek rale affectionate-like. Acushla, he was a great one!

"Faix, as I said, he kind o' staggered into the dinin'-room. The

Mrs. saw right away by the quare gleam in his eyes that somethin' was wrong. Pore crayture, he must've had a sevaré headache for he kept on tryin' to rub his heard fornenst the carpet, but he couldn't seem quite to jidge the distance for he'd kind o' fall down, an' then get up again, purrin' all the time like a bellows. The Mrs. motioned to me to take him out, for fear he'd be afther disgracin' himself, but aisier said nor done. Be St. Patrick, I tried to run him out the door, but he give a kind of purrin' noise and run under the table, so I had to let him go.

"If he'd stayed under there 'twould 've been all right, but the rogue found the catnip ball that he used to play with, an' faix, that started him off. The crazy spalpeen ran round an' round the table till it made me giddy to look at 'im, an' then all of a suddint he made a rush an' jumped onto the Bishop's shoulder. Maybe it wasn't the comical sight to see him there, his tail all fluffed up, his fur standin' out all over him in shiny little twists, an' his eyes big an' green an' wild-lookin'.

"The Bishop was startled most out of his wits. He turned his head around to see what it was, and Xenyphon rubbed his head agin his cheek, rale sweetly, an' then the Bishop got a whiff o' the pore crayture's breath, and smelt the poteen that was all over 'im. Tar an' ages, it pretty near staggered him! He kind o' sunk back in his chair, and musha! av ye could 've seen his face!"

"What did he say?" asked Policeman Morison.

"Phe-ew," he says, "what an overpowerin' stench of liquor."

"Well," said Policeman Morison, as he got up to go, "I wish I had some o' that same overpowerin' stench."

"Look on the shelf," said Barbara.

C. D. M.



THE PRODIGAL



O Spring nor Summer's Beauty hath such Grace
As I have seen in one autumnal Face."

High up on the hillside of one of Englewood's sequestered streets, there stands an old-fashioned mansion, overlooking the new aristocratic dwellings of suburban New York. The busy metropolis, only a few miles away, might well be of the distance of two oceans. For neither the noises of the great city, nor the croaking sirens of the Hudson's boats oppress the ear. And here in this quiet suburb, girt around by the well kept lawns and arbors of the neighboring estates, stands the lonely mansion, with no longer pretentious mien, never for a moment presuming upon the imagination of a chance passer-by. Nay, you will never catch the charm of its solitude, until, in some sad, reflective mood, the desertion of this once blooming spot impresses its picture upon your memory. Here, then, let us look for beauty, where it is least likely to be found. When melancholy moves the wandering mind, here let us look for beauty.

If you will come nearer to peer through the rusty iron grating, and cast your glance along the time-scarred stones, up along the mossy walk, even to the very porch and portal of this aged remnant of old New York, you will find even on this closer inspection, no suggestion of life inside. Crack the rusty iron knocker hard upon the studded door, and the echo on the massive oak will reverberate in vain. But no,—*is* there a sound within? Or was it the sigh of the elms, scorching under the autumn sun? Or the hum of myriad insects strumming a last summer's song in the unkempt grass below? Do you hear the click of a latch within? Or is it only some care-free boy clapping his stick on the iron grating behind? Who are you that come to this silent door of a bygone day? Must you have the bolt thrown back into its forgotten void, and the door creak on unwilling hinges? Will you disturb the ancient cobwebs, and the softening dust of the tapestries? Who are *you* that you presume to break the sad monotony of time's revellings?

Who comes to open the forbidden door to *you*?

It is an eternal face, seen in the reflected gloom from within. It is a delicate, peering, frightened face. It is a face that stares, relaxes,—recognizes. It starts,—it smiles. Is this then *she* who extends a welcoming hand? Is it the sound of *her* voice that greets your ear—your name in which these dulcet tones harmonize? Surely you will find beauty here!

V. F. S.

TWO

I.



THE great slumbering ocean was beneath them; the twinkling stars were above them; and they sailed out into the night, far out into the mysterious silence of the deep. The boat seemed only to rise and fall on the graceful swells, so long were they and so small the boat. No swish of water broke the ardent stillness. There was just enough wind to fill the sails and the boat glided along, now rapidly, now almost imperceptibly, as the rollers slid by. The tiller was lashed and the two figures in the cock-pit seemed to have entrusted fate with their guidance.

Neither of them spoke. Words seemed out of place. As they sat there side by side, their heads pillowed on one of the seat cushions, it seemed to the man that the universe was his. He and this woman had shaken themselves free from the land. What was there behind?—the city and the chattering people. What was there ahead of them?—the sea, the night, everything, and all was theirs,—all. His very arm, as it encircled the woman's shoulders, seemed to speak low passionate words to her of the love which was in his heart.

The man was sure of himself. He felt that he was justified in his present actions. Not even the shadow of a doubt was in his mind to spoil these few hours he had snatched from the clutches of propriety; these few hours which were to be *theirs*. Even the thought of the elaborate ceremony, the gossip and the chatter had seemed to them both, a sacrilege. Their marriage concerned surely no one but themselves.

The breeze freshened and the little boat heeled slightly as she sped along through the night. In the black distance a light could be seen flashing in and out. It was the light-house on the mainland. In a harbor just beyond that light they were to cast anchor.

The man got some more cushions from the cabin and improvised a couch there in the cock-pit for the woman to rest on. Then he unlashed the tiller and directed the boat's course to the light. As he sat in the stern, one arm grasping the rail, and steering with the other, the sense of possession came over him afresh. He could see the outlines of her figure as she lay there on the cushions, and he felt that she was looking up at him through the darkness with an expression of absolute trust in her eyes.

They turned the point with the light-house on it and made their way down the shore among the countless little islands till they came to a

tiny channel which led into a snug little harbor. Here they cast anchor and furled the sails. Then the woman went below and lit the little cabin lamp, leaving the man to make things ship-shape on deck. When he had coiled the ropes and hung out the anchor lamp he descended the companion way and closed the hatch behind him.

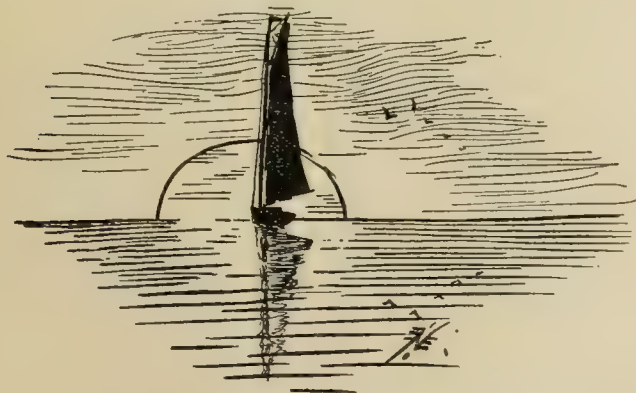
II.

The sun was high in the heavens when they had finished breakfast the next morning. They weighed anchor immediately and drifted out through the little channel. All day long they sailed on the blue waters among the islands on the coast; up the winding channels and across the arms of the sea. Late in the afternoon when the breeze had died down, they landed by a clump of firs on the shore. Here they ate a belated luncheon and lay under the trees in the cool shade, talking through the long, still hours.

Nature seemed to be at rest. The countless little islands were reflected upon the glassy surface of the sea and the atmosphere hung motionless over the water. The spicy smell of the fir-trees, mingled now and then with the salt breath of the ocean, was all around them. Why could not this world of nature be always theirs? The world of men and cities seemed very remote.

They got on board the boat and drifted out through the islands with the swiftly ebbing tide. Then the sun sank and the islands and the calm waters were bathed in a rare, purple after-glow. A light breeze sprung up and the little boat filled away on her course, carrying these two back to the world.

J. W.



DAILY EXCEPT CHRISTMAS



UXLEY threw down the English edition of the *Rio de Janiero* "El Corriente."

"Come here, Slugs," he called, "and pull noses."

Slugs dropped the broom against the mantel piece; skipped across the room and alighted on his knee. Winding one brown arm about his neck, she secured with the thumb and forefinger of her other hand a firm grip on his nose and began to twist vigorously.

"Wow! Stob turnig!" howled Huxley after a moment. "That's a new notion. Please go the other way for a few revolutions."

Slugs placed both hands on his shoulders and emitted a series of gleeful ejaculations. "Huh! I make it big, and lo-ong," she commented in soft musical tones. "And red," with an additional pinch to heighten the color again. "Like Germans and beer. So soon everybody wonders what stuff I give you to drink! Tee-hee!"

"Which means Slugs will have to take out a license as a rathskeller, while my reputation will be left behind between the thumb and forefinger of Senorita, who is misguided as to color and also a pagan. And that reminds me that to-day happens to be one of peculiarly Christian significance. In other words, we have arrived at the threshold of Christmas. Get up Slugs, and give me my pipe. This is a matter for more serious consideration."

He opened his mouth to receive the pipe stem that was jabbed toward it, and succeeded finally in catching a light from the match that danced tantalizingly about before his face, to the accompaniment of a continuous giggle.

"Now," he continued, "it's my duty to proclaim to the heathen that on this day we are accustomed to give presents. The next thing to decide is: Whom shall we give them to?"

Slugs stood still in the centre of the room and regarded him with uncertainty.

"Me!" she suggested suddenly.

"Fine! Slugs, you're unravelling the tangles of Christmas every moment.—Hello, there's J. M. Carlton, C. E., with the 'Grub-Wanted' wrinkle in his face. Let's tell him the conclusions: First, to-day is Christmas; it has been decided that we give presents; and the presents are to be given to Slugs. Carl, can you still cut down Christmas trees?"

"You'll spoil the girl, Fred," remarked Carlton, as Slugs left to get

him something to eat. "I don't know what two hard-working engineers like us would do for civilization if she wasn't here to keep things in some sort of order, but you mustn't forget she's the sort that can't be treated this way without its making a good deal of difference to her if it doesn't to you. If the girl should fall in love with you there'd be an awful mess."

"It doesn't strike me there's any real danger," replied Huxley easily. "Slugs is hardly enough addicted to profundity to sink her heart very deeply in any such affair. And by the way, if you'll attend to this matter of the Christmas tree, I'll pull out for town to see if the stuff from home hasn't come yet, and we may manage to celebrate fairly decently after all."

Carlton looked helplessly at the bright red December 25th on the calendar. "I can't organize any celebration," he remarked. "Go, cut down your tree. It's my turn to do town anyway, and although I know you're more interested there's little better chance of the ship's coming to-day than to-morrow. And go a little easy with the girl, that's all."

Huxley finally allowed himself to be persuaded and Carlton set out for town. He returned about three hours later to find the little room transformed. Branches of all sorts had been stuck about over the guns and cartridge belts on the wall, their leaves producing a strangely comfortable appearance. In the center stood a tree, covered with crude decorations, which consisted principally of snake skins and oranges. Huxley and Slugs were standing admiringly before the tree when he entered.

"Managed to catch the stuff at last," he announced cheerfully. "That for you," depositing beneath the tree a wooden box of respectable size and following it up with a smaller parcel and a couple of letters, "as well as some of my own."

"Great work!" exclaimed Huxley. "Things from home! Slugs, this amateur performance hereby gets infected with severe taints of professionalism, for which in this case Allah be thanked! Let's express ourselves immediately with a song and dance."

He picked up a banjo and began to throw out a lively air. The next moment Slugs was off in a series of easy movements, and both men watched her circling about the room, until Huxley struck the few final chords. They then attacked the packages.

"Ah! This," said Huxley, taking out a bundle from the wooden box, "is an acknowledgment by my family of the estimable character of my friend Carlton. The next is addressed to the 'Senorita Norrencia,'

which, I should elucidate, is by extraction of the n th root, 'Slugs.' " He tossed over a pair of brightly colored Turkish slippers. "Do they gratify your very dynamic sense of vanity, Slugs? My family seem to have gathered from my letters that you are both a very deserving and an extremely feminine member of the religious outcasts. And now, all hands being satisfied, something seems to tell me that the mass of the remainder is personal, and I beg all sects present will excuse me while I gloat."

Slugs picked up the slippers, rammed her hands into them, and rubbed them against her cheeks. Occasionally she looked up to see how Huxley was coming on. In response to a casual observation of his she finally decided to put the slippers on her feet, and tried some steps about the room. At last she saw that Huxley had but two more things to open. He fingered them awhile first, as though to preserve still longer the anticipation which he had already lengthened out by leaving them till the end. Slugs amused herself again for a time she considered amply sufficient for his purpose. But she found him still occupied, either reading or merely staring out of the window. She picked up the banjo and struck some violent discords. He was still absorbed. Finally she stole across and looked over his shoulder, and her face set as she saw he was looking at a bundle of photographs, all of the same fair-haired girl. After a moment she snatched one of the photographs and took it over to the sofa. Huxley looked up for an instant.

"Slugs," he remarked meditatively, "I have always thought you had a nose something like hers."

Slugs said nothing, but began to glower at the girl in the picture, and look from it over to Huxley. Finally she picked up a pen.

Huxley was reading his letter for the third time when he became aware that Slugs was talking.

"Shan't we pull noses again?" she asked.

He laid the letter down and looked up. "Why of course we shall. In the excitement of celebration a very important duty is being shirked. Come, Slugs, mount the rostrum."

Slugs danced over and seated herself on his knee. "You pull, too," she suggested.

"Surely. Revenge is sweet. On your marks! Get set! Squeeze!"

Immediately Huxley found it necessary to issue a stream of protests. "Ook! you young crab! You're zboilig by zymmedry! Blease don'd uprood my whole compleggshun thad way! Garl, you keeb time."

Slugs merely said: "You're not pullig. Pull harder."

"Time, children!" called Carlton, slinging a pillow across the room.

Slugs let go and felt of her own nose.

"There!" she remarked tranquilly, "mine doesn't look like hers any more, does it?" And she produced a picture for him to compare them by.

Huxley stared at the picture. It gave evidences of very free and hardly artistic retouching by means of a stub pen. The blonde girl's hair now stood up in straight black quills, her eyes were enclosed in generous goggles, while her ears had been enlarged magnificently but with no strict attention to exactness of shape. Finally, her mouth closed upon a pipe and a cigarette together, protruding diversely from each other, and both of them in a state of dense eruption. In fact, the nose only had been allowed to retain its native tendency toward prettiness.

"Look here, Slugs," began Huxley, "what's been happening here?" His eyes lighted up as he seized the picture, and Slugs jumped off and ran to the middle of the room. "Do you know who that girl is? She's worth nine or ten of a little pagan like you. What's struck you, anyway? Good heavens!" * * * * *

But Slugs had turned and run off into the kitchen.

Carlton looked at him. "Jealous as a bluejay. Didn't know she had it in her. Now things are beginning to blow up black."

Out in the kitchen Slugs picked up a broom and began to sweep vigorously. Her strokes at first were sharp and quick, and aimed nowhere in particular. Gradually, however, their intensity seemed to decrease, and Slugs swept with more deliberation. At last she ceased altogether and sat down by the window.

Back in the other room the two men had again come back to her subject.

"Getting near grub-time," remarked Carlton. "Wonder what Slugs is doing. Probably getting ready to knife us both and ship the corpses up to your fiancée."

"She's too much of a child to do much," said Huxley. "But I like her and I'd hate to see her go, even without considering the hole we'd be in. Mighty sorry this whole business came up."

The door opened softly and Slugs entered with something in her hand. She carried it silently over to the mantelpiece and stood gazing at it.

"Hello, Slugs," called Huxley, "bringing us a new decoration?" He came up behind her and found himself looking at a portrait, a gorgeous affair, of a swarthy, self-satisfied member of the army, of undoubted distinction, which did not however appear to be officially recognized in a rank beyond that of a private. Slugs continued to regard the portrait with a highly amorous expression.

"Hum!" Huxley remarked, "so your affections are anchored too are they? You never told me you'd landed this prize before. Hope you haven't been sacrificing anything by staying here with us."

Slugs backed slowly away, avoiding his gaze. After a moment she stole over to the table, picked up two large envelopes, and bringing them over, handed him one.

"We both," she suggested, "put them away until Christmas again." And she began to put her photograph into the envelope. "It isn't very near, is it?"

Huxley took the other envelope with an amused smile. "There are indications," he observed, "that by the time next Christmas comes around my face will be permanently dismantled."

Slugs licked the glue on her envelope. Then she felt of her nose. "Let's pull it straight again," she suggested.

R. L. M. U.

A MEMORY



CAME to a queer old gateway all covered with ivy green,
'Round which the leaves clinging closely formed a quaint and
curious screen.

I followed a rambling pathway, winding round bend after bend
'Till the sound of the sweetest singing brought my steps to a
sudden end.

Down in an old-fashioned garden she sat and sang to herself
An idle and ancient ballad of king and giant and elf;
'Twas sung to a slow-moving measure, crossed by a weird refrain
That made my pulse as I listened beat wild at every strain.

She sat in this bower enchanted, queen of a sunny realm
At rest midst a host of flowers in the shade of a branching elm.
And slowly, so very slowly, the notes of the ballad died
While the birds and the bees caught the chorus and carried
it far and wide.

Though this was many a year ago, before I was reckoned of men
Though I know that I'm older now, far older, far wiser than then,
Yet still when I hear the droning of bees on a summer's day
I find that I'm once more humming the refrain of that ancient
lay.

E. P. A.

EDITORIALS

LOOKING FORWARD



WITH this issue, relieved for the first time from the burden of chronicling current events in the college, THE HAVERFORDIAN rises to the dignity of a literary magazine.

Haverford has always stood for literary traditions. In the old days there were the literary societies, whose activity cannot be appreciated until we have examined the manuscript periodicals which they maintained. The fertile and laboriously penned volumes of *The Collegian*, *The Budget*, *The Gem* and *The Bud*, which line some of the shelves in the west wing of the library, contain the flights of fancy, the searchings for truth, the recorded moods of our predecessors. They are a most interesting monument of the literary enthusiasm of bygone days.

But at present, THE HAVERFORDIAN is the only outward manifestation of the literary spirit among the undergraduates. For thirty years it has served as a journal of all college happenings, in which frequently the literary attempts have been quite overshadowed by cricket scores, or accounts of foot ball games and illustrated lectures.

Now is the literary impulse at Haverford abiding and powerful enough to require an organ for its exclusive expression? It is in the faith that this question is answerable in the affirmative, and in the faith that the journalistic function can be fulfilled far more successfully by THE COLLEGE WEEKLY, that we purpose for THE HAVERFORDIAN new aims and new ideals.

In the gradual process of development THE HAVERFORDIAN has outgrown some of the duties which its founders laid before themselves.

The increasing complexity of college activities, the growth of the college itself, and a certain literary Renaissance of which we have been accused during late years, have rendered it impossible for one magazine satisfactorily to bear the brunt of both literary and journalistic functions. The recent establishment of *THE COLLEGE WEEKLY* makes it possible for *THE HAVERFORDIAN* to turn its attention more seriously toward maintaining a consistent standard of literary merit.

The question of the value of our literary attempts need hardly be discussed here. No one expects what we say or do now to shake the world, or even to be remembered a hundred years hence. But the value of self-expression with some attempt at finish of form cannot be doubted. Youth is with us, with its glorious hopes, its warmth of emotion, its sublime self-confidence. Let us not allow this fine enthusiasm to die in empty gestures. The greatest end of education is the quickening of the imagination. The man without this projective power, the man who is poor company for himself by virtue of the barrenness of his thoughts, can never be anything but a routine worker. In the words of Stevenson, "Let us, by all means, fight against that hide-bound stolidity of sensation and sluggishness of mind which blurs and decolorizes for poor natures the wonderful pageant of consciousness."

Surely the desire to express, even crudely, some of the thoughts that may surge through us, is one that is very well worth while. The only way to make a thought grow and expand is to give it expression. What is unexpressed, dies.

And so *THE HAVERFORDIAN* enters upon its thirty-first year with renewed hopefulness, and a confidence that a future lies before it. But the magazine cannot subsist on hopefulness alone. There are many men in college who can write excellently, and it is these whom we would encourage to taste of the Pierian spring. This is the true water of life, which cheers but does not inebriate.

We must admit that some contributors in the past may have been treated somewhat cavalierly. There is a little poem by Catullus where he speaks of a certain one who strives to climb the Pimplaeon mountain, but the Muses ward him off with pitchforks. Without wishing to compare the editors to the Muses, their attitude may seem to have been somewhat similar at times. Manuscripts have been handed in and without being definitely accepted or refused, have vegetated in the editorial drawer until positively mellow with age. Hereafter each contribution will be carefully considered, and if found unavailable, will be returned to the author.

The task of putting forth a creditable literary magazine is no slight

one, but we think that there is latent talent in the college which will make it possible. Let every man who feels the desire or the ability to write do so, and we will produce a HAVERFORDIAN worthy of the name.

CLASS OR COLLEGE?

Although we fully realize that it is perilous even to allude in disrespectful terms to one of our sacred, hoary traditions, still the calls of duty must be recognized. During the cosmic evolution, certain elements and factors often fail to receive the proper amount of attention necessary to assure their greatest efficiency. Natural laws often have to be abridged and complemented by human ingenuity. It is only because of a recent recognition of this important biological truth, that we venture to suggest alterations in an attitude of mind held inviolable by some members of our community.

The time has not been long distant when every force was exerted to build an impregnable wall about each class from the time it entered college.

The reasons for continuing hazing have been that it is the most expeditious method of naturalization and that it manufactures class unity as nothing else can. The idea seems to be that each freshman class should be speedily transformed into a "Brotherhood of the Distressed and Needy". No one will gainsay that "Misery Loves Company." And in order to cement more strongly this feeling of companionship, most upper classmen take upon themselves the stern duty of acting snobbishly toward freshmen. Serious objections may be urged against trying to instill any kind of loyalty into an individual by making him as abject as possible. Nor do we believe that anything resembling good feeling can be permanently promoted in a society, a part of whose members have the delightful task of being unpleasant to the others.

Whether these objections hold against hazing as formerly conducted at Haverford or not, is entirely beside our present question. The sort of hazing indulged in now is painfully farcical. A few intimations and suggestions from Roberts Hall have long since abstracted all dignity from the institution of hazing. Its only function at present seems to be that of a safety-valve for surplus sophomoric exuberance.

All of us who have been intimately connected with our college life for at least three years, know that we have been passing through a transition period. No one can deny that many of the barriers between classes have been removed, nor can we see why this tendency should

not be increased rather than checked. In the past there have been numerous cases where feeling between classes has created lasting personal animosities. Again we are not fully persuaded that the division of the college body into four decidedly distinct and often antagonistic bodies, is most conducive to college loyalty. In fact we have seen college elections decided by a strictly class vote, where the issue concerned itself solely with the college as a whole and where there should have been no appeal to class feeling at all.

Class unity is most certainly detrimental when we foster it at the expense of college unity. In a college of one hundred and sixty fellows, why should one's sympathies and one's friendships be limited strictly to one's classmates? The most flaunted advantage of the small college is that intercourse between all its members is purposely made free. And yet it is possible to lose this important advantage by permitting ourselves to be hemmed in by a set of second-hand, outgrown regulations which we have neither the courage nor the ambition to discard. A generous use of the sledge-hammer will often expedite the severance of a rusty chain. Initiative should become less and less monstrous. Since virtually all the pragmatic benefits conferred by hazing are lost and the psychological ones equally dubious, we see no reason why the normal student's life should not be expanded from one of class to one of college interest. And particularly should we concern ourselves with this question now. Within a year the college body will have at its disposal a new building to be used as a social hall. It depends upon us alone to determine how great a function this building will fulfill in our social life. It *can* fulfill an important function. Cannot each Haverford man show his appreciation of this gift by voluntarily supplementing its aim?

A LEARNED AND LIBERAL LEISURE

Not long since, we heard from the lips of a European scholar of world-wide reputation, a criticism of our American idea of college.

"The American youth," said Doctor Mahaffy, "goes to college to learn his life's work. And when he gets out into the world, he pursues that work with all his notable American vigor. Through work he earns leisure.

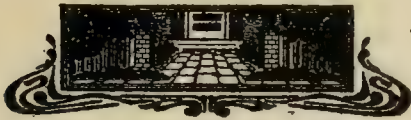
"Now comes the problem. He has learned to work, but what is he going to do with his leisure?

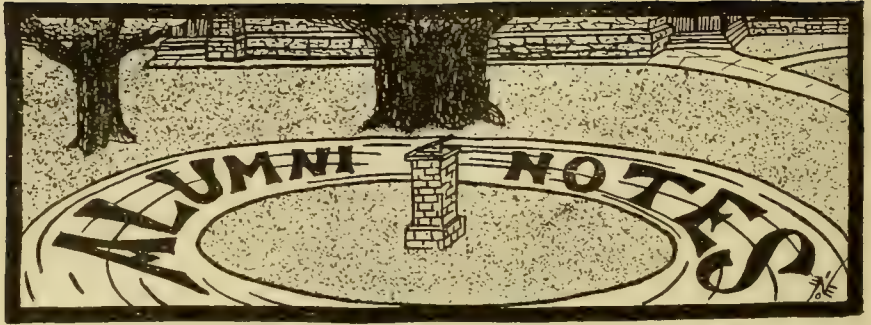
"Ah, my friends, he should have been educated, not for his work, but for his leisure!"

That phrase of Milton's "A learned and liberal leisure" may well make any of us humble. There is always the temptation to smoke an hour away, or to euchre an afternoon off the schedule. So surely this is no learned and liberal leisure! Where is your culture, even though you are inclined to science? Is it not better to spend the hour over a book, or to dream the afternoon off in the Fine Arts Exhibit?

For it takes more than a pleasant manner, good grooming, and a clean life to make a gentleman. The value of a college education is that it gives a young man four years of leisure at the most susceptible period of his life, to occupy himself with interests that savor of eternity. It is a precious time of withdrawal, before the heat and tumult of one's personal struggle with the world, a vacation from the narrowing influences of provincial ignorance and prejudice. Here a man can steep himself in all fair influences, remould his character in the light of fine ideals, test his personal by the general equation, and make *his good* as far as possible the *universal good*, so that afterward, his *self* seeking is something large and noble. Whatever you intend to do after college, you can, in college, store up a fund of the best that has been known and thought in the world, to draw on in the narrowed horizon of practical effort that is to follow.

We wish to congratulate the COLLEGE WEEKLY on its racy and incisive chronicling of current events in the college. It seems to be filling a long felt want with marked ability. Its editors desire us to say that sample copies will be sent to all subscribers to the HAVERFORDIAN upon request.





'72 There is an article by F. B. Gummere in *The Atlantic Monthly* for March, entitled "A Day with Professor Child."

'80 It is with a deep sense of loss that we record the death on January 7th, of F. Hazen Cope, as the result of an accident in Boston.

'83 William L. Bailly was elected Secretary and Treasurer of the newly organized Pennsylvania State Association of Architects.

'87 Captain Edward B. Cassatt who has been attached to the 13th Regiment Cavalry U. S. A. has resigned from the service and will manage the Chesterbrook Farms at Berwyn, Pa.

'89 Professor Warner Fite of Indiana University will lecture on Philosophy at the University of Chicago during the summer term.

'92 Professor Walter M. Hart of the University of California expects to go abroad in May for his sabbatical year.

'92 Christian Brinton, A.M., had an article in the February *Scribner's* on "German Paintings of To-day."

'93 At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers Charles J. Rhoads was chosen secretary of the Board in place of Howard Comfort '70 who resigned after a service of twenty-four years.

'94 There is a letter from W. W. Comfort in *The Nation* for March 4th, on "The Aeneid Twenty Years After."

'98 On February 4, 1909, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Wood.

'00 Walter S. Hinchman, A.M., of Groton School will take a prominent part at the annual meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English, to be held March 20.

'01 The engagement is announced of William Wayne Wirgman to Miss Elizabeth Ryon of Shamokin, Pa.

'03 The engagement is announced of J. Kent Worthington, now a resident physician at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, to Miss Mary Worsdall Spencer, a niece of Mrs. Charles Alexander Gambrill of 1213 Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

'05 It is with much regret that we report the death of Lindley Smyth on February 18th. He was entering upon a successful literary career and his future was full of promise.

'06 D. Herbert Schweyer was married to Miss Alice Taber English of Richmond, Virginia, on February 2, 1909. They will live in Easton, Pa., where Mr. Schweyer is engaged in the marble business.

'07 Ira J. Dodge is now located at Medford, Oregon, in the middle of the great Oregon fruit-raising country, where he is engaged in the real estate business.

Ex-'09 Alan J. Hill is with Janney, Semple, Hill & Co., wholesale Hardware House, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Ex-'10 Rodney M. Eshleman is connected with the Northern Transit Co., a branch department of the Standard Oil Co., Lancaster, Pa.

Ex-'10 C. Frutchey is in the silk business in the Perry building, Philadelphia.

Ex-'10 W. D. Shultz is on the crew squad at Cornell.

A joint meeting of the Alumni interested in cricket, and the undergraduates was held in the Alumni Room, Founders Hall, on February 24, 1909. The Alumni who spoke were: G. Ashbridge '67, J. W. Sharp '88, H. Baily '78, J. H. Scattergood '96, F. H. Taylor '76, C. C. Morris '04, H. Cope '69.

The following Alumni were present: E. Bettie '61, G. Ashbridge '67, H. Cope '69, F. H. Taylor '76, H. Baily '78, W. P. Morris '86, J. W. Sharp '88, C. J. Rhoads '93, W. W. Comfort '94, J. H. Scattergood '96, C. G. Tatnall '97, A. G. Scattergood '98, T. Wistar '98, F. A. Evans '99, A. C. Maule '99, J. P. Morris '99, W. W. Justice '00, F. C. Sharpless '00, R. M. Gummere '02, A. C. Wood, Jr., '02, N. H. Thorn '04, C. C. Morris '04, H. H. Morris '04, E. M. Evans '05, E. C. Peirce '05, A. G. Priestman '05, J. D. Philips '06, H. Evans '07, F. D. Godley '07, J. P. Magill '07, J. B. Clement '08, E. A. Edwards '08, J. C. Thomas '08.

EXCHANGES



THE HAVERFORDIAN, until the last few years, has always set aside a page for the discussion of exchanges. We make no excuse for reviving the practice now. Every college magazine should welcome this opportunity of judging itself by the standards of others. An exchange column affords the magazine itself a point of contact with others striving towards the same ends, and its readers a window into the broad field of college journalism, which should be interesting to every college man. The exchange columns of our contemporaries, so often rich in suggestive comment and conscientious criticism, are the most stimulating incentive towards mutual improvement throughout the field.

An all too intimate knowledge of our own shortcomings makes us very reticent to criticize other magazines, but we feel that the function of the exchange column requires sincere comment, and to suppress this when it is unfavorable is to forswear the end toward which we are working.

A general view of the February magazines is encouraging. In contrast to the abnormal and unhealthy tone of which college magazines have so often been accused, the fiction is as a rule restrained and yet appealing, and the verse is often of considerable merit. Another noteworthy feature is the number of serious articles. It has seemed to us that one of the dangers of the college magazine is that of too much fiction with too little attempt at deeper thought. Almost every one of the February numbers has preserved the balance of proportion in its make-up.

We find a spirit and tone in the women's college magazines that is very distinctive. Our fair contemporaries treat of the more common

things of life, and by their delicacy and subtlety of expression achieve a sense of reserve, a totality of impression and permanence of appeal that is too often lacking in our far-sought themes and largeness of phrase. We wish particularly to record the pleasure we have received from the February *Mount Holyoke*. This is one of the few magazines which may be read with interest from cover to cover. The verse seems to us of unusual merit, especially "Dreams in Scarlet," which has a slumberous melody that recalls Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters." The story "A Ringer of Door Bells" is noteworthy for its demure humor and quiet grace. The department entitled "In Short," a collection of short sketches, is particularly attractive in this issue.

In our opinion *The Amherst Literary Monthly* departs from its usually conscientious standard in printing the dramatic sketch "A Freshman Possibility," which seems in rather questionable taste.

The most striking article that has come to our attention is the one on "College Offices" in *The Harvard Monthly*. It is an unusually far-sighted analysis of one of the paramount dangers in college undergraduate organization and politics that we wish every student might read.

We wish to congratulate *The University of Virginia Magazine* on the suggestiveness and keen insight of its exchange department, which is entirely in keeping with the admirable tone of the whole magazine. The sonnet "My Lady o' Memories" has the delicate flavor of a bygone generation.

The return of *The Vassar Miscellany* from historical anthology to its usual type of contents is refreshing to outsiders, and the fiction that has accumulated in the interim is attractive. The bit of verse entitled "Winter Prison" is timely and vigorous in spirit and execution.

On the whole the February verse seems of unusual quality. We have thought the following, both from fair Harvard, worthy of reprinting:

TO WILLIAM MORRIS.

Low hangs the moon above the hard white road,
The heavy-fingered wind oft tries the door.
We travelers, aweary of our load,
Sit near the tavern fire's cheery roar,
Upon the withered rushes of the floor;
And thou dost sing an everchanging lay,
Thou idle singer of an empty day.

We hear the lilt of maiden voices sweet,
 The dim dream-whisper of some woodland spring;
 We see the lithe Atlanta's flying feet,
 The pageantry of heroes triumphing,
 And for the light-winged songs that thou dost sing,
 We poor way-farers cry, "God bless for aye
 The idle singer of an empty day."

W. C. Greene, in The Harvard Advocate.

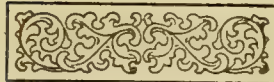
TO THE POETS.

The cup is empty—all your songs are spent;
 The wine is spilled—your gayety is done:
 Hence! babbling poets; hence! the night is gone
 And day must end your listless merriment.

Go! quench these festal torches: light was lent
 That you might lead mankind—and there was none
 Among you who was faithful; no, not one
 Of you but lolled and lisped in cool content.

Go! look not backward, lest your gentler eyes
 See the dawn-fires; haste! lest your pampered ears
 Catch a rude chant of new and vast emprise.
 Hide yourselves quickly from men's mirth and jeers:
 Haste! lest *you* feel the fearful wrack of sighs
 And learn the futile waste of human tears!

Edward Eyre Hunt, in The Harvard Monthly.



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THE HAVERFORDIAN



APRIL
1909

THE HAVERFORDIAN

JAMES WHITALL, 1910, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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GEORGE A. KERBAUGH, 1910

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the tenth of each month during the College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends, contributions are invited and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-sixth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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THE EYES THAT WEEP



THE sun God kissed them and waked them up,
The poor little poppies who wanted to sleep;
And the dew God dropped in each scarlet cup
A shining tear from the eyes that weep.

And the poor little poppies swayed and danced
In the smile of the God, but they wanted to sleep.
And the teardrops in the sunlight glanced
Flashes of light from the eyes that weep.

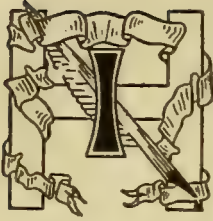
Her mother kissed her and bade her rise,
The poor little maiden who wanted to sleep,
And her mother saw in the dear blue eyes
Two shining tears from the eyes that weep.

And the poor little maiden rose and dressed,
And went to her tasks, but she wanted to sleep:
Sleep, and return to the Isles of the Blessed
Where there are no tears and no eyes that weep.

The sun went down, and poppies and maid
Closed their eyes, for they wanted to sleep.
But they lay next evening side by side,
The red with the blue—O, eyes that weep!

J. Carey Thomas II.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM MORRIS



It is a strange fact—on the face of it—that the ardent socialist, the practical worker and inventor in so many fields of applied art, should have created for us in his poetry a world the most remote from the struggle of modern life, a world rich with the half-forgotten memories of the golden age. But the instinct of William Morris guided him rightly. We may conceive his motto to have been: Work in

and for the present with every muscle and every sinew, and when you are weary, solace yourself with dreams, not unreal, but reflections of an ideal future glowing upon the mists of the past. It is a pity that Morris's quiet example should not be more heeded by modern poetasters who scream, somewhat like steam-whistles, "Let Greece and Italy bury their dead. Give us poetry of the deafening present or away with poetry altogether!" But what have these men really given us?

No, we can not but feel that Morris was in the right of it. He toiled manfully, no man better in fulfilling his immediate duties to his time, but he felt that that time was not a fitting one for the purpose of the poet. He saw that the modern man was already exhausted by the burden and heat of the day, and instead of goading him into further discontent, he offered him the refreshing draught of forgetfulness from which he awoke in an Earthly Paradise.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, perhaps our most notable living epic poet, has written for the English Men of Letters Series a book on Morris, for which we could spare many better biographies. He adopts not the method by exposition but the method by suggestion. He finds throughout the man's poetry the figure of a boy in armor riding through a forest. Morris had actually been that boy, and his later simple delight in the external world, his quest of the ideal and his love of the Middle Ages make the figure Mr. Noyes has chosen, an apt symbol. Again, the critic insists on the tapestry-like quality of Morris's poems, the low tones in which they are done.

But let us approach the poet for ourselves. At the age of twenty-four in the medieval pieces collected under the title "The Defense of Guenevere," he struck the mark ringingly. Anyone to whom Froissart is dear can hardly have a greater pleasure than to read Sir Peter Harpdon's End. It is so genuine, so humanly medieval, so all of a piece, that we live it line for line. Then there is the cruel note of Shameful Death and the Haystack in the Floods, for some reason we would not miss one

echo. How strange, too, are some of the songs, like night-winds moaning around a castle tower! The three poems that stand out, however, are the "Title-giver," "The Eve of Crecy" and "The Gilliflower of Gold." In these the red blood flows hottest, in these the clash of arms grates loudest. One is always in danger of being disrespectful to Tennyson after reading Morris's "Guenevere," just as one tends to deride "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," etc., after reading some of Maurice Hewlett's stories; but of course in both cases we are wrong. The nobler idealizations of Scott and Tennyson must have precedence over the more literal figures of their realistic rivals. Yet it is well for us to know the whole truth. It would be a pleasure to dilate on the fairy tale charm of Rapunzel—how maidenly she is, too, as she says

"I fear—and yet a sense
Of fluttering victory comes over me
That will not let me fear aright;"—

Few who open "The Defense of Guenevere" will leave a poem in it unread. One may predict that it will prove the most splendid of surprises to any one unfamiliar with its abounding life and its color richly overlaid.

The remaining work of Morris, exclusive of the negligible "Love is Enough" and "Poems by the Way," is epic. Now comes the test, not of Morris but of the present day reader: has anyone the patience to follow this admittedly diffuse writer through "Jason," "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd"? If we begin by counting the pages and wondering what there can be to add to these twice told tales, we shall have forestalled a fair decision. If we begin with a rush, skipping what does not interest us in a mad search for memorable lines we shall tire as quickly as a runner on a midsummer noon. No, Morris is not to be read as one reads his contemporaries. Morris alone has the long-lost charm of repose, he knows the art of drifting.

After Chaucer, "The Life and Death of Jason" is the most readable narrative poem in English. They who think Longfellow somniferous and Tennyson over-sweet, will find in this poem epic, breadth, lyric smoothness and just enough action to maintain a steady motion. One abandons oneself as to a voyage on an ocean steamer, when the subdued senses drink to tempered pleasure and chastened sadness, those two vintages mingled in the cup of beauty. Jason will hardly awake a taste for poetry, but to one who has read and felt

"The weariness, the fever and the fret"

of nineteenth century poetry, this epic will bring the charm of nepenthe. Mr. Yeats in his essay called "The Happiest of the Poets," from "Idea of Good and Evil,"—a book full of beautiful sayings: says of Morris

that he is like nature, "whose delight is profusion, but never intensity." He has "a perfect fullness of natural life," the abundance of the beechen boughs or the bursting wheat-ear." Again, of ideal men, Morris himself writes in his Utopian prose work, "News from Nowhere," that they lived in "much plenty and ease of life, though not delicately or desiring things out of measure. They wrought with their hands and wearied themselves; and they rested from their toil and feasted and were merry; to-morrow was not a burden to them, nor yesterday a thing which they would fain forget; life shamed them not nor did death make them afraid."

These characteristics are true of the poet throughout, but peculiarly so in Jason. What wider contrast could be found than between the leisurely modern epic and that most condensed and fiery of Pindar's odes, the fourth "Pythian"? It is enough to upset all preconceived notions of classic and romantic. Pindar gives the whole voyage of the Argonauts in a lightning flash; Morris sends the heroes on through sunlight and starlight for countless ages, in every episode taking and giving delight in making a short story long. One asks how he does this. In style by never compressing a phrase or forcing an extra syllable into his pentameter line; in imagery by always describing in full, never fearing that repetition may be commonplace or detail superfluous; in narrative by courting the episode and in seeking rather to be faithful than concise. The result is a union of unequalled ease with a splendid succession of pictures. No single phrase compels the reader to stop in wonder to fill out the scene, no complications of character set him to weighing men's motives. The poet has told all there is to tell and the reader has but to enjoy.

Of course Morris will be tame to some. He is not "lofty" or "inspiring," but then his greatest negative virtue lies in not trying to be so. Mr. Noyes finds the climax dramatic, but I can not agree with him. Nowhere does the poem thrill or frighten me, though nowhere does it fail to charm me. It is all the subdued tapestry, the simple, limpid child's story. No doubt that is why Morris has not won his proper place in the popular esteem, we so often demand heightened effects that we can hardly become as little children to whom the world is wondrous and a story something to be listened to with the awe of belief (thanks to Professor Gummere for the phrase). To paraphrase Yeats, we have tasted too deeply of the bitterness of the apple of good and evil to enjoy a vision of the golden age with supreme contentment. Morris has the child mind to such an extent that he enjoys not the flowers on the stars but the elemental beauty of whiteness and burnished gold, as Mr. Noyes discerningly remarks. For him the nightingale is "the brown bird," etc. Mor-

ris is never quotable, he is all "atmosphere," and this atmosphere should be first breathed in "Jason."

For "The Earthly Paradise" is not easy to read through. That one should read it through to appreciate or even to understand it may be granted, but alas! the flesh is weak. Do not venture on such an undertaking in the winter, but if you like "Jason," take "The Earthly Paradise" away for your summer vacation when you can forget time, and you will not fail of your reward. There are twenty-four stories; half classic, half Teutonic, for Morris had early conceived a passion for the rude, powerful sages of Iceland. If you must taste a sample, read "Ogier, the Dane" or "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," but as a matter of fact each tale is good in direct proportion to its length, the best being, despite its many faults of delay and digression, "The Lovers of Gudrun." In this last we have heroic grandeur, that something which

"Saddens our lives, yet makes it great to live."

At the climax of this poem Morris reaches the absolute in his field as no other English poet has done, the nearest being Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." But there is more of actuality in Gudrun, the poet is of his people, not above them, therefore we suffer with them and do not merely admire their fine rhetoric.

I own to preferring the Icelandic stones, but Morris's versions of Atalanta and Alcestis are perfection in their way. Also "Cupid and Psyche" is rich beyond comparison in color, too rich, I have always felt, to bring out the spiritual side of the story. Many memorable fables does the poet employ, but in reality, as Yeats observes, he has but one story to tell us, how some man or woman lost and found again the happiness that is always half of the body."

"O death that maketh life so sweet,"

from one of the songs in "Jason" might be taken as a motto for the whole "Earthly Paradise." Ah yes, we must not go to Burton Holmes lectures,—such as I am now writing,—of this land, nor can we know it through photographs and picture post-cards; we must live there, settle down for the night to wander forth each morn into those rain-lush meadows amid the kindly faces. Then first we shall know how truly glorious it is for a man to be strong, how satisfying is the form of a woman

"Whose simple doom is to be beautiful."

We shall hear of great deeds; more, we shall share in them. And we shall return to modern life not only more hopeful and more resolute, but wiser in those underlying truths that feelingly persuade us what we are. We Americans need in our philosophy more of that kind Epicureanism of Johnson Cory's:

MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH.

You promise heavens free from strife,
 Pure truth, and perfect change of will;
 But sweet, sweet is this human life,
 So sweet, I fain would breathe it still.
 Your chilly stars I can forego,
 This warm kind world is all I know.

Forsooth the present we must give
 To that which cannot pass away;
 All beauteous things for which we live
 By laws of time and space decay,
 But oh, the very reason why
 I clasp them is because they die.

We must not give a false impression. Morris is full of noble aspiration but he has also in rare measure that honest earthiness which belongs of right in the composition of every complete man.

"Blood and brain and spirit, three
 (Say the deepest gnomes of earth)
 Join for complete felicity."

So writes George Meredith whose "Love in the Valley" is a finer example than anything even of Morris of this need of the material to supplement the mental and the spiritual.

Mr. Noyes calls Sigurd, the Volsung, the summit of Morris's achievement, but admits that the hillside may be pleasanter. That there is something bare about this epic we must feel by comparison, but is this not a discarding of ornament to leave the might of these northern heroes untrammelled? In these days of Wagner worship we may well desire to know the story of the Nibelungs in its earliest and in many ways most impressive guise. The "Sigurd" of Morris is Norse; Norse in its circumstantial brutality, Norse in its unwavering belief in the old mythology, Norse above all in its purely Teutonic conception of herosim: the hero who knows that his death is fated, but fights on with an abstract devotion to the highest virtue he knows, bravery, and

"Goes down smiling before many spears."

Sigurd is incomparably harder, in the matter of feeling, than either of the other epics; there is perhaps too much truth in its cruelty. The reader must decide for himself. At least it may be said that we can hardly in English get a clearer notion of the ancient Teutons, their lives and their ideals. Also if this poem be less pleasing than the others, it

is more powerful. Too long it certainly is, indeed "Jason" is the only one of the epics which is ideal as to construction, but then the story is so compelling, each scene so vital that we should not be too strict as to proportion.

If "Jason" has the freshness of spring (and of the poet's springtime of life), and "The Earthly Paradise" the luxuriance of summer and the mellowness of autumn, Sigurd the Volsung is like a bitter blast of winter; icily cruel, bleak, but nerving mind and body to valiant action. And afterwards there will be a great fire roaring in the hall, the mead cup will be passed and we shall hear the desperate deeds of our ancestors, those demi-gods who conquered the world for a pastime and threw it away again like children who always seek a new plaything. This making a game of battle as the Teutons did, witness the Anglo-Saxon words "sword play," "lust of battle," etc., is peculiarly well given. The Berserks were so terribly earnest that their only joy, their only idea of heaven, was a contest to the death. We must not then expect the mildness of an Arcadian myth or a Sicilian idyll in Sigurd,

So we have spoken of Morris's most important poems. In "Poems by the Way," are some good Danish ballads and a few socialistic lyrics, the most readable poem in the book being the fairy tale "Goldilocks and Goldilocks." "Love is Enough" is a tiresome pseudo-drama relieved by beautiful songs, the best of which is in the Oxford Book. We must not, however, leave our subject without a word on Morris as a literary artist. His lavishness of picture, his profusion of color make him a new poet's poet, his palette being at the service of any worthy craftsman in the art. His command of meter appears in the various forms he used for sustained epic: i.e., the heroic couplet in "Jason;" heroic couplet, octosyllabic couplet and Chaucer stanza in *The Earthly Paradise*, and septenary couplets in "Sigurd." Morris strangely avoided blank verse, not wishing to challenge comparison with Milton.

"(Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing)"

Indeed one feels that blank verse must be packed with meaning and the use of it argues high seriousness and strong personal emotion. But now that writers of verses hurry so, and are from over-nervousness seldom able to do permanent work, we may well study the sustained excellence and infinite variety of "the idle singer of an empty day."

Charles Wharton Stork.

A GRAND OPERA INCIDENT

I.



Of course you have heard of the famous grand opera war that was waged for so long between the two great rival companies in New York. But I think the facts have never before been made public of how Mr. Conright, of the Petromolitan Opera House, infuriated by the successes of Mr. Oscar Hatchetstein and the Hoboken Opera Company, tried to break up the Philadelphia début of the latter, and how the attempt was foiled by the genius of Mr. Hatchetstein.

The Petromolitan Company had for a number of years given performances in the Quaker City, and regarded it as a great infringement of their privileges when Mr. Hatchetstein proposed to do the same, introducing the famous tenor whom he had just brought over from Europe. Accordingly Mr. Conright tried to prevent him from getting a suitable theatre in Philadelphia, even tried to bribe him not to go, but when Hatchetstein still persisted, and even thumbed his nose in scorn at all opposition, Conright swore by all that he held sacred that he would render ridiculous the Philadelphia performnace of *Faust*. And so, on the fateful night, while Mr. Hatchetstein's company was proceeding from their special train to the theatre, two burly ruffians leaped upon the foreign tenor, thrust him into a cab, and made off with all possible speed.

But not satisfied with this step the unscrupulous Conright had bribed one of the stage hands to remove surreptitiously the jewels from the casket just before the famous jewel scene in the Third Act, and replace them by an active mouse. This, he knew, would completely unnerve Marguerite, so that even if the kidnapping of the tenor was not successful this would effectually demoralize the performance. These infamous schemes having been carefully arranged, Mr. Conright himself came down from New York by an evening train, having purchased a proscenium box from which to witness the discomfiture of his rival.

II.

Oscar Hatchetstein, the impresario, was in a frenzy of rage and despair. The Academy of Music was packed from dome to footlights with one of Philadelphia's justly famous musical audiences, who were already beginning to grow impatient. The curtain was to have risen on the long-heralded grand opera revival at eight sharp, and here it was ten minutes after. But where was the tenor? The world-famous Osurac, the silver-throated singer from Milan, who was to make his American début before the élite of Philadelphia in the title rôle of *Faust*—*had disappeared!*

Mr. Hatchetstein tore his musical hair. (He was really bald, but did you ever hear of a bald impresario?) It seemed incredible. He had carefully packed the whole cast, scenery and all, on the special train from the famous Hoboken Opera House, and had gone round distributing words of cheer and cough-lozenges. All were there then and he had retired to his private car to have a hand (of bridge) with the chorus girls. And now, when the stage was laid, scenery ready, and the orchestra just about to begin the overture, Osurac, who had to be on the stage at the rise of the curtain, was nowhere to be found.

Suddenly piercing shrieks arose from the dressing room of Mme. Pentazzini, who was to doff twenty years and take the part of the girlish Marguerite. Knowing the vagaries of the artistic temperament, Mr. Hatchetstein hastened to the door with consternation written on his face. The star lay prostrate on the couch while the maid was binding up her foot. It was her ill-chosen custom to let fall a dagger onto the floor three times before every performance. If it remained sticking upright each time the omens were favorable. All had gone well on the first two trials, but on the third cast Mme. Pentazzini had carelessly let the weapon fall on her foot, and had impaled her toe.

This seemed the last straw, but the volatile impresario was not the man to give in lightly to misfortune. Was he to disappoint the enthusiastic audience and mar the first Philadelphia appearance of his company? And besides, when looking at the audience through the peep-hole in the curtain had he not seen that viper Conright sitting complacently in one of the boxes, watching with a sarcastic smile the growing impatience of the audience? Rather than gratify the malice of his rival he would take desperate chances. What was that flaring advertisement he had seen on Market Street?

GRAND OPERA IN YOUR HOME

BY THE PHONOGRAPH

CLOSE YOUR EYES AND YOU CANNOT TELL THE RECORD FROM THE ORIGINAL.

A gleam of inspiration crossed his mind.

Sending the Stage Manager before the curtain to explain that a painful attack of gout on the part of Mme. Pentazzini (Editor's note—which part?) would delay the performance a few minutes, he ordered a couple of men to run at full speed to the office of the phonograph company, and bring back the largest machine in stock, with the records of Osurac in *Faust*. Hustling aside the inquisitive supes he himself rushed to the dressing room where the Valet was awaiting the missing tenor.

"Make me up as *Faust*," he roared. "Vite! Vite! Vite!" his

French getting the better of him in his excitement, and the astonished man obeyed as quickly as he could. Fortunately Mr. Hatchetstein was of very nearly the same build as Signor Osurac, and the costume displayed to perfection the graces of his manly form. 'I always *was* proud of that leg' murmured the impresario to himself as he gazed affectionately at the member in question, now well displayed in tights. In his earlier days he had sung tenor in a minor company, and had even essayed the role of Faust, and although his voice, never very good, had failed him utterly, yet he was quite familiar with the part and knew that with the aid of the prompter he could act it all right. If only the phonograph did not fail him, all would be well. He adjusted the turned-up moustache that Osurac always wore, laced in his *embonpoint* a little more tightly and surveyed himself in the glass. Even an expert could hardly tell the difference between him and the absent singer, so well had the dresser done his part. With a jaunty smile he strutted out on the stage.

The phonograph had just arrived. It was a tremendous machine, as large as a small trunk, and the stage carpenter had enlarged the horn with a sheet of tin so that it now was at least six feet long, and as much in diameter at the mouth. They put it on a table and wheeled it up against the back scene. The records were carefully sprinkled with talcum powder to insure sweetness of tone. Mr. Hatchetstein strode onto the stage, seated himself at Faust's study table and had the ray of electric moonlight centered on his face. And then, amid an expectant hush, the curtain went up.

Surely there never was such a performance either before or since. The phonograph worked splendidly, Mr. Hatchetstein threw extraordinary emotion into his gestures and movements. The action of his mouth was magnificent, wonderful, and who could have told that the mellow tones which thrilled through the theatre were not his? The well-powdered records lent no suspicion of metallic quality to the voice, which reproduced all the purity of the original. From the galleries, where sit the true enthusiasts who come to see, not to be seen, came round after round of applause as the notes floated up to them. Mr. Hatchetstein's acting carried all before it. As the critic from the *Press* said, "his pathos was so convincing, his interpretation so authoritative" that when the curtain fell on the first act he was recalled again and again. Even Mr. Conright, who knew nothing of the true state of affairs, was amazed.

When Mme. Pentazzini appeared in the second act as Marguerite there was great curiosity on the part of the audience to see how she bore her distressing attack of gout, but realizing how much depended on the success of the performance, she displayed unusual fortitude and showed

no sign of her wounded foot. Indeed, she acted her difficult part with unusual sprightliness.

It was during this act that Mr. Hatchetstein, happening to be off the stage for a few moments, had to rebuke the chorus-girls with some severity for the noise they were making over an escaped mouse, which had been discovered hidden away in a shoe-box.

But all went well until toward the end of the third act. The jewel scene, which the villainous Conrright had awaited eagerly, passed by tranquilly, and his rage knew no bounds. He was about to leave the theatre when he noticed that the music seemed to drag.

Mr. Hatchetstein gazed around him in dismay. Evidently something was wrong with the phonograph. Behind the scenes he could hear frenzied whispers, but he dared not relax, so he continued his love-making to Marguerite. Slower and slower grew his passionate protestations as the notes came more and more reluctantly from the phonograph. But it was not within his power to respond. His only hope was that the machine would hold out until the end of the act when it could be tinkered up. Those behind the scenes dared not touch it now for fear of silencing it altogether!

More and more pregnant grew the impresario's gestures, more and more appealing his glance as the syllables fell haltingly from the phonograph. "Do you really love me?" sang Marguerite, and his vehement response was dragged out, syllable by syllable, over several minutes. And then suddenly there was an awful pause, and he stood before the blushing virgin with mouth open and eyes aflame, but no sound came forth. For an instant there was a frightful silence, and then he heard a clattering of footsteps behind the scenes. His eye fell on the wings, and instantly he threw himself out of sight behind a rosebush as Signor Osurac, pale and dishevelled, but correctly garbed as Faust, rushed onto the stage. The orchestra struck up, Osurac's magnificent voice took up the tale, and as the curtain descended a minute later the house rocked with applause. The opera was saved. But behind a canvas rosebush lay Mr. Hatchetstein in a dead faint.

I quote from the next morning's *Philadelphia Ledger*:

"Not the least striking feature of this really epoch-making performance was the magnificent work of Osurac. He was in splendid voice, and his altissimo notes were thrilling. His acting, too, was unusually spirited. If possible, his voice seemed to tire in the last two acts and seemed more natural and unstrained in the first three, when the golden tones flowed with entrancing ease and sweetness.

"On the whole it was the most striking production of Faust on record."

C. D. M.

THE DESERT OF DEATH



HE was a lean, sandy-bearded, soft-eyed man. He put both hands on her shoulders, and looked into her face. "Mirandy, I'm goin' across," he said.

The man was ready to start. He kissed her fondly. "It's a matter o' two month, Mirandy. It'll be lonesom; but you'll be a'right. *You'll ha' the pull. The trip's nothin'.*" "Alan, I'm goin wi' you." His manner changed. "I don't want no blubberin, nor no foolishness," he said sharply. He turned and looked out over the plain. "And besides," he added, "thar'd be Hell to pay. You stay here whar you belong." "Alan, I'm goin wi' you." The man drew a gun and leveled it full in her face. "Mirandy, you go i' the house." The woman disappeared through the door, and the man climbed to the seat of the prairie schooner, and waved his hand.

* * * * *

Yet it was not absolute silence. The jingle of the chains, the creak of the aged hubs, the rasp of the sand under the broad flat tires, and the occasional crack of the long lash about the leaders ears;—the music of the desert was there. The sun beat down on the straining mules, and the man hung forward on the seat, his chin in his palms, his elbows on his knees. "I might ha' done wrong" he mumbled, "but I done it fer the best. Gawd knows it was hard." "Alan"— The man straightened up. "Hell!" he said, "is three days o' this desert gettin my nerve, when I got ten more comin'." "Alan." The sound came slowly from the depths of the wagon, and was followed by the woman. "By Gawd," yelled the man, so that the mules started suddenly. "Alan," you ain't mad aire you? I had to come. It would ha' been so lonesom wi' you away." "Ye shouldn'e ha' done it, Mirandy, it was wrong, dead wrong. Don't ye know, dearie, that I done it fer yer own good." He looked out on the desert. "It's death." He shrugged his shoulders and started to whistle. He patted her hand. "But atter all, ten days i' the desert won't seem so long wi' you here." And the woman sighed contentedly.

Like the wheels of the schooner, the days roll around slowly in the desert. And the man and the woman swung wearily with every lurch of the wagon. The man was troubled, but, "it's a heap easier goin, without that sun up thar a-burnin' daylight through them mules." He paused to listen to the hiss of sand, as a sudden little gust swirled it against the canvas. "Mirandy, we're lucky. It aint often a man can

git a breeze out here." Again the hiss, and the man thought of fourteen days rations for one, and muttered to himself "it's death."

The desert is not good; especially when one has been plowing aimlessly against the stinging sand, on half rations, for three long days. At least, so the woman thought. She looked at the man, remembering his oft repeated words, "now Mirandy, don't you git skeered. We'll pull through a' right." The sun had come out again, but it was different. Now the man was looking stolidly ahead of him into the desert. She couldn't help it. She asked the question that had been so often on her lips, "Alan, do ye know whar we're a-goin'?" "Yep," he answered, without looking at her, "thar, ain't nothin' to do but keep goin'."

The second off mule staggered, half recovered and plunged to the sand. "It's all right, Mirandy; we'll do better without him, he ain't pulled none fer two days." Mechanically he cut away the harness. The wheels creaked again. The wagon moved on; but not far. Then the man got out, turned the seven toughest mules loose, pulled his six-shooter, and shot the other five in the head. "Mirandy, I guess we'll camp here."

* * * * *

The man got down to prepare the meal. Left alone in the shade of the canvas, the woman thought of the meal; just like the last,—and the one before it,—and the one before that—and the one before that. Her whole being revolted. She was not hungry, but "it's been so long,—so long" she half groaned. She crept to the back of the wagon, lifted the lid and looked in. She touched the tip of her finger to the surface, and to her lips. "It's been so long, jest one swallow, jest one." With trembling arms she held it to her lips without swallowing. "Jest one swallow, jest one swallow." And the woman didn't see her image, for the bucket was battered and old. "Oh Gawd, what ha' I done." The man heard the cry, and came, and comforted her. "It's a'right, Mirandy, yer weaker'n I. Now we'll last 'til some on' comes."

But the day came when the woman half tumbled as she got down from the seat. And after the meal she couldn't get up again, and the man couldn't lift her. So that night she slept on the desert. The chamber of the man's revolver was empty.

He did not know how long he had been looking at the Thing in front of him; but now he was looking with burning eyes. He shuddered and lay on the sand with hand outstretched. He noticed the shadow of his hand, placed his lips to it and madly sucked in the sand. But it was hot and dry, and he spat it out again. He slept, but when he awoke the fever was still upon him, and his throat was swollen, and his lips

were cracked and dry. And little suns were everywhere. "One drop of moisture, one drop of moisture," he was scarcely able to think it. He half crawled to the Thing again and looked—and looked. He took out his knife. And when he arose he was refreshed.

* * * * *

The man had never seen the sea before. He didn't remember at all how he came there, but he knew he was there, and it was pleasant to be there. The spray struck his face and it was cool. The swell rocked him up and down. And he felt light. He could see the white-capped waves coming toward him from the horizon. Yes, and there was another ship. Strange that he hadn't seen it before. It was coming toward him, and he saw the wind round out the sail. He was puzzled. Oh yes, he knew. It was a pirate,—a pirate after his cargo. He tried to aim the cannon, but somehow it wouldn't work. It seemed too heavy for him. He must throw a bluff. "Hey there," he shouted "Git away. I got money aboard. Git away, or I'll shoot, by Gawd, I'll——."

When the second schooner stopped a few moments later, he was still breathing. They lifted him in tenderly. The two men looked at the scene before them, and it was almost fear that was in their eyes. "He made a good fight, poor devil." Again they looked. "He'll never know."

J. W. P., '09.

DEFIANCE



O scholar, with mighty mind

That facts and numbers rattle through!
I cannot the fourth dimension find,
But oh! I can love as well as you!

Ho, you statesmen old and grave!

I cannot argue the way you do!
You may be the king and I the slave,
But Oh! I can love as well as you!

And you, you preachers gaunt and cold,

Who weary our souls and bid us rue
The happy moments that life may hold,
Oh I can love as well as you!

H. S. H.

A TASTE OF BLOOD



HAD gone for a week's visit to my father's farm, and Cricket had come with me. He had by this time grown up into a very respectable pup. The blood of a hundred ancestors coursed his nimble body, and beneath his unscarred coat his skin was as pink as a rose. His nerves were strung like violin strings, susceptible and vibrous to the faintest motion. Fanciers had ceased to conjecture, and it

was still an open question why Cricket with his crested bull-terrier pedigree, betrayed so much of the blood of foxes. Such an enigma bothered neither him nor me, for we were too profoundly absorbed in our new outlook on life, and the wonderful things to be found in back alleys and out-of-the-way places, to give any thought to a matter relatively so unimportant. There were cats to be tended to, gardens to be ravaged, chestnutting to be done, and all the lesser cares of juvenile life. The alley and the back yard, the barn and the woods, all the places where boys are forbidden to go, teemed with a thousand curious pleasures. There was many a fight, and many a chase 'twixt the risk and the achievement. Those were glorious, care-free days, full of new noises, new tastes, new smells, full of the sight of earth and sky, days overrun with new pleasures and crested with the sparkling joys of youth!

But we are at the farm. It is late Sunday afternoon on a crimson October day, and as Cricket and I share the delicacies of pickles, coffee, and ice cream together on the back porch, we look out upon a clear sky. But the great pink ears flicker,—and listen. Yes, there is someone coming up the gravel path. Cricket is up, and at the corner of the porch. He growls.

"Dog," says I, and hastily I lead him into the kitchen. By this time the rustic gentleman has come nearer with his dog—a great, ugly, impudent looking bull-dog. I hold the screen door tightly, marvelling at the hard, gristly body, the gnarled bow legs, the loose, supple skin, all of which proclaim him no common champion. The rustic gentleman, a gardener on a nearby estate, discusses crops with my father, while Baron Hardyknute III (for I learned his title afterwards) sniffs the air, and tugs at his lead with a restlessness that forebodes evil. My father is no lover of dogs, but when the business was over, he remarked casually, "A good dog."

"Yep," says the visitor, somewhat disinterestedly. "Mr. Norton bought him in Chicago,—paid two thousand dollars for him."

"Humph!" says father, "blue blood."

"Yep," what they call a prize——"

Cricket dares to growl a challenge from behind the screen door, and Bold Baron himself has interrupted. And now comes Hardyknute III with all the fierceness of his namesake. Sixty pounds of wrathful bull dog! "Surely," thought I, "the screen door will save us." But Hardyknute is of tougher metal than rusted screening, and roaring he plunges through, like a trick dog doing paper hoops at a circus.

Cricket is a tingling ball of nerves, frothing at the mouth, facing the onslaught like a Greek at Marathon—a fight worthy, indeed, of the bluest blood in Chicago, and the truest blood that ever Dame Nature by accident concocted.

But there was no battle of Marathon that day. For once I displayed a presence of mind which not even Cricket would accord me afterwards. Gripping his lead with both hands, I jerked him away from the pounce of the Persian, and with myself as pivot, swung my surprised comrade clear of the kitchen floor. Wider and faster I let him swing. I feared Hardyknute. Round and round he went, roaring and leaping. Faster, faster went Cricket. Now chairs are upset, now dishes and pictures rattle to the floor; the tea is spilled over the stove, and clouds of steam lend atmosphere to the occasion. Next I swing Cricket against the clock, which, sounding its alarm, proclaims objection to such strenuous abuse of time. Never have I experienced a more confusing oppression of smells, noises and vapors. And now Bold Baron is at last dissuaded, at the end of a horsewhip, from his fiendish design on my half strangled dog. He backs furiously to the open, glaring and frothing, where he awaits another opportunity at this impudent wretch who has been so unfairly snatched from him.

He does not wait long.

Cricket is no sooner brought to earth from his dizzy aerial course than he dashes out, to a field where there is room for fair and good fight. No cavalier in mediaeval tournament ever charged more hotly. Never did tiger pounce upon fair lady more savagely than Cricket the Inscrutable pounced that day upon Baron Hardyknute III—of Chicago.

On that day, Cricket had his first taste of blood. Nor could he have asked for better. Granted, it was more costly than his own, and got for a cheaper price. Bold Baron trailed home his chain through the dust, that day, and dropped sad drops of purest gore from an ugly rip in his eye. And as he slunk away, Cricket laughed quietly to himself, and turned to a cup of coffee that had cooled for him during the fray. And since that time, no beast is big enough, no dog ugly enough, no

mastiff terrible enough, to send even a first faint chill of fright up his spine. The bigger the game, the better the sport, and in the language of pleb dogs (as Cricket used to say to me), "Fear of a lord is the beginning of folly."

V. F. S.

VERSES



OW who art thou that thou art so content?

Come Puritan and say.

And dost thou think thy hours are nobly spent

To sneer along life's way?

Thy eyes askance must still behold in vain

The wonder of my happiness—and pain.

And who art thou to rate me as a fool?

Come Roué plainly tell,

Because thy life knows neither love nor rule,

And that thou choos't to dwell

Where no sweet ties of family are thine,

And all fair thoughts are drownéd in thy wine.



WHERE MORNING WAITS

I.



HE even beat of the engines was scarcely noticeable as the huge steamer ploughed steadily on. The calm sea rose and fell in smooth, regular pulsations, as the foam flew back from the vessels prow and the star reflections shook and quivered. Harringford took the pipe from his mouth and turned to the girl beside him.

"The sea and the wind and the heavens are all peaceful to-night, Edith," he said, "the kindness of Providence before to-morrow."

"I know," said the girl. "I never saw them so peaceful. One should be perfectly happy on a night like this."

"The lazy breeze hardly lifts the smoke," said Harringford, "it seems as though trouble and care belong to another planet."

"If I try hard enough I can keep it far enough away so that I only feel the shadow," said the girl, "but after a while the realization of what I must do overpowers me and the terror of it sweeps over me in a great wave."

Harringford bent nearer to her and took her hand. "Edith," he said, "are you sure? Is there no other way?"

"None," answered the girl gazing unseeing before her, "Oh I am sure there is no other way." And her hand tightened on his until the nails of her slender fingers whitened under the pressure.

"Your mother could not wait? I trust—I am positive that it won't be very long."

"No, no," said the girl, "I can not. The doctor in London said the operation must be performed at once, that it was the only chance. And it took all of our money to come."

For a while they were silent, looking out over the quiet ocean as the great ship rushed relentlessly on.

"It isn't as if the man were a brute," said Harringford at last. "If he were, you could hardly feel that you ought to marry him. He's merely a normal human animal with no soul. And his money may make your mother well. It is only hard for us."

"Ours is not the first tragedy like that," said Edith Wallace slowly. "There have been others worse off than we are, but oh"—and she turned to the man beside her with eyes so full of honest pain that he wheeled around and cursed the age in which he lived.

When they parted, only a few hours remained before they would enter the harbor. The stars were growing fainter and the dull white of the early dawn had lightened the east when Harringford went to his state room. They had agreed not to meet again and he feverishly gathered together the things he had used during the voyage that he might leave the ship at the first opportunity.

II.

The tops of the pine trees shook gently in the spring breeze. The moisture from a night shower was heavy on the grass and bushes, and the roads were damp and cool. The smoke of the engine that had pulled the train up the long grade, hung sharply white against the sky. Harringford alighted at the little station, turned toward a dog-cart which he knew instinctively was the one he was seeking, and was driven off up the damp road between the rustling trees.

Edith met him as he came up the steps of the large country house, and they walked together toward the corner of the great verandah.

"It's been over the world and under the world and back at the last to you," said Harringford as they seated themselves.

"I know," said Edith, "I got your note saying you were in South America, at the time mother died. You said that you would either succeed or fail by what you were doing then, did you not?"

"Yes," said Harringford, "and I have succeeded when it makes no difference whatsoever. Where is your husband to-day?"

"He has gone away for a week," said Edith, "and I let you come to-day instead of spending a day in town with you as you said. It was wrong I know but the dead, dead monotony of living this way is smothering me. In the winter we go out and I meet people that can not even talk correctly, people of wealth that are caricatures of refinement." She paused. "And so you are here," she concluded in a somewhat less strained tone.

"Yes," said Harringford after a moment, "I am here."

"Come," said Edith gaily, rising. "We shall take to-day together in the gold of the April sunshine, and defy all Fate. And when it gets dark you will go away and that will be all." She turned to him and held out her hand.

He rose and bent toward her and their eyes met. "Yes that will be all," he said slowly, but they both knew that he lied and they were glad."

All day they wandered over the great estate, exuberant in picking the early flowers, As the sun was setting behind the giant pines they

were walking through the dampening grass toward the house, and they knew that the time had come.

"Edith," said Harringford, "this day has been the happiest that I ever spent. I suppose because it was stolen from the gods that we all worship."

"I wonder if stolen bliss is always sweeter," said the woman quietly, "I wonder if the gods don't punish."

"I am sure they do," said Harringford slowly, "the deities of society are stern and inexorable."

He would have taken his arm from about her waist, but she seized his hand convulsively and held it.

"They are only the gods of convention," she said, "and their punishment is weak."

Harringford clenched his free hand hard, and turned his eyes away from the woman at his side. "Don't Edith," he said sharply. "Their punishment is hard and cruel and it never stops."

But the woman seemed not to hear. "In that house you wrote to me about in South America," she murmured, half to herself, "where you can look down on the sea breaking and watch the gulls build their nests."

She stopped walking and turned her face to the man beside her. The sun had set and twilight was fast becoming darkness. They were very close.

"Do you think it is wrong?" said the woman calmly, "or are you just afraid *for me*?" She lifted herself on tiptoe and looked intently into his eyes. Slowly she raised her hands to his shoulders, but he gently pushed her away and they went on toward the deserted house.

Darkness had come now and the silence seemed to press upon them. The woman felt her senses strained and quickened. She seemed to feel the man beside her thinking, and over and over his unuttered thought repeated itself: "the woman pays, the woman pays." Suddenly the house loomed up in the near distance. They ascended the steps together as the door opened suddenly sending out a brilliant stream of light. Seeing them the servant retired and for a moment they stood there. Looking at Harringford she saw his face, clear in the shining light, the face of "him that overcometh," and she was thankful. "Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand, "I am glad." The door closed on him and he went slowly down the steps.

P. C. K.

A PESSIMIST AND HIS LOVE

The Pessimist



LET me live, and let me love,
And let me toil for thee,
O let us dwell 'neath God's blue bell
On the cliffs by the boundless sea.
Let wind and wave on the rock-cleft coast
Sing a ceaseless song to thee,
For the throbbing heart of God's green earth,
Beats low for thee—and me.

I fain would live this listless life
By your sweet philosophy,
But you find a grace in every face
I cannot ever see.
Yet there's one good friend whom I could love,
Did he but know 'twas he!
While artless fools still choke his heart
He'll never care for me.

Where we shall dwell 'neath God's blue bell,
On the great cliffs by the sea,
'Tis far away from the striving day
And men's sad monotony
There we shall drink the wind and spray
As it rages in ecstasy
There we shall share one single note
In Nature's symphony.

His Love

Where the wind and the wave on the roaring rocks
Beat low for thee and me,
Glad will I dwell neath God's blue bell
Near the song of the ceaseless sea.
O let us live, and let us love
Love for eternity!
For the throbbing heart of God's universe
Sings secrets new to me.

V. F. S.

EDITORIALS

A CONFUSION OF VALUES



HERE is an underlying idea abroad in the undergraduate consciousness that the prosecution of our studies is of slight importance compared with the maintenance of college activities. To be frank, there is a very general acceptance of the maxim "Don't let your Studies interfere with your Work."

Haverford is known among small colleges for the number of activities it supports, and supports fairly well. Is it not possible that in the eyes of thinking men this may not be as glorious as it seems? Is it not possible that this may mean an expenditure of time and energy which might much better be put upon things more fundamental? In a college of our size it is impossible for us to support as many college organizations as we do, without very serious consequences. There is a feverish activity all about us in the way of "running the college" as it is naively called, while there is all too little serious attention to the paramount business of college life—that of training and development.

President Woodrow Wilson struck the fundamental note in his magnificent address given here in October.

"What are our students doing? Your students are doing every thing except paying serious attention to their studies. And they are not doing it because they are averse from study—they are not doing it I believe, because they are unconscious of the beauty and desirability of study; they are doing it because there are so many interesting things to be done in the college to which they go that, really, they haven't the time to be interested in study. And the things that they do are in themselves innocent and worth doing. The point is not that they are doing

vicious things, not that they are doing things that lead to mere idleness, not that they are doing things that are in any respect unworthy of cultured and even of ambitious young men; but because they are excellent, because they are interesting, because they are suited to engage the attention of honorable men they engage their attention entirely, and their instructors get the residuum. College life has swallowed up the college curriculum, and has swallowed it whole without digestion."

This matter of the division of our time between what is real work, and what is called work, but is really play, will always be a moot question. There will always be much to be said on both sides. But while there is hope for the man who can see that there are two (or more) sides to the problem, there is absolutely none for the provincialist who can conceive of no other régime than the present one.

It is easy to point out the difficulty, but hard to suggest the remedy. There are many college activities which it is healthy and even essential to support. Perhaps all those we have now are worthy of maintaining. But the sooner we realize that Haverford is a small college, and cannot support interests that larger colleges can, the better. We have other compensations that counterbalance.

It is generally held that a number of flourishing activities is the best possible advertisement for the college. This idea of advertising is very unpleasant, but if it is necessary let us face it. Would not the reputation of turning out each year a number of thoughtful, efficient men who love sport *as sport* and work *as work* be more advantageous than that of having all our students hotly engaged in maintaining an excessive number of mediocre organizations?

It all reduces to a fundamental confusion of values. We do not condemn legitimate sport or recreation, for nothing is better than that. We do not deny that a certain participance in organizing and directing college affairs is a very good thing. But we at Haverford are confusing our work with our play.

There are certain things which we can get only at college. We can sing, twang a mandolin, play tennis and do slum work anywhere throughout the wide world, but at college we have a few splendid opportunities for development and preparation which too few of us are utilizing.

It is not to be thought that we are to devote all our time to books. If we read too much we will have little time to think. We do not condemn student activities as such—indeed they are very useful. But we do condemn them when they multiply unnecessarily and by making college life feverishly complex fail to function toward their avowed end. Our plea is that when we work we should work, and when we play we

should play. We must not confuse the two. Of course the managing of college organizations may tend to develop executive ability, but they should not monopolize the student's time. Too often we judge a man's college career solely by the number of student activities he has been the leader of. Let us remember that those who have less below their names in the Class Book may have had time to do some real work, and probably are the better for it.

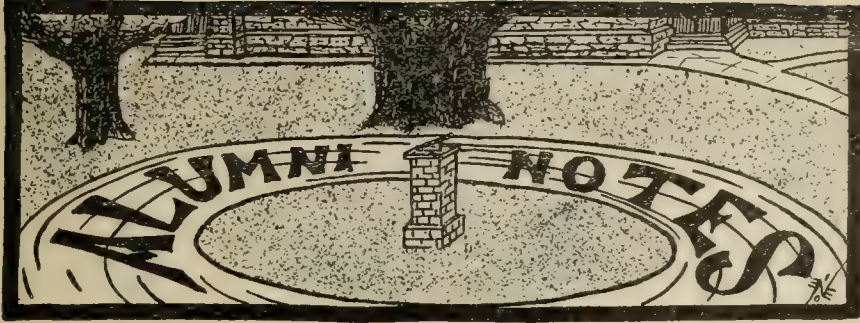
President Wilson's ideal for the American college is:

"An organization, of which the faculty shall be just as intimate and vital a power as the undergraduates themselves; and in which sport will be sport and not an occupation; in which diversions will be diversions and not the object of life; in which all the things that relieve the strain of work will be reliefs from work and not from other, similar occupations; and all of life shall be permeated with the consciousness that these men are, at any rate, members of a great community devoted to things which touch the highest ideals of the life of the individual and of the country."

The greatest dangers for the college man to-day are the scattering, demoralizing, idling tendencies of student life. The four years at college are a critical time. "There be monks in Russia * * * * that will sit a whole night in a vessel of water, till they be engaged with hard ice," says Francis Bacon, quaintly enough. If we sit still and persist in ways of never doing anything thoroughly, in unconsideringly following the precedents of the past, very soon we will find these tendencies frozen into rigid habits of dilettantism and inefficiency. There are no more stimulating words than those of Professor James on Habit, in his *Psychology*:

"The man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial, in unnecessary things * * * * will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast."

It is with the greatest of regret that we record that William Wistar Comfort has accepted a full professorship in Romance Languages at Cornell University. Dr. Comfort, who graduated from Haverford in 1894, has been connected with the faculty since 1901, and his sterling qualities, both as scholar and man, have won the respect and admiration of us all. Dr. Comfort's influence as a teacher has been inspiring and wide-felt, and he has done much to advance the college in other ways. His departure will be a distinct loss to the entire Haverford community.



'69 It is with much regret that we report the death of William S. Taylor of Overbrook on March 12. He was interested for many years in both Kansas City, Fort Smith and Southern Railways and the Fentress Coal and Coke Co., serving both faithfully in the capacity of President.

'83 It is with a deep sense of loss that we record the death of Henry N. Hoxie of Philadelphia on March 12. He was for many years Principal of the Germantown Friends' School and afterwards one of the Principals of the Haverford College Grammar School.

'81 Walter Penn Shipley, president of The Franklin Chess Club of Philadelphia, officiated as British Umpire in the eleventh annual Anglo-American chess match.

'91 Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Waln announce the engagement of their daughter Miss Kathryn Leonard Waln and Mr. Alfred Collins Maule.

'94 W. W. Comfort has accepted a full professorship in Romance Languages at Cornell.

'00 R. J. Burdette, Jr., is on the staff of *The Okla* as proofreader and special writer. His address is 1316 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

'00 F. S. Howson is connected with Rufus Waples representing J. and W. Seligman and Co., of New York, selling investment bonds.

'00 Captain J. A. Logan is stationed in Washington, on duty in the War department.

'00 E. B. Taylor has been appointed engineer of Maintenance of Way Department, C. and M. V. R. R., at Zanesville, Ohio.

'00 S. F. Seager is Secretary of the Ols Gas Power Company, Lansing, Mich.

'00 G. M. P. Murphy has been made secretary of the Electric Cable Company.

'00 F. K. Walter was appointed Vice-Director of the New York State Library School, a state institution under the general charge of the State Library.

'00 Rev. L. H. White of Fall River, Massachusetts, was made a member of the State Board of Charities and Anti-Tuberculosis.

'04 W. P. Bonbright is travelling in Ohio for the Russell and Erwin Manufacturing Company of New Britain, Connecticut.

'08 F. C. Baily is studying at Harvard.

Ex-'10 On March 19th, P. J. Baker, of Kings College, Cambridge, won the mile in the Oxford Cambridge sports, by 12 yards. The time was 4 min. 27 3-5 sec.

The Editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN would like to make the Alumni Department more adequate. We feel that this can only be accomplished through the co-operation of the graduate body. We would deem it a great favor if the secretaries of the various classes would send their names and addresses to the Editor of the Alumni Department at their earliest convenience.



EXCHANGES

The more we read the college magazines, the more do we feel the imperative need of careful revision and thinking over on the part of both authors and editors. Too often contributions—and especially in verse—are printed that would obviously be the better for reconsideration and thoughtful rewriting. We have a theory that literary attempts, even if they do not mellow with age, at any rate become more susceptible of improvement. Something that you write to-day may seem very good; but put it away for a week and then look it over again. New viewpoints will strike you, new possibilities, new ideas, new methods of treatment.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon this matter of the careful consideration of every article to be published. Assuming a conscientious board of editors, the two essentials for a good college magazine are reserve power and careful revision. By reserve power we mean the fortunate state of affairs where a magazine is not forced to draw upon all available material each month—*i.e.* where it has abundance of matter to select from, and does not have to print everything that is handed in, much less go begging for contributions. The best of the available material having been selected, the other factor comes into play. It should generally be assumed that everything handed in is more or less in the form of a first draft. With this in mind all contributions for the current issue should be in the hands of the board of editors at least a week before the "copy" goes to the printer. This leaves time for thorough reviewing, and rewriting if necessary.

Of course there are objections to this method, the principal one being the labor necessarily involved. But we are bound to think that a more rigid censorship would be a potent influence for good throughout the field of college journalism.

We always welcome the essay as a refreshing landmark in the college magazines. In contrast to much mediocre fiction, the collegiate

essay is often well thought out and carefully phrased. More than this, it is interesting as representing a definite and personal point of view.

The March magazines contain a number of interesting essays. The paper on "Charles Lamb" in *The Amherst Literary Monthly* is suggestive but gives us rather the unfinished effect of a first draft. Careful rewriting would give a much more unified effect.

"Three Eighteenth Century Letter Writers," in *The Mount Holyoke*, "Edward Fitzgerald," in *The Holy Cross Purple*, "The New Kipling," in *The Williams Literary Monthly*, and the prize essay "Literature and Democracy" in *The Vassar Miscellany* are all praiseworthy. None are of unusual merit, but all are well written, individual and conscientious. The article "Henry Milner Rideout, The Novelettist," in *The Harvard Monthly*, is very interesting and preserves the difficult balance between quotation and comment. It accomplishes its purpose in so far that we have resolved to read the next book of Rideout's we can get hold of.

Easily the most striking article that has come to our notice this month is "'The Harvard Daily Truth'—A Vision," in *The Harvard Illustrated Magazine*. The *Illustrated* is unique among our exchanges for its avowedly serious and practical purposes, and its leading articles are always worthy of attention. The author of the article referred to emphasizes the lack of proper training for journalists at Harvard, and advocates the establishment by the University of a model daily newspaper in Boston.

AND YET—

Here do we part, you and the rest to stay
 In the red valley where the lotus weaves
 Glad pain with sleep; and up the rugged way
 I go alone, and wish I might forget.
 And yet—and yet—

*The sun is on the upland sheaves,
 And all the grass with starry tears is wet.*

Work! Work! Something to dull the ache
 Of petty friends and little souls—ah, vain,
 All vain the grief that you and you awake.
 Gone is the old unutterable thrill,
 And still—and still—

*I hear from out the driving wraiths of rain
 The brown thrush singing on the upland hill.*

J. S. Reed in The Harvard Monthly.

THE HAVERFORDIAN



MAY
1909

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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WILMER J. YOUNG, 1911 (ASST. MGR.)

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the tenth of each month during the College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends, contributions are invited and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-sixth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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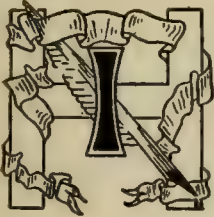
VOL. XXXI

HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1909.

No. 3

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"When you have read, you carry away with you a memory of the man himself; it is as though you had touched a loyal hand, looked into brave eyes, and made a noble friend."



IN the whole history of literature there is no man whose writings have endeared him more to the race than Robert Louis Stevenson. There is no finer, more lovable personality to be met with in the realm of books than this slender, brown-eyed Scotsman. How truly do his own words, quoted above, express the feelings with which we look back upon his pages.

We all know Stevenson as a teller of fascinating and enthralling stories—*Tusitala*, "The Teller of Tales," his dearly-loved Samoans called him, and there are few of us who have not heard the tarry seamen singing at the capstan bars, and known the thunder of the long green surges on the beach of Treasure Island. Many of us, too, know the power and inspiration of his essays, and have lingered with delight over their charming and healthy philosophy. But too few are familiar with his letters, where he lays his mind bare to us, and where those already fond of him may learn to love him for the greatness of his manhood and the nobility of his soul. The striking words which he once wrote on the fly-leaf of *Memories and Portraits* apply even more truly to his letters:

"Much of my soul is here interred,
My very past and mind
Who listens nearly to the printed word
May hear the heart behind."

Stevenson did not love writing letters, and referred to himself as one "essentially and originally incapable of the art epistolary." But this was one of his whimsical exaggerations. He was at times an irregular correspondent, but I doubt whether more charming and delightful letters were ever written; and considering his express aversion to the task, he was wonderfully industrious, as Mr. Colvin testifies in the introduction to *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. This collection contains about 460 of the most interesting and characteristic letters.

The charm and vigor of these writings makes us realize his wonderfully winning personality as nearly, I suppose, as is possible for those who never knew him. In them we see his intense, sympathetic, hot-blooded nature as it revealed itself to his closest friends. We do not find Stevenson the consummate artist, but Stevenson the conversationalist, spontaneous, whimsical, overflowing with mirth, the creature of mood and fancy. In them, too, there comes to the surface that vein of sadness which grew upon him more in later life, but which he never allowed to cloud his conversation.

In his letters he lets his fancy run free. Facts—"sordid facts" as he called them—were not the most important things. "I deny," he writes, "that letters should contain news (I mean mine; those of other people should). But mine should contain appropriate sentiments and humorous nonsense, or nonsense without the humour." "Business letters, letters of information, and letters of courtesy he had sometimes to write," Mr. Colvin tells us, with unconscious naiveté, "but when he wrote best was under the influence or impression, or the mere whim or mood, of the moment; pouring himself out in all manner of rhapsodical confessions and speculations, grave or gay, notes of observation and criticism, snatches of remembrance and autobiography, moralisings or matters uppermost for the hour in his mind, comments on his own work or other people's, or mere idle fun and foolery."

The reader does not want to be told about such letters as these—he wants to be left alone with them, to learn for himself the personality of the man behind the pen; but it may not be amiss to quote a few here to stimulate others to read them.

What we all love and admire most in Stevenson is his indomitable courage. Well might he have said, in the words of his friend Henley,

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

Throughout his life he was delicate, threatened with consumption, shattered by frequent hemorrhages, and had to live, as his wife said, "as though he were walking on eggs." How many of his readers, knowing only the gaiety and courage of his books, dream of the truth of the following words, which he wrote to Mr. George Meredith in 1893, a year before his death:

"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

Such was the heroic spirit that was confined in his thin, frail body. And how does he speak of life? Is there ever a note of discontent? Of disappointment? Of complaint?

"And still this world appears a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse-exercise, and bracing, manly virtues?"

And then again he says "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. * * * If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say 'give them up,' for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."

"It is in such a world * * * that I am very glad to fight out my battle, and see some fine sunsets; and hear some excellent jests between whiles round the camp-fire."

And so one might quote for pages, passages of simple, brave, manly philosophy. Can anything be more splendid than this? It brings a whiff of real courage—one is the better for reading it. Even of his trials he could speak in genial vein. Just a month before his death he writes rather humorously to James Payn:

"I have done perhaps as much work as anybody else under the most deplorable conditions. * * * I'll tell you the worst day that I remember. I had a hemorrhage, and was not allowed to speak; then, induced by the devil, or an errant doctor, I was led to partake of that bowl which neither cheers nor inebriates—the castor oil bowl. Now, when castor oil goes right, it is one thing; but when it goes wrong, it

is another. And it went wrong with me that day. The waves of faintness and nausea succeeded each other for twelve hours, and I do feel a legitimate pride in thinking that I stuck to my work all through and wrote a good deal of *Admiral Guinea* (which I might just as well not have written for all the reward it ever brought me) in spite of the barbarous bad conditions."

In spite of his delicate constitution, Stevenson was a lover of the open air and the blue sky. Who does not know his capital little song, *The Vagabond*, written to an air by Schubert:

"Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me.
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever."

At the age of twenty-one he writes most charmingly to a college chum, telling of a vacation ramble in the Highlands.

"I have been walking to-day by a colonnade of beeches along the brawling Allan. My character for sanity is quite gone, seeing that I cheered my lonely way with the following, in a triumphant chaunt. 'Thank God for the grass and the fir-trees, and the crows and the sheep, and the sunshine, and the shadows of the fir-trees.' I hold that he is a poor mean devil who can walk alone, in such a place and in such weather, and doesn't set up his lungs and cry back to the birds and the river."

One of his most characteristic thoughts comes in *Prince Otto*. "There's no music like a little river's. It plays the same tune (and that's the favourite) over and over again, and yet does not weary of it like men fiddlers. It takes the mind out of doors; and though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out-of-doors. And lastly, sir, it quiets a man down like saying his prayers."

This reminds one of his dictum in *An Inland Voyage*. "After a good woman, a good book, and tobacco, there is nothing so agreeable on earth as a river." Who would not cry Amen to that!

Stevenson also had an intense passion for the sea, as he thought, inherited. Every boy has it, of course, but with Stevenson it was lifelong. He loved a ship "as a man loves Burgundy or daybreak." The sea-travel was to him the redeeming feature of light-house engineering (for which he was originally trained); and he writes "I love the sea as

much as I hate gambling. Fine, clean emotions; a world all and always beautiful; air better than wine; interest unflagging: there is upon the whole no better life." In 1887 he writes from Saranac Lake to a cousin:

"I have been made a lot of here, and it is sometimes pleasant, sometimes the reverse; but I could give it all up, and agree that — was the author of my works, for a good seventy-ton schooner and the coins to keep her on. And to think there are parties with yachts who would make the exchange!" His wish was gratified, partially at least, less than a year later, for from 1888-1891, nearly three years, he and his wife cruised about the South Seas in various yachts and steamers. Except for the absence of his old friends, this was probably the happiest period of his life.

Akin to his love for the open road and the sea, and characteristic of his ever youthful spirit was his healthy enthusiasm for "books of adventure."

"Sailor tales to sailor tunes
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
* * * schooners, islands, and maroons
And Buccaneers and buried Gold"

were probably even more exciting to him than to his enthusiastic boy readers. I quote from a letter of his to Henley, in 1884.

"I do desire a book of adventure—a romance—and no man will get or write me one. * * * * I want to hear swords clash. I want a book to begin in a good way; a book I guess, like *Treasure Island*, alas! which I have never read, and cannot though I live to ninety. I would God that someone else had written it! By all that I can learn, it is the very book for my complaint. I like the way I hear it opens; and they tell me John Silver is good fun. And to me it is, and must ever be, a dream unrealized, a book unwritten. O my sighings after romance!

CHAPTER I.

The night was damp and cloudy, the ways foul. The single horseman, cloaked and booted, who pursued his way across Willesden Common, had not met a traveller, when the sound of wheels—

CHAPTER I.

"Yes, sir," said the old pilot, "she must have dropped into the bay a little afore dawn. A queer craft she looks."

"She shows no colours," returned the young gentleman, musingly.

"They're a-lowering of a quarter-boat, Mr. Mark," resumed the old salt. "We shall soon know more of her."

"Ay," replied the young gentleman called Mark, "and here, Mr.

Seadrift, comes your sweet daughter Nancy tripping down the cliff."

"God bless her kind heart, sir," ejaculated old Seadrift.

CHAPTER I.

The notary, Jean Rossignol, had been summoned to the top of a great house in the Isle St. Louis to make a will; and now, his duties finished, wrapped in a warm roquelaure and with a lantern swinging from one hand, he issued from the mansion on his homeward way. Little did he think what strange adventures were to befall him!—

That is how stories should begin. And I am offered HUSKS instead."

In this connection another letter of his is interesting, written in the same year, with his mind evidently running on the same topics. He hears that a friend, Cosmo Monkhouse, has "fallen in love with stagnation," and he writes from his invalid chair as follows:

"Seriously, do you like to repose? * * * * I do not know what people mean who say they like sleep and that damned bedtime which, since long ere I was breeched, has rung a knell to all my day's doings and beings. * * * * Is there not some escape * * * from the Moral Law? Shall we never shed blood? This prospect is too gray * * * * To confess plainly, I had intended to spend my life (or any leisure I might have from Piracy upon the high seas) as the leader of a great horde of irregular cavalry, devastating whole valleys. I can still, looking back, see myself in many favourite attitudes: signalling for a boat from my pirate ship with a pocket-handkerchief, I at the jetty end, and one or two of my bold blades keeping the crowd at bay; or else turning in the saddle to look back at my whole command (some five thousand strong) following me at the hand-gallop up the road out of the burning valley: this last by moonlight."

How characteristic is the spirit of this, written when he was sitting propped up by pillows and with the medicine bottles on the table beside him!

The following letter, written to Henley in 1881, will interest all lovers of *Treasure Island*.

"I am now on another lay for the moment, purely owing to Lloyd, this one (*i. e.* his stepson, Lloyd Osborne); but I believe there's more coin in it than in any amount of crawlers; now, see here, 'The Sea-Cook, or Treasure Island: A Story for Boys.'

"If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about Buccaneers, that it begins in the *Admiral Benbow* public house on Devon coast, that it's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and

a current, and a fine old Squire Trelawney (the real Tre, purged of literature and sin, to suit the infant mind), and a doctor, and another doctor, and a sea-cook with one leg, and a sea-song with the chorus 'Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum' (at the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song, only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint (died of rum at Key West, much regretted, friends will please accept this intimation); and lastly, would you be surprised to hear, in this connection, the name of *Routledge*? That's the kind of man I am, blast your eyes. Two chapters are written, and have been tried on Lloyd with great success; the trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths—bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted."

Looking back over these rambling remarks I see I have fallen into the error which is almost unavoidable when talking about so delightful a man. I have been gossiping and quoting rather at random. But let it stand. I have tried to let him speak for himself. As Matthew Arnold once said of Keats, "To show such work is to praise it." If I can persuade anyone to take up Stevenson's books—either for the first time, or with the delicious anticipation which belongs only to re-reading, I will have accomplished my design.

I cannot refrain from quoting what is probably the best thing ever said about Stevenson's writings. J. M. Barrie, his friend and countryman, charmingly describes Stevenson's peculiar charm:

"Mr. Stevenson's books are not for the shelf, they are for the hand; even when you lay them down, let it be on the table for the next comer.

"Being the most sociable that man has penned in our time, they feel very lonely up there in a stately row. I think their eye is on you the moment you enter the room, and so you are drawn to look at them, and you take a volume down, with the impulse that induces one to unchain the dog. And the result is not dissimilar, for in another moment you two are at play. Is there any other modern writer who gets round you in this way?"

On a far-off Samoan hill-top, swept by the winds and overlooking the vast ocean and the surf-beaten reefs, is a lonely slab of stone. Beneath it lies all that is mortal of this kindly man who died as he had lived, brave and happy; but in his letters and books his personality lives for us, and shall live, and behind the vigorous and friendly words we see the shining brown eyes and thin, strong face of Robert Louis Stevenson.

C. D. M.

THE VAGABOND



OME love a life

Of toil and strife
And some a snug abode;
But give to me
The liberty
Of singing on the road.

O let me thrill
With stream and hill
And have no baser goad,
Than only this:
To know the bliss
Of singing on the road.

I'll beat the time
To any rhyme
And harness on my load
To tramp along
To some wild song
A-singing on the road.

It's "left foot right"
From morn till night
In a wondrous merry mode
I'd tramp away
Each summer day
A-singing on the road.

H. S. H.

PIRATES



MARIE Louise, aged ten, was obviously dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs, and as she sat on her bed and surveyed the clean frock before her, she swung her plump legs in disgust. "I don' wanna wear clean close every day," she protested, with an unmistakable pout. "I don' wanna stay home an' play dolls. I wanna have fun, an' be a pirate, an' a cannibal, an' shoot people,—an'—an' all sorts of things!"

Marie Louise ought to have been born a boy, for never did a more fiery Viking spirit burn in mortal breast. From the time she was an "unbreeched human entity" a zeal for adventure had spurred her on to the most unheard-of undertakings. When she had been discovered bathing with the boys down in the creek her mother had thought that this was the climax of unconventionality, and that nothing more was to be feared; but the very next day she astounded the policeman on the block by marching up to him and requesting the loan of his revolver for a few minutes. "There's a horrid old Tom cat up in our garden," she said, "an' I'm goin' to shoot 'um!" And when the bluecoat laughed at her she marched off in high dudgeon. Her father always smiled at her exploits, and said she would outgrow them, but Mrs. Cochran felt differently. She was in a perpetual flutter of nervousness about what Marie Louise would do next. It was impossible to forbid the child to do things, for no one could foresee what would enter her active little mind. "You never *told* me not to borrow p'liceman's pistols," she said, quite sincerely, to her mother, her large brown eyes wide open with surprise.

But lately Marie Louise had been very good, and her mother really thought she was outgrowing her tomboyishness. For three afternoons she had not played ball with the boys nor gone fishing in the creek, but had stayed near home and played at "jacks" or paper dolls. But now, on this beautiful Saturday morning in June, the reaction had come, and she eyed the clean ruffled frock with disgust.

"I wisht I had some overalls" she sighed. "I want to be a pirate, an' pirates don't wear ruffles." But the breakfast bell rang just then so she put on the dress and ran downstairs.

Marie Louise was a thoughtful little girl, and knew that a declaration of her buccaneering intentions would distress her mother, so she said nothing of her plans. After breakfast, when she had done her piano

practice, she slipped quietly out of the front door and ran down the street to see Martha. Martha was Marie Louise's boon chum, not quite so daring, perhaps, but a worthy second in all her exploits. "Lead, and I follow," was her motto, for she felt that whatever Marie Louise did must be all right.

The two houses were only a few yards apart, and Marie Louise met Martha just coming out.

"Oh Muwwy," said the latter, "I was just coming to see you."

But Marie Louise did not stop for the ordinary topics of conversation. She glanced around to see that no one was within ear-shot.

"Promise you'll never tell?" she whispered breathlessly.

Martha was used to these sudden confidences, so she answered tranquilly in the affirmative.

"Hope to die if you do?" continued Marie Louise.

"Yes."

"Crook fingers?"

"Yes," and they solemnly intertwined their little fingers to ensure secrecy.

"Well, let's be pirates!" said Marie Louise, in a thrilling whisper.

Martha's eyes danced, and she skipped with glee at the thought; but then her face sobered. "How can we?" she asked. "Do you know how?"

"Sure I do," was the scornful retort. "You wear a red hank'cher on your head, an' carry a cutlass, an' sometimes a wooden leg. I read it all in *Treasure Island*."

"I don't want a wooden leg," objected Martha.

"Oh, well, that's only for specials," said Marie Louise. "We can pretend. Let's get a disguise, an' then we can go down to the creek an' hunt for the treasure."

Martha led the way into the house, and they crept up the backstairs to the nursery to seek materials for proper piratical costumes. Here they rearranged their clothing ruthlessly.

"I don't want this old dress," said Marie Louise, and removed it promptly. "I got bloomers on anyway." Martha followed suit, and then two bandanna handkerchiefs were found, one red and one blue. "I think p'rhaps I better use the red one," said Marie Louise, "if I'm going to be John Silver. Don't you?" she added politely. "You be Tom Morgan."

"Who's John Silver?" asked Martha, taking the blue handkerchief and adjusting it round her head.

"Oh, he was a sea-cook with one leg."

"Well, you've got two, haven't you?"

"Well, I can make believe, can't I, silly?" retorted Marie Louise. "You've got to use your 'magination in this game. I can limp, I guess."

"What's Tomorgan?" persisted Martha, somewhat bewildered by these changes of name.

"It isn't a it" said Marie Louise in scorn. "He's a bloody pirate."

The costumes were quickly arranged. Both buccaneers were chastely attired in bloomers, those of John Silver being white, and of Tom Morgan blue. Silver wore an old red sweater, much too large, tightly girt in by a belt, through which a cap pistol and a wooden cutlass were thrust. Tom Morgan disdained to wear anything over his "Mother's Friend" waist except a bright red sash, which supported an ugly looking dagger and another pistol. Thus accoutred they slunk down the back stairs and out into the open air. Disregarding screams from the cook, a quick dash through the garden and down the lane carried them to the long sloping meadow that led down to the creek. Here, waist-deep among the long sun-warmed grass dotted with fragrant daisies and clover, they halted to reconnoitre.

"Which way shall we go?" queried Morgan. "How do I know?" returned Silver. "We must look at the chart," and he drew a much crumpled paper from his bosom.

To Morgan the chart looked much like a Butterick pattern, and he thought he saw the words "No. 360609, Ladies' Walking Suit," but he refrained from comment.

"North leads to the treasure," said Silver solemnly. "Forward, gen'lemen of Fortune!" and they set off through the long grass. Silver's limp was discarded as too fatiguing.

A thrush whirred up in front of them. "Oh! we ought to have Captain Flint with us!" exclaimed Long John Silver.

"Who?" said Tom Morgan, adjusting his handkerchief, which would slip down over one eye.

"A parrot—he ought to sit on my shoulder an' babble curses—the book says so."

"I guess we better not. He'd be a nuisance anyway!"

"Oh, Tom Morgan, you're a little silly! We got to do the way it says in the book. Now come on, or I'll tip you the black spot! There's a treasure waiting for us not far off."

Poor Morgan did not understand the allusion to the black spot, but he was afraid to ask for explanations and they proceeded in silence. The day was very warm, and the June sun beat relentlessly on the two gallant little figures breasting through the long grass. The bare legs

were scratched by the stems, and large drops of perspiration trickled down two small noses. Silver's bloomers were no longer snowy white, for too close attention to an imaginary compass landed him ignominiously in a small ditch and stained the seat of his pantaloons a sodden brown. Tom Morgan stumbled over a concealed root and fell to the earth with a jar that produced more than one real black spot on his sun-burnt shins. It grew warmer and warmer, and finally Silver was glad to remove the sweater.

"I'll tie it on my cutlass an' use it for a flag," he said.

"Pirate flags ought to be black," objected Tom Morgan.

"Well, it's been soaked in blood," retorted the resourceful sea-cook.

They pressed on bravely until the stream was reached, where Silver called a halt.

"Gen'lemen of fortune," he said impressively, "shall we hunt for treasure, or go in wading?"

Tom Morgan cast a longing glance at the cool water.

"In the book they get the treasure," added Silver hastily.

"Let's get the treasure," said Morgan.

Long John pored closely over the chart. "Twenty steps beyond that tree," he said finally, pointing to a large oak on the bank of the creek. "I'll race you to it."

They started gaily, but half way Silver, who was leading, stumbled and fell. He rose again quickly, his face still smiling, but suddenly his expression changed, and he burst into tears. Tom Morgan saw an ugly bruise on his leader's leg, and putting his arms around the sufferer, sought to console him.

"There, there, Muwwy, it'll be all right in a minute," he murmured tenderly.

"It won't be all right, my leg's broken, an' I'm not Muwwy, I'm John Silver, an' I think you're mean, you don't play right!" wailed the disconsolate sea-cook. The tender-hearted Morgan saw he had taken the wrong tack. He waited a moment till the tears had subsided and then whispered "John Silver!"

"Well?"

"You're all right, John Silver! You see, it was your wooden leg!"

The logic of this did not seem to impress Silver at first, but then he jumped up, rubbed a grimy face with his arm, and said "Come on, let's get the treasure!"

But when they reached the big tree, they found a small boy sitting on the bank, absorbed in fishing.

"S-s-s-h!" said Silver. "It's Ben Gunn!"

But Ben was sharp of hearing. "It's not!" he cried. "My name's Jimmy Barnes!"

"Well, I'm John Silver, an' she's Tom Morgan, an' you can be Ben Gunn if you want to," said Silver generously. He could afford to be generous, for, as he explained to Morgan, "Nobody minds Ben Gunn." Besides, he was such a little chap, only nine years old!

They explained the situation, and Ben was delighted. He drew in his line, detached the bent pin, hid it carefully in a hollow in the tree, and they attacked the spot where the treasure hoard should be.

It was hot work digging with sticks, for they had forgotten the spades. Deeper and deeper grew the hole, and tired and tired the pirates, but nothing was to be found. At last Silver's stick broke, and he cast it away in disgust. "Someone else must of got it all," he said gloomily

Ben Gunn gazed at him in dismay. He hesitated, and then his freckled face lighted up. "I know a secret!" he said blithely.

"That's nothing," said Silver. "So do I."

"Me too!" said Morgan, not to be outdone, and then tried to think what it was.

Ben Gunn's face fell, but he was shrewd for his years, and knew the ways of wom— of buccaneers. He picked up his stick again and fell to scraping in the hole. For several minutes there was silence. Then a plaintive voice fell upon his ear.

"Ben Gunn!" it said.

No answer.

"Ben Gunn!"

Still no answer.

"Ben Gunn, I won't tell!"

"Me either," said Morgan.

Ben peered thoughtfully into the depths of the excavation, examined a small pebble found there, polished it on his knee, slipped it into his pocket, and then turned towards the others.

"Swear?" he said. "Hope to die?"

Silver and Morgan affirmed solemnly, and Ben Gunn seemed satisfied by these theoretical oaths. He led the way back to the tree, and drew from its recesses a battered tin box.

"Goody! The treasure?" gasped Silver.

Ben Gunn nodded, and shook the box, which resounded within with scrapings and scramblings. The pirates waited with bated breath as he slowly raised the lid, and displayed three vigorous crayfish.

"O-o-o-h!" exclaimed Morgan. "Where'd you get 'em?"

"Caught 'em!" said Ben Gunn, proudly. "They're devil-crabs—awful dang'rous!" and he displayed several livid spots on his fingers.

"Do they bite?" asked Silver.

"Try, an' see!"

Silver extended his hand towards the smallest crayfish, and then hesitated.

"Does it hurt much?" he asked.

"Not if you're brave," said Ben Gunn, contemptuously, and put his hand in front of the smallest one. The crayfish seized a finger promptly, and hung on grimly. Ben let it hang a minute or so, then shook it off, stuck his hands in his pockets and began to whistle.

John Silver was not to be outdone, and put a small brown thumb temptingly before the largest crayfish, which seized it instantly. The sea-cook's face grew pale, and his lip quivered, but he said nothing. Finding the thumb tough and indigestible, the crayfish dropped off after a long minute, and John Silver put the wounded member in his mouth. "Good for you," said Ben Gunn admiringly. Then they both turned on the luckless Morgan.

"Are you brave, too?" asked Ben Gunn. "Girls with blue eyes usually ain't!"

The buccaneer resented this vile insinuation. "I'm not a girl, I'm Tomorgan, a bloody pirate!" he cried, and plunged his hand recklessly into the tin box. Three pairs of nippers seized it, and the wretched pirate scarce suppressed a cry of pain, but after the previous examples of heroism he was determined to do or die. He stood quite motionless for fully half a minute before stammering, the maligned blue eyes full of tears—"W—will that do?"

"Gee, you *are* plucky," said Ben Gunn. "I take it all back." So Morgan shook off the incensed crayfish.

"Let's put away the crabs," said he, ruefully surveying his small brown hand. This proposal was carried *nem con*, and the unfortunate crustaceans were once more immured in the tree.

Ben Gunn felt he had been somewhat outdone in the ordeal by crayfish, so he changed the subject. "Can you swim?" he asked Silver.

"Yes," said the sea-cook, "but mother said I wasn't to, never again, without a bathing suit." And certain soft portions of his anatomy tingled as he thought of the spanking he received on that occasion.

"Well, then," said Ben Gunn, "let's hunt buffaloes. I know where they's some awful big ones!"

In this and kindred pursuits the long summer morning slipped away, and it was not until they heard the 1.15 train that they thought of the time.

"John Silver," whispered Morgan, as they lay side by side in the jungle of tangled grass-stems, stalking an antelope, "It's pretty near lunch time."

"Is it?" said Silver, suddenly realizing that he was very hungry. "I guess we better go home." So bidding farewell to Ben Gunn, who trudged off along the creek, they set out across the field.

"Daddy comes home on that train Saturdays," said John Silver, as their good ship ploughed its way over the meadow—no longer a meadow, however, but the broad and rolling ocean. "Let's jump out on him an' scuttle him!"

Thus it was that Mr. Cochran, while walking up the lane from the station, was boarded by two hot and hilarious little pirates.

"Oh papa!" shouted Marie Louise, as she swarmed up the rigging, "I'm John Silver an' Martha's Tom Morgan, an' we've been hunting for treasure an' found a secret, an' Ben Gunn, an Oh! we had *such* a good time, an' please, *please* don't tell us not to do it again!"

Mr. Cochran looked down at the disreputable buccaneers. John Silver's bloomers were stained a dull brown and green from crawling through the jungle, and were badly torn where a buffalo had gored him. The red sweater, sadly elongated as to arms, was tied bulkily round his waist, like a life-preserver. Tom Morgan's "Mother's Friend" was daubed with mud, and both pairs of sunburnt legs were covered with scratches and bruises. Mr. Cochran felt like frowning, but the merry little faces were irresistible. He smiled down at them good-naturedly, and proceeded slowly up the lane with one small buccaneer hanging on each arm, and both talking hard.

"Now, chickabiddies," he said, as they got near home, "Run in by the back way, and don't let your mothers see you till you've changed your clothes."

Mr. and Mrs. Cochran were sitting at lunch when Marie Louise appeared, radiant after a bath and in a clean frock, with a new ribbon in her hair.

"Where have you been all morning, childy?" asked her mother, smiling at the dainty little vision in white.

"Pirating," said Marie Louise happily, and showed a brown thumb with a small blue mark on it. "See?"

C. D. M.

A FLIP AT BACON.



BACON, in a number of his essays, speaks with delicate innuendo about the art of poetry. The subtle but deprecating things he says are put with a humor that almost apologizes. Yet the ridiculous idea has occurred to me that perhaps he *means* them. It would be a very natural thing indeed for a man of Bacon's genius to have sighed a little to himself at the flourishing popularity of this fellow Shakespeare. Any man of culture may well regret his lack of power in poetic expression, and if he be a man of genius contemporary with a more popular rival, he may be justified in not seeing so much in the other fellow after all. However, I have culled a few savory sarcasms from some of the essays, and you may take them for what they are worth.

In the essay on "Studies," you will find the remark, "Histories make men wise; poets witty." If you are right in that, my dear Bacon, then you certainly have read little poetry. If I desired to be witty I should read a joke book rather than poetry. But perhaps *witty* here means *keen, clever, sharp witted*. If that is so, perhaps you are right. We will not argue on that. For if you never said worse about poetry, you would never have hurt my feelings.

Turn then to "Truth," wherein it is said, "One of the fathers in great severity called poesy 'vinum daemonum,' because it filleth the imagination, and yet is but the shadow of a lie." You do well, Sir Francis, to put this unkind cut into a father's mouth, and to give us that apologetic appendage "in great severity." But after all you would have me chew on the suggestion that poetry is "but the shadow of a lie." I am sorry; but I do not hunger for such thoughts. If you would say more things like "That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express," then I should like you better, and you too would be a poet.

In "Religion" you come down on the poor poet with all your masiveness. It is said thus: "the quarrels and divisions about religions were evils unknown to the heathen; for you may imagine what kind of faith theirs was, when the chief doctors and fathers of their church were poets"! Is this sarcasm or a *faux pas*? Or are you trying to say something nice about the poets? Perhaps it is meant to satisfy both prejudices?

And in "Adversity" you quote Seneca, "It is true greatness to have in one, the frailty of man and the security of a god." And *you* add,

"This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed." Now what, pray, are *transcendencies*? In the obsolete the word means the *overdone*, *high flown*, *flowery*. The modern man calls it *supereminence*. And since you have not lived to-day, good sir, have you not sinned again?

Even in so material a subject as "Building" you hurl a bolt at poesy. Your command is this: "Leave the goodly fabrics of houses for beauty only to the enchanted palaces of the poets, who build them with small cost." O, Bacon, *must* you pounce on the poor poet in even this prosaic subject? Has not poet sweat to write a living line, or to build an enchanted palace? And pray what poet has worse than loved? Nay man, even to-day we have our little sighs over things; but nobody sighs over the poets!

V. F. S.

A SKETCH.

It was an unwonted sight in a quiet American city to see soldiers issuing from so unmarital a thing as a trolley car. I was as yet at some distance, but I saw that there were musicians with their instruments and a few with guns. Some seemed long in making their exit and one or two were assisted in their descent in very unsoldierly wise. But there were their military caps and their long overcoats, gay with vivid blue linings. There could be no mistake about it, they were soldiers, perhaps in all thirty or more.

As I neared them the drum rattled and they formed on the curb in a wavering line. Besides the band, there were but a scant dozen or more, and the drum disclosed that this was Post 59 of the Grand Army of the Republic. They were old, grisled fellows, each wearing as fierce a mustache as he could. Some were bent, one or two seemed feeble; and despite their long coats the air smote them keenly, I could see. The drum rolled again, and they formed two by two. It was a valiant effort at alertness, if just a bit grotesque and pitiful. And they passed down the street to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." I lifted my hat to them, and in memory of the dim, gone past; for there at the cemetery gate there awaited them their silent comrade and predecessor, in his black plumed hearse, wrapped in the flag they had all defended.

Felix E. Schelling.

THE CHORD WITHIN.



HE gleaming white
In the changing light
Shows pure against the green,
Where the mantled cloud
Of the pine trees' shroud
Leaves all the world unseen.

The free wind stings
As it airily flings
The swirling flakes on high,
While the branches shake
And the dead boughs quake
Beneath the slaty sky.

The storm ne'er dies
And the wide world lies
As the tempest breaks again,
For a whispering song
Is calling long
In a sobbing, wild refrain.

And I must away
For the eager day
Is drawing me on to you,
And I only live
To hope and strive
Forever to be true.

But the call of the wind
Is the call I find
In the blue of the summer sea,
And in storm or fair
My only prayer,
To be worthy love of thee.

P. C. K.

EDITORIALS

A PLEA FOR SCHOLARSHIP



It is to the credit of undergraduate journalism that not infrequently the reader of the college magazines meets articles of vital significance. Such a one is the paper by Laura E. Richards entitled "A College Awakening," in the April *Wellesley Magazine*.

Those of us who have feared that college life is tending away from its original ideals of scholarship and seriousness, and that the feverishly complex college "Activities," though admirable in themselves, are non-fundamental, find in this article a sane and measured exposition of our views. The arraignment of the women's colleges for their ceaseless whirl of "Activities" is no less applicable to men's colleges, and especially to the ambitious small institutions where leadership in undergraduate organizations is concentrated in a smaller group of men. We, with generations of Quaker tradition behind us, have perhaps less to fear from this danger than most. But to those who have observed the spirit of the college with some care the problem is undoubtedly a vital and present issue.

We quote from the above-mentioned article:

As a means, then, of fitting the student for life, the Activities, so large in number and great in variety, which we tolerate in our colleges appear to me a failure. And chiefly a failure, because all this restless hurrying to and fro makes the girl deceive herself into thinking she is building up character, into fancying she is doing a greater service to God and the community by holding a prayer-meeting, by absenting herself for a week to attend a missionary conference, by visiting the poor in Boston, by giving a play, by being president of a club, than by intelligent

devotion to the real business for which the community should stand, the business of intellectual work.

After all, it reduces to a question of our conception of the college. On the one hand the colleges have been accused of degenerating into country-clubs. On the other is the somewhat naively-voiced undergraduate horror of isolation and monasticism. But after all there are worse places than a monastery!

Is there not some golden mean between the two? Is not the ideal of Scholarship worth consideration? Scholarship, in its old and finer sense, means leisure, which means time to think; and time to think means development and personality and inborn convictions—all that distinguishes a man from a clothes-wearing animal. It means time to become acquainted with the ideals for which men have died, and the world-old problems which cannot be settled by callow youths in a committee meeting. It means earnestness and humility and broad-minded sympathy. It is not impractical, but intensely so, for it fits a man for life by giving him some conception of the essences which underlie all human activity. A man should have some knowledge of the *theory* of living before he plunges into the confusion of life itself.

And is this incompatible with the healthy fun-loving nature of youth? Need a man be a worse cricketer or a less genial companion because his eyes are thoughtful and he cherishes certain ideals and feels the thrill and wonder of it all? Might not the college be a community of strong and happy young men, eager for all that is worth while and not afraid to work for it; unanimous in the contempt of all that is mean and low, but not above striving to remedy it; and above all, a place where they might gather for a few years to obtain some acquaintance with the theory of living before joining in the dust and smoke of the firing-line?

Is this selfishness or cowardice? We think not. It is the truest preparation for the imperative duties of life. Let us pray that our college may deserve the grand old name of "Alma Mater"—a kindly mother, beneath whose tranquil wings we may find the strength and wisdom of manhood ere we go forth with unsoiled hearts to mingle in the warfare of the world.

THE GENTLE ART OF CONVERSATION

There are few pleasures in this world like the pleasure of conversation with a well informed man who is also a good talker. He seems to

have so many points of contact by which we may form a pleasant intimacy.

Out here at College for some reason or other the art of conversation has never been developed as it should. Not that we don't spend enough time in talking, probably far too much. But the quality is decidedly below the level of what it ought to be among those who are receiving a higher education. The majority of men are of one of two types. We have the fellow who is rather light weight. He is pleasant and agreeable enough to be sure. He talks very well on certain topics: women, the morality of drinking, athletics and the weather. Anything off these lines is completely out of the range of his intellectual activity. The second type is rather rarer but makes up for it by compensating disadvantages. This man starts a conversation with a definite end in view. He has something on his mind which must be unloaded at all costs. He enters your room, lights his pipe and launches forth. Generally it is religion, philosophy or some simple and inexpensive way of reforming the universe. Sometimes it is an author he has just read. In that case we are deluged with lists of his works, extracts of his verse and common-places of his life. If we are alone at the time of this visitation we maintain a respectful silence. If there are several in the room we yawn, whistle and interrupt until the flow of information is sufficiently checked. In neither case do we gain anything worth while in comparison with the time consumed. On the other hand take a cultivated man who has knocked round a good deal in the world. An hour or two of such conversation, carried on with the least possible strain, gives one a great feeling of invigoration. There is a feeling of freshness and readjustment which does not wear off for some time.

A real conversation is by no means alternately producing and accepting facts with another man. At first the ideas seem uninteresting and we lag along. Then something comes up which starts a slight argument and we have enough to keep us for an hour or two. The point in question may be of very little moment. That makes no difference. We have had a certain amount of training for the wits which no amount of good reading could take the place of. While we are in such an argument, we need not be afraid of saying anything except what we mean. After all the speaker has an advantage over the writer. There is something alive about words spoken which seems to be lacking in words written. The writer is very much like the preacher in this respect. He is talking to strangers and there are some things he must say and some he must not—a limitation never found in friendly conversation.

It is very doubtful if after we leave College we shall have very many

opportunities for serious conversation. Conventional society seldom goes deeper than the articles in the popular magazines and generally merely reflects them. One is also obliged to defer too much to the feelings and prejudices of others to be entirely sincere. The professional men we ordinarily meet are not very interesting. Their profession seems to be too absorbing to admit a large number of outside ideas.

A wide range of reading, a varied acquaintance and a clear brain are more or less essential to the really good talker but the "soul of conversation" is personal sympathy. We hear a great deal to-day about being broad minded. What is broad mindedness but a sort of universal sympathy for the aims and ideals of others? How can we ever come to know of the aims and ideals except through intimate conversation or less well through books? Conversation is a pleasure, a power and a means of closer relationship with the rest of humanity. Is it not worth cultivating?

If THE HAVERFORDIAN is to be a vital expression of college sentiment and an open court for the discussion of the persistent problems of college life, it is essential that both undergraduates and alumni should contribute more spontaneously. Careful presentation of questions interesting to the entire Haverford brotherhood are especially welcomed. Let the magazine not be merely the reprinting of enforced work done for English V. And let everybody write. The number of permutations and combinations of a dozen or so well-known names on the Table of Contents may be diverting, but it is very wearying. Let there be an infusion of new blood.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Victor F. Schoepferle, 1911, to the Editorial Board.





'00 The engagement of Fred Sharpless to Louise Langree of South Bethlehem, Pa., is announced.

'02 David A. Roberts was married April 15 to Miss Helen Bushnell of Plainfield, N. J. Among the ushers were W. C. Longstreth, L. C. Seiler, A. C. Wood and R. M. Gummere, of the class of 1902.

'04 Bert C. Wells is in the asphalt paving business in Wichita, Kansas.

'04 W. M. Wills is still with the Standard Supply Company, 1710 Market Street, Philadelphia.

'04 Chester R. Haig expects to graduate this spring from the medical department of University of Pennsylvania and take his state board examinations.

'04 Joseph W. Clark is still with the Philadelphia house of the Western Electric Company.

'04 The class officers for the coming year are George K. Helbert, President; J. M. Stokes, Jr., Vice-president; W. M. C. Kimber, Secretary and Treasurer. The Committee which published the fifth Record of the Class were George K. Helbert, Robert P. Lowry, Thomas T. Megear, Wm. M. C. Kimber.

'05 C. A. Alexander was married last fall and is still with the Cambria Steel Company.

'05 C. S. Bushnell has left the Pennsylvania Railroad and is now in the employ of the Federal Signal Company, Albany, N. Y.

'05 M. W. Fleming was elected Assistant Principal in the High School at Bellefonte, Pa.

'05 J. L. Scull has left the Automobile Business and is now with the Standard Roller Bearing Company of Philadelphia.

'05 S. G. Spaeth is still doing graduate work at Princeton and expects to go abroad next summer preparatory to teaching.

'05 C. J. Teller is now superintendent of the Jewish Orphan's Home at New Orleans, La.

'05 The class officers elected for the ensuing year are Earnest M. Evans, President; Leslie B. Seeley, Vice-president; Benjamin Eshleman, Secretary and Treasurer.

'06 Edmund F. Bainbridge after spending two years studying chemistry at State College is now with the Emery Mfg. Co., Bradford, Pa.

'06 Walter Carson is still teaching in the Camden High School, Camden, N. J.

'06 Boardman Hopper after spending a year at State College studying mining engineering is now in the banking business.

'06 Jesse D. Philips is now with the Bell Telephone Company, stationed at Trenton, N. J.

'06 Franklin G. Sheldon is with the Webster Lumber Company, Newton Falls, N. Y.

'06 Raphael J. Shortlidge is still studying in the Graduate School in Harvard University.

'07 The engagement of Francis Godley to Miss Miraba Brown of Downingtown, Pa., is announced.

'07 Butler Windle played on the University of Pennsylvania soccer team this year.

'07 Wilbur H. Haines has been appointed head coach of our Foot Ball Team for 1909.

'08 C. S. Miller has been appointed Assistant coach for 1909.

'08 George W. Emlen has been sent by Shaw Bros. and Wilson to their plant at Buffalo, N. Y.

'08 The engagement of C. K. Drinker is announced to Miss Katherine Rotan of Waco, Texas.

'94 William Strawbridge was recently married to Miss Barbara Warden.

The Eighth Annual Dinner of the Haverford Association of New York was held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, on April Eighth. While not the largest meeting of this Association it was one of the most successful ever held. The good old Haverford spirit of brotherliness was most evident.

The Association was honored by having present Dr. Wm. Wistar Comfort '94, Samuel Parsons '61, Joseph W. Sharp ' Jr., '88, Chairman of the Alumni Athletic Committee; James Wood '58, President of the Alumni Association; and Franklin B. Kirkbride '89.

Mr. James W. Cromwell '59, President of the New York Association, introduced the speakers.

Dr. Comfort gave an interesting account of how the College is keeping up to date with its weekly paper and the wireless apparatus on Founders Hall. He expressed his regret at being about to leave Haverford for Cornell. He fully upheld the policy of President Sharpless in maintaining at Haverford a very strong faculty for its size.

Mr. Samuel Parsons gave a very good history of Central Park in New York, with which he has been connected during the terms of office of 28 different Park Commissioners.

Mr. Joseph W. Sharp '88 brought us the good news that arrangements are being made to send a cricket team to Canada this year.

Henry Cope '69 encouraged the New York Association to continue the good work of keeping up our interest in the College.

The business meeting was then held and the officers for the ensuing year elected. They are:

President—Samuel Parsons, Jr.

Vice-presidents—Frank H. Taylor, Walter C. Webster.

Secretary and Treasurer—Frederick A. Swan.

Dinner Committee—W. C. Webster, L. H. Wood, A. H. Cookman.

Those present were: A. Busselle Ex-'94, David S. Bispham '76, G. A. Barton '82, J. W. Cromwell '59, S. W. Collins '83, John H. Congdon '69, Henry Cope '69, M. P. Collins '92, W. W. Comfort '94, C. H. Cookman '95, H. H. Cookman '05, C. Collins '94, A. S. Cookman '02, J. B. Haviland '02, W. T. Hilles '04, F. B. Kirkbride '89, R. C. McCrea '97, Samuel Parsons Ex-'61, W. B. Price Ex-'54, John Roberts '93, J. H. Sharp, Jr., '88, F. A. Swan '98, A. K. Smiley, Jr., '06, B. V. Thomas '83, D. S. Taker, Jr., '94, W. C. Webster '95, L. H. Wood '94, P. L. Woodward '02.

EXCHANGES

"Scorn not the sonnet," though its strength be sapped
Nor deem malignant its inventor blundered—
The corpse that here in fourteen lines is wrapped
Had else been covered with a hundred.



HUS sang a Columbia student in 1894. And apparently the fifteen years interim has made no difference in the number of turgid sonnets that are printed monthly by the college magazines. Curious, is it not, that those who aspire to the lasting bays of poesy should almost always make their first attempts on the wings of the sonnet? *Verbum sap!*

We must take issue with the exchange editor of *The Redwood*, who criticizes the quality of the verse in the women's college magazines. He says: "Here, where we should think their tenderness, their sympathy, their patience and capability for taking pains, in a word their femininity would make itself most apparent, they seem least at home. Perhaps this is because the subjects they attempt are too serious. At any rate we find all too few of those delightful little flights of fancy that we should expect."

On the contrary, we maintain that there is a grace and charm and a vital spirit in the feminine verse that is really very striking. To be concrete, in March there were "Weltschmerz" (*Vassar Miscellany*), a poem of real power and feeling, and "The Adventurer" (*Smith College Monthly*), a ringing little piece in the true Kipling vein. In the April magazines we find "Youth" and "The Watcher" in *The Vassar Miscellany*, and "From the Hill" and "The Verdict of Pan" in *The Mount Holyoke*. All these are genuine poetry. Without striving for an "ocean roll of rhythm" they have caught the spirit that quickens and appeals

And nowhere could the "delightful little flights of fancy" that *The Redwood* misses spread their wings more gracefully than in the "In Short" department of *The Mount Holyoke*. We always turn first to this little inlet where the cockleshells swing so blithely at their cobweb hawzers. This month we liked "The Blue Butterfly," "The Verdict of Pan" and the charming little sketch "The Wandering of Dorothea." We can already foresee that in our "Anthology" at the end of the year, in which we purpose to give the titles of all the bits of verse that have pleased us most, there will be a goodly number from "In Short."

The Columbia Monthly prints a most happy paper on Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, that light-hearted poet whose verses we find so delightfully strewn here and there in all sorts of places, from *The Atlantic Monthly* to *The Youth's Companion*. The quotations from Mr. Sherman's verses are singularly well-chosen and deftly introduced. We cannot refrain from reprinting one—

"A lyric is a tiny bird
Gay lover of the garden blooms,
Whose little heart is ever stirred
By colors and perfumes."

The two poems which we enjoyed most in the April issues were "Youth" and "The Watcher," both in *The Vassar Miscellany*.

YOUTH.

Gladly I sacrificed it, at the need,
To the unsmiling gods of Every-Day—
Who, as they drew it from me, did not heed
The prayer with which I gave my Youth away.

But will the kind gods of the Afterward,
The kind gods who remember, and who wait
To recompense for journeys that were hard,
Will they give back my Youth—beyond the Gate?

Elizabeth Beatrice Daw (1909)
in *The Vassar Miscellany*.

"The Watcher" seems to us of really unique quality and we reprint it entire.

THE WATCHER

From the high meadows of the night
She plucks the blossoms of the stars;
She twines them into flaming strands
To deck her dream-ships' spars.

She lades her ships with sweetest hopes,
And sends them sailing far to Spain;
She sits upon the gray sea-wall,
Until they come again.

"Spain is a sunny land," she sings,
"They say that it is wondrous fair,
And when my ships come in, I, too,
Will build a castle there.

"Of jasper, and of porphyry,
And Parian marble, rose and white,
It shall rise up in majesty,
And glow with lovely light."

She sits upon the gray sea-wall,
And years and years have passed away,
While day fades mistily to night,
And night dissolves in day.

She sees brave ships come sailing home,
To meet with laughter or with tears,
But hers, that she had made so fair,
Come not in all the years.

She sits upon the gray sea-wall,
And watches toward the eastern sea,
"I dare not leave my place," she says,
"Perchance they sail to me.

"Spain is a sunny land—" her voice
Thin quavers in the wintry air—
"And had my ships come in, I too,
Had built a castle there."

Genevieve Janet Williams (1911)
in *The Vassar Miscellany*.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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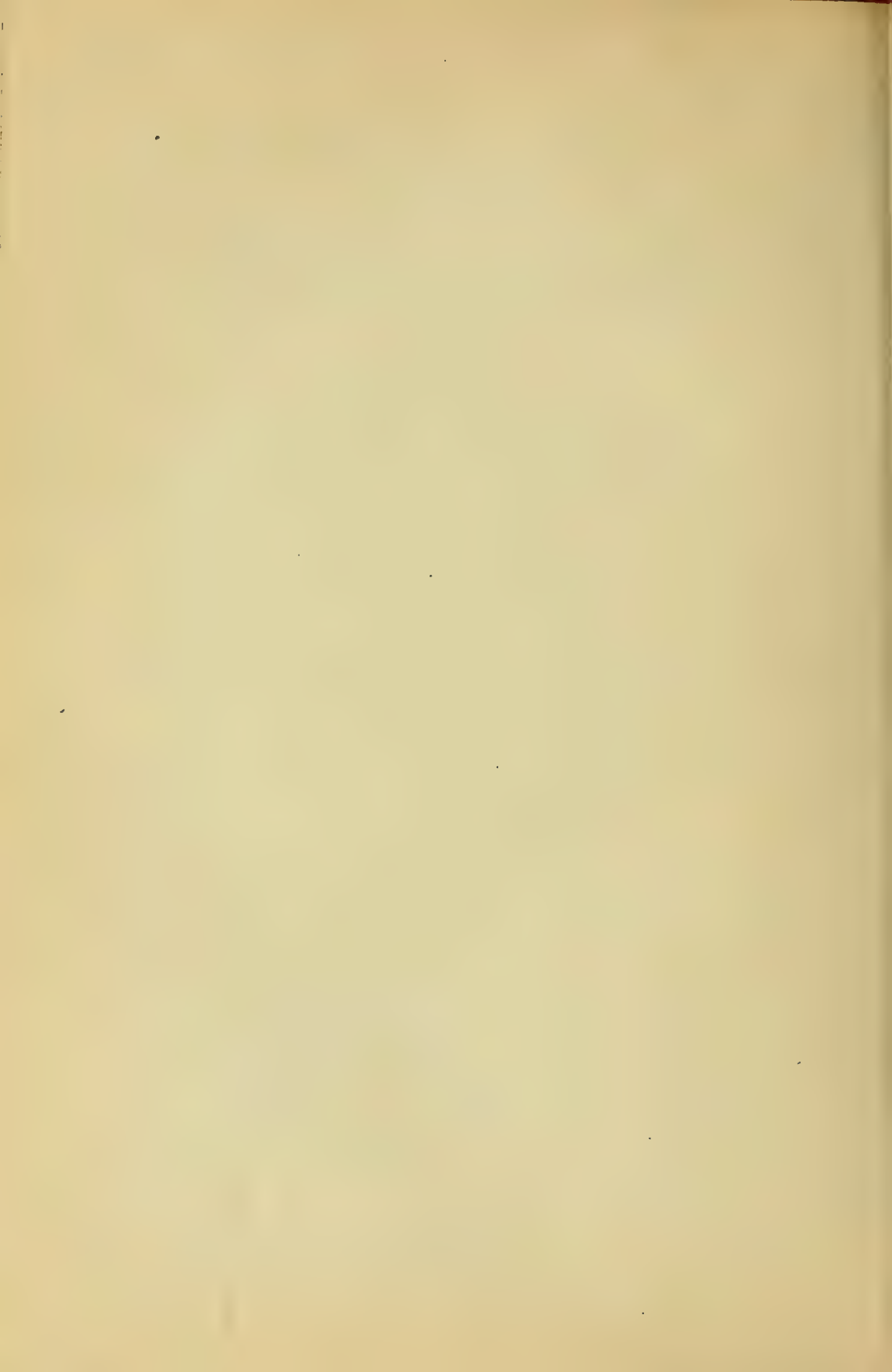
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No. 4

VALE



THE glorious morning of our day is past
Transcended by the light of radiant noon
Which fading round about, makes dim
The world which we must leave too soon.

For hallowed, in the mellowing light of dusk,
The place we have loved, our hearts enthrall
With sacredness of all the holy years
Since first we harkened to their madrigal.

We may have gathered wisdom from afar
The world may greet us with free, outstretched arms;
But we would pause and linger yet awhile,
Protected by thy care; afar from bold alarms.

The thought of others who alike have shared
Hopes and regrets of these the seasons gone,
Conjures the vision of the future's night
Where naught is seen; where we must venture on.

The gathering dusk enshrouds us, myriad stars
Are glowing in the distance of the skies;
A joy that throbs amid the deeps of pain
Attunes our hearts to unheard melodies.

P. C. K.

THE ART OF WILLIAM DE MORGAN



WILLIAM De Morgan writes as people in real life talk. He frequently makes grammatical errors common to colloquial speech. He ends his sentences with any word at all, and as soon as the idea is given. The conversations in his books are built upon the belief that people outside of books don't talk in completed sentences; they string a lot of words together until they see understanding dawn in the hearer's face, and then stop. That is realism to its utmost extent.

Seemingly Mr. De Morgan defies the law of unity, but he plainly keeps that of coherence; for the advance from one stopping place in the story to the next is so gradual that the reader gets none of the jolts. The movement in his novels is leisurely, calm, collected. Before the story is finished, the reader realizes that its central idea has been kept well in hand; that only in appearance has the author violated the principle of unity.

The reader feels that Mr. De Morgan is just talking away with his pen for his own amusement and has forgotten all about literary effect or the impression he is making upon the critics. Of course, one is allowed the privilege of the acquaintance of these delightful character creations. Before the close of the volume, many of the acquaintances have become friends, and one parts with them with real regret, giving them all a hearty handshake and a mental promise to come back and, by rereading the book, visit them often in the future. For these men and women are not puppets on which the author hangs his plot; they are the kind of people we all meet outside of books; they talk and act as if walking on a street or sitting in a trolley car and not as if holding forth on a printed page.

William De Morgan says to you, "These people are very good friends of mine and I should like you to know them. I want my friends to know each other." For you and he are good friends from the start. He takes for granted that you are enjoying his long talks as much as he is himself; and the strangest part of it all is, that, no matter how far and how frequent are his digressions, you *are* enjoying yourself to the utmost.

Much of the charm of Mr. De Morgan's stories is in the way he tells them. What would be considered didactic and unessential in another writer, becomes, with Mr. De Morgan, bits of comment or side-

information too good to keep to himself. These frequently show his insight into human nature to a remarkable degree. In one place he speaks of a whist-party, in which, strange to say, each player's opponents held the good cards for the entire evening!

Mr. De Morgan continually tells his readers when they may skip without missing anything essential to the story. But to him who would enjoy De Morgan to the full, I would say, Don't skip! For to do so is to take a walk in the country without stopping to pick the wild flowers.

As an example of his character portrayal, take Sally Nightingale, in "Somehow Good." Sally is only fairly pretty, a little inclined to be heavy, (she is going to be much too stout when she gets older, the author throws in in a delightfully confidential aside) slangy, constantly scolded by her mother for being so, and yet laughed at in the same breath. Sally is the apple of her mother's eye and she almost realizes it, but it doesn't spoil her in the least. She continually makes fun of her admirers both to their faces and behind their backs. She calls her most favored lover, Dr. Vereker, "Poor Prosy" and refers to him as "her medical adviser." She tells him that the way he looks at her makes her afraid he'll ask if she'll stick out her tongue or if he may feel her pulse!

Sally whirls the bewildered Prosy around her little finger in fine shape, until he confesses to her that he is in love. Without knowing who the girl is, Sally, jealous but not admitting to herself that she is so, tries to help him out. He thereupon tells her the truth, and Sally finally "gives her medical adviser some encouragement."

And then Prosy's mother, Mrs. Vereker, what a master-creation she is!* Sally, who was "not an angel—not a bit of it—no such embarrassment to a merely human family," called her the Octopus, although she tried for Prosy's sake to be patient with the old lady's imaginary illnesses and uncomfortable virtues. "For Prosy had a mother whose temper was *notoriously* sweetness itself, but was manipulated by its owner with a dexterity that secured all the effects of discomfort to its beneficiaries without compromising her own claims to canonization." The old lady always contrived to put herself in the position of one who has been neglected. For instance, Dr. Vereker returned to his mother a little later than expected after a most enjoyable walk with some friends. He was greeted by a voice that was patience and long-suffering personified: "I am glad, dear Conrad, that you forgot about me. You were in pleasanter society than your old mother's. No one shall have any excuse for saying that I am a burden on my son. No, my dear boy, my

*Although she is in some respects like Ma Wilfer in Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," Mr. De Morgan has given us an artistic portrait, not an artistic caricature.

wish is that you shall feel *free*." Thus she always took the zest out of any pleasure in which Prosy occasionally indulged.

But these two characters are merely typical. There are many others as lifelike, as natural. Rosamond, The Major, The Other Major (vile old gossip and mischief-maker that he was!) the Professor and his wife, Tishy and her lover, that "young counter-jumper" in a department store, who numbered among his claims to consideration the possession of a genuine Stradivarius, what a mental gallery of fine oil portraits they are! They are not mere photographs, as some critics have claimed; they have been *painted* with that matchless art in which simplicity hides the cunning.

I. C. P.

A SONG OF SADNESS



LEAVE the world behind

All ye that have lost the quest
Go mind the call of the wind
And draw to the ocean's breast.

For only the deep drawn breath
Far, far from the scorn of men
Can make life sweeter than death,
Until you return again.

When you long for the wind's caress
And the joy of a bounding sea
Then only the wind can guess
The depths of your agony.

Then return with the wild free song
Of the ocean in your ears
And laugh with the world and be strong
When the wind has dried your tears.

'10.

THE JUNIOR PLAY

It is conceded on all sides that the only excuse for the existence of the so-called small college is its excellence and a certain individual flavor, a suggestion of the unique, in its achievement. To take an obvious case in the way of athletics, this College has always placed cricket at the head of its sports, and has always held its reputation for excellence in the game. It is true that an appallingly small number of colleges or schools can be found in the cricketing list, and that the championship, when obtained, is not trumpeted throughout the length and breadth of the land; still, the game is a noble sport, and the achievement has just that flavor of individuality, of the unique, which is needed for the reputation of the College. To give up cricket and support a fifth rate team in baseball would be a plain case of academic suicide in athletics. Whether the principle should be carried to its logical conclusion in such a matter as football, and the college should abandon the Rugby game for the Association variety, in which it ranks with the leading colleges of the country, in another question, and, as Herodotus would say, must be left to the learned in such things.

It is clear, however, that the principle of excellence and individual distinction should be kept steadily in view when one approaches the problem of that entertainment which has now become a fixed responsibility of the junior class and an event for the late spring. Our excellence in this case is obvious. In middle and late May our grounds present a scene which can be surpassed for natural advantages by no college or university in the whole valued file. When a scientific association made up of Englishmen met in Philadelphia twenty odd years ago, and the members were invited to a reception on the Haverford College grounds, they not only found a welcome change from the heat of the city, but declared one and all that no place in this country had given them such a sense of the beauty and charm of an old English park. Well, there is one feature which enters largely into the solution of the problem. It is proposed, therefore, that an open air play, in the fashion which has grown so rapidly during the past decade, should be given on the lawn. The play, it is urged, should be performed by men chosen from the whole student body, and should be in charge of a club formed for the general purpose, acting on this occasion in the interests of the Junior Class, under the supervision and at the charges of the Class Committee. Here, however, the "principle" looms before us in more questionable shape. Even the whole college could contribute a relatively small num-

ber of men apt and willing for such a performance, supposing always that the performance is to be of a distinct and individual excellence. It is not enough that the affair should be "really very well done, considering the size of the College and the available material,"—which is the ultimate praise usually accorded to our dramatic efforts of recent years. There should be no such condescending and humiliating verdict. Something must be sought and found for this occasion which one does not find in the usual College play, which can be handled easily by a few performers. It is not easy to indicate just what this "something" ought to be; but, on the other hand, to solve the problem, to find a satisfactory form of entertainment which shall really attract the spectator as unique and more than worth while, is an exhilarating and by no means impossible taste. There are possibilities of revival in certain byways of literary achievement now lost to view and overgrown by weeds of neglect. Or, again, let one consider the Westminster play, which is really one of the annual events in English life, looked for each year with keen anticipation, and reported in the leading journals on equal terms, almost, with the Eton and Harrow match or the Oxford and Cambridge race. Haverford will not undertake a Latin play with local hits; but a variation of the idea is not out of the question.

Here, then, is a chance for bright and eager invention, where the difficulties are indeed great, but where the triumph of success would be commensurate. Let the students of Haverford furnish an adequate solution for the problem of the Junior entertainment, and they will add another strong link to the chain which binds the graduate to his college and causes him to congratulate himself as citizen of no mean academic city.

F. B. Gummere, 1872.



A COMMUNICATION

To the Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN:

SIR: You have asked for a few words on the substitution of an open air play for the customary Junior Play. I am told that the old performance has fallen into the "slipper'd pantaloon", which is well; if in its moribund condition there still persist the absurdities of the same thing in its flagrant hey-day, almost any substitution were beneficial. But I really feel too ignorant of the exact situation at Haverford to write on the desirability of a substitution; I shall therefore confine my remarks chiefly to the desirability of an open-air play, whether substituted or superadded.

Forgive me if I remind your readers of a common historical fact; for the only certain way to discover positive values in this matter is to assure ourselves of the educative influence of such a play as has been suggested. When they fled the time carelessly in the golden world, "they" were instinctively dramatic—whether we take their golden days to mean Greek or Roman antiquity, the Elizabethan Age, or the time "when knightwood was in flower." Processions, pageants, church festivals, actual plays reflect very clearly the dramatic instinct of ages which we somehow feel possessed something which we are sorry to lack. While there is an element significantly tragic—and comic!—in our earnest, black-suited existence, there has been lacking for a long period a keen dramatic sense; in the hum-drum routine our expression has grown monotonous, colorless; our earnestness is not always admirable; and some future cynic may find it in his heart to depict our typical citizen in terms of "pounds, shillings and pence." We are becoming aware that the blessing of Puritanism was not without its curse, that in our return to the golden days we are often painfully *theatrical* and rarely *dramatic*.

This may seem like straying far afield, but I feel very strongly that it is futile to undertake an innovation which may involve many people and many years unless we are sure of more than a momentary desirability. I confess that it is too large an order to discuss here the exact educative value of dramatic revivals; but it is perhaps not too much to remind ourselves that any culture which ignores in its study (and study to-day means the laboratory as well as the lecture room) the high dramatic development of civilizations represented by Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Schiller is an incomplete culture. The laboratory method for play-study lies of course in revival, in meeting at first hand the problems of stage production. If such revival means no more than gusto, it is not wholly bad; and if it means an increased appreciation of good

literature, a keener insight into life, and an artistic achievement, it is decidedly beneficial.

With these premises granted it is clear that the play should be a masterpiece—preferably, in an educational institution, an old masterpiece. Here there is plenty of precedent: many of Shakespeare's plays are acted every year by College men, in and out of doors: "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" was given a short time ago by California students; recently I saw the undergraduates of Tufts College perform "Old Fortunatus" most creditably; and frequently Greek plays are reproduced with positive success. What is more, whether these things are educative has passed beyond debate. Indeed, it is just possible that the prospect of improvement in the professional stage, now faintly but surely discernible, is due to the increased intelligence of College-bred men.

What is still less debatable is the value of out-door performances. The subtle connection with nature of that kind of art which itself is nearest nature, the getting away from the tawdry glitter of the stage to the unerring beauty of the grass and trees,—the value of these things cannot be easily overestimated.

The real question which confronts us, I suppose, is: How shall we reconcile such performances with Junior Day? I once knew a delightful German inventor who to the question "why?" always replied promptly "why not?" May we not then change our question to "how *not*?" The marvel is that Junior Day has solely flourished on such meagre fare; there can be no serious objection, surely, to adding the performance of a good play. The underlying reason for Junior Day is, of course, to give the Juniors a chance to entertain their friends. The addresses of old, however excellent, did not always delight. Futile and debilitating was the next move—horse play; it was born with one foot in the grave and now happily perisheth. Yet it is obvious that Juniors and their guests must do something more than eat and talk. Why should not the Haverford players, with lines well conned, with prologue which should "seem to say" "Ladies,"—or "Fair ladies,—I would wish you,"—or "I would request you," well-schooled to "o'erstep not the modesty of nature"—why should not these Haverford players stroll up and perform before the guests "star-scattered on the grass"? Few will resent having to attend a performance of Shakespeare, and some may relish it. Out-of-doors, moreover, there will be an informality in keeping with the occasion; while, at the same time, the careful, conscientious reproduction of a good piece will do credit to an educational institution. There are no doubt certain (uncertain?) young men who object that a really good play is not really good fun; but they, I take it, are not Haverfordians.

Walter S. Hinchman, 1900.

A SOPHOMORE VIEWPOINT

The Junior Play has been a custom of such long and excellent standing here at Haverford that the recent move on the part of the faculty, towards its abandonment has excited much interesting comment. By the student body, it is understood that the reasons for the apparent suppression of the play do not much concern the toothless, satire which the play presents, and which by some is believed to correct many eccentricities of budding genius in and about college; they rather concern the interference with studies in the Junior Class, and the burden which the play seems to impose upon the successive classes of outdoing one another each year.

In spite of the apparent decision in the matter, many modifications and substitutions for the customary plays have been discussed, in which the general sentiment clings to the old idea of some attempt in histrionics. Those who are in closer touch with the situation have not failed to look to the alumni for some suggestion in the solution of the difficulty. And from this underlying influence in the support of everything Haverfordian, rumors comes of a plan to provide for some finer sort of original dramatics, in which, although the parts shall be taken by those best qualified throughout the college, the Juniors shall nevertheless be given the opportunity to continue their precedent of entertaining the friends of the College. And this without necessarily involving the inconvenience of doublet and hose.

It is not believed that a broadly conducted dramatic association would add to the complexity of life in our small college. In the face of the discomfort occasioned by the Junior Play, it would seem rather to relieve a complexity by putting the matter on a broader basis. And so with much less waste of time and energy withal, such an association would, by selecting the best talent, and by relieving some of a task not always congenial, raise the standard and the manner of the plays presented.

To make Junior time a real occasion, it has been strongly urged by those more susceptible to the pastoral beauty of Haverford, that the faculty be petitioned to grant a day or two of holiday. On the first of these a reception would be held. And on the next, a lawn party with its attendant teas, games and concerts, this followed in the evening by the play.

Moving spirits in the college happily suggest the open air play, a practice which has found much favor throughout the country. For

plays in "God's Green Inn" are always both brilliant and effective, and do a great many kind things for the "amateurishness" of the occasion.

Under some such plan of organized dramatics, provided the work is done seriously, many benefits would be felt by those interested in the drama from a more or less artistic viewpoint. And under some such plan of a Junior Fete, the martyrs of former years may look forward to play time as a time of willy-willy rather than of hurly-burly. The whole college would whisper abroad, "The Play's the Thing!"

V. F. Schoepperle 1911.

AN ANGLER'S WISH



WOULD like a place to linger
 And to watch the waters flow
 In the quiet of the evening
 Hear them murmur as they go;
 Just the lapping of the ripples,
 And the breathing of the breeze.
 Just the sunlight on the water
 By a bridge beneath the trees.
 'Midst the thyme and mint and cresses
 Ever fish with happy heart
 Trembling rod and well placed casting
 Giving practice to my art.

E. P. A.

"WHEN FORTUNE FAVORS"



THE day's work was done, and the sun had sunk to his rest a half hour since. The boys meandered up to the front of the house, there to dispose themselves on the ground in attitudes more comfortable than artistic. To do so was the rule. But every rule has its exceptions, and this rule had a particular exception in the person of Mr. Andrew Underwood; perhaps more recognizable in his present environment as Andy. For Andy had meandered toward the kitchen. Quietly but confidently he entered it, washed his hands, armed himself with the extra dish-towel, and proceeded to transcend the curriculum by drying a considerable number of plates, cups, and saucers upon whose surfaces the dish water still glistened. As, one by one, these were rapidly relegated to the category of the dry, they were replaced from a large pan over which presided a person of faultless form and feature, and whose color would have shown to a greater advantage in a stronger light.

Andy was clearly master of the situation. During this entire performance he had not uttered a word. And his mastery was a recognized fact not only by himself and the lady of the dishpan, but by the entire household; or perhaps better, by the entire ranchhold. For several moons it had been the privilege of Andy, and of Andy alone, to separate at nightfall from the boys, and to seek the kitchen and its fair occupant. Andy had come (five months ago); Andy had seen (five minutes after his coming); and Andy had conquered (on sight). The sentiment of the boys was that the Lord had given, and had taken away. He had given Andy; and, as far as they were concerned, had taken away the girl. And it were both unfair and needless to hint at the particular order of blessings that were accorded to the name of the Lord.

But all this was a matter of the past. An entire understanding had since grown up, so that now it was the most natural thing in the world for Andy to rule supreme in the local social sphere. The rest of them sought solace in an assumed indifference, and in the delights of the somewhat more cordial social circle offered by the town, twelve miles away. There was no longer even any hard feeling. Andy was not king. He was the whole kingdom.

But the ship of state was so familiar with her wonted course that the steering had become altogether a matter of habit. Night after night

ensued the regular dish-washing; and then the little stroll out on the hill, with all the comforts generally attached to such outings. Were it not that dead men tell no tales, a certain uncultured individual formerly specified as "Bill" might give us further particulars concerning these comforts. But unfortunately Bill was discovered, returning from such an evesdropping adventure; and the boys did the rest.

To-night, so customary had the evening performance become that the dish-washing was completed in entire silence. As the last dish was placed on the shelf, Andy's tongue came to life, and he sang softly to himself, "And it's all over now."

"Not on your life it's not," said the girl. "Perhaps your memory don't include the fact we generally goes for a little walk when this ceremony is over. It's a fine night, too, Andy!"

This was not at all an unusual condition of the weather in that climate; and Andy candidly admitted the truth of her remark. But apart from this, he still remained taciturn.

They went straight back from the ranch house to the little hill. "Let's sit down, Kid," said Andy. The girl was willing, and a friendly bunch of beargrass was handy, so down they sat. As was *not* his usual custom, Andy removed his arm from her waist. He filled his pipe, lit it, and began to puff. So far, so good; but when the pipe was well on its way, and the arm was not restored to its habitual position, the girl became disconcerted.

"What's the matter, Andy?" she asked. "You're unusual' quiet to-night. Tell me about it." Andy said nothing. "Something gone wrong between you and Dad, is it, Andy? You'd better tell me about it, anyhow." With which she cuddled up very close beside him, and looked anxiously up into his face. But when, even at this, the arm was not restored, she knew that something really must be wrong.

"Go on, Andy, boy!" she said. "Tell me what's up."

Andy at length was moved to speak. "'Tain't nothin' wrong, Kid," he said. "That's why I feel so bad about it."

"Well, then—," started the girl. But Andy interrupted. "Here's the strength of it, Kid," he said. "When I was singin' back there, I was doin' like they call an allegory."

"A what!"

"An allegory! That is, when I says 'Its all over now,' I means it sort of double."

"What!" she cried.

"Wait a minute, Kid. You know that you and I has gotten pretty thick here lately. And I think so much of you, Kid, that I wouldn't

think o' doin' nothin' but the square thing by you." The girl's heart beat fast. "But Kid," he continued, "I've been thinkin' a good deal lately, and I've been tyin' to study out just what the right thing is. More'n that, I've been feelin' just a bit uneasy lately, and like I wanted to be movin' along."

"Don't tell me that, Andy," she said. "Say you don't love me, or anything; but don't say you're goin' off. I couldn't stand that, Andy; honest!"

Andy said nothing.

"You ain't ashamed of me, are you? You know Dad's well off. And, you ain't ashamed of me personally, are you?"

"No, Kid. It ain't anything like that. Only I've just been feelin' as tho' I ought to be movin' along. You know I always was res'less, and I've just been feelin' that way lately. I guess I'll have to go, Kid."

"Oh, Andy!" she cried. "Do anything but that. You must stay, Andy. You needn't marry me if you don't want to; but stay anyhow. Will you?"

"Kid, you know I wouldn't do nothing dishonorable far as you're concerned. That's out of the question. 'Taint that way, anyhow. I just feel as if I must be movin'."

There was a little sob from the girl beside him. This was followed by another, and another; and then the tears began to fall, and he heard his name mingled with the sobs. This was too much; he put his arm around her, and pressed her tightly; and with his other hand turned her face up toward his. "'Taint as bad as that, is it, Kid?" he said.

The crying partly stopped. "Yes, Andy; I'm afraid it is. If you went off, my heart would just about be broken. You see you and Dad are all I got; an' I guess its mostly you."

There was a pause. "Never mind, then, Kid," he said. "I won't go."

After sometime had elapsed, Andy remarked, "it's late. Perhaps we'd better be gettin' back to the house." So back to the house they went.

Long after the candle in the back room had been extinguished; long even after the maid in the room had entered the land of dreams, a man sat on the corral fence and watched the window where the light had been. But his gaze would ever wander from the window to the hills off to the south; and then to the mountains still further on. Two voices were calling to him. One a quiet, soft little voice, with now and then a sob in it. The other, a strange and unfamiliar voice; the voice of the unknown, calling to him from the mountains away to the south; calling with a voice that was irresistible.

A horse neighed in the corral behind him; he turned; it was his own. He jumped down from the fence, got a lasso, caught the horse, and saddled him. He went to the bunk house, and got together his scanty outfit. On the floor lay a dime novel. He tore out a fly-leaf, got a pencil, and wrote a few lines. He folded the paper, and placed it where she must find it.

Then he returned to his horse, packed the outfit on the saddle, and rode away into the night. Once, behind him, a coyote howled. He started, stuck the spurs into his horse, and was gone at a gallop.

At the ranch, next morning, the day broke clear and smiling, with the customary universal disregard of an individual fate. The girl dressed and went out gaily into the sunlight. As she opened the door, a piece of paper with a stone on it arrested her attention. She took it up, and read on the outside, "for Miss Marjory Wilcox." Within were a few words, poorly written. They were: "Dear little girl, I know you'll take this kind of hard, but I guess I couldn't help it. I never was half good enough for you, anyway. Andy."

As to the latter clause, I think most of the boys would have agreed with him. But the workings of a woman's mind are hard to understand. And perhaps that is why breakfast was not ready, that morning, at the usual hour.

G. H. Deacon.



HEART of Mine,

Come let us think no more;
But in this wine
We'll drown our cares galore.

Come, Love, apart,
(For life is short, you know)
And speak your heart
To me, before I go.

Lips cannot kiss
When they have turned to clay.
Life, Love, is this,
Let's have it while we may.

'10.

PURE LUCK



JUST let us have too iv thim 'Pure Luck Scrap'," says Pat O'Brien to the man behind the cigar case. "Ye see, Moike, th' wurruk in th' toobe is harrrer. A mon nades a good choo whin th' prissure is so hoigh."

"How is it in the soobway, Pat?"

Pat struck a dignified attitude, and crammed his mouth with a "frish choo" before favoring the archangel's namesake with a description of the tube.

"Ye see, Moike," be began, "they wuz workin' on this toobe tin years ago. But the wather got throo, an iv course there wuz some excoitmint. Well, the doinamite wint off about thot time. Tharty wuz kilt, an' afther thot it wuz all off. Nobody wud wurruk. Well, now they got wan iv these here air prissure mechines—sinds air down the toobe. No occidents ony more. Thot air kapes the river from fallin' in, you bet!"

"An' is th' toobe raelly throo th' mood?"

"Shure! an' d'ye think they'd find rocks on th' bottom iv a river? Th' air prisses out all this mood—why it wud push in an' drown the lot iv us!"

"Stars and Stripes! an' you must git plinty iv air down there!"

"Air! ugh! too mootch air! Thot's th' raezon fer th' shifts. Ivry hour there's a noo shift. My gorry how thot air horts yer ears. Why, mon, if you'd stay down there more'n a hour, it wood sind ye t' Saint Patrick!"

"Stars and Stripes! Well, don't fergit to coom up whin yer hour's out."

"I won't," says Pat, and with a last vigorous spit at the sawdust box, he is off into the street.

Jersey City is overcrowded with just such crude, good-hearted, hard-working people as Pat O'Brien. Freight carters, truckers, muckers, cheap stores, Jew-stands, noise and dirt. Everything in Jersey City is sordid and deadening, and the murk oppresses you as if all the rottenness were built up upon the dust of a ground-out race of immigrants. The people try hard to be happy. And perhaps with all the sweat of men, the roar of rough pavements, the musty smell of tumble down houses, and the vile colors of besmeared bill boards, proclaiming anything from the "Parisian Widows" to "Jones New Process Baked

Beans,"—perhaps in spite of all the general rottenness, the people glean enough happiness to make life worth while. They are at least spared the misery of most New Yorkers,—the misery of aping the rich.

Anyway, Pat liked it. He felt much better in Jersey, with his dinner pail and his overalls. He knew where he could get the biggest whiskey for ten cents, or where the best free lunch,—soup or a "dog," or sometimes a pan of fish cakes,—or even a cabbage salad. The boys all ate from the same fork, but, do not be so finicky. And then there were prize fights and the Sunday "rot gut" at the club.

So Pat is very happy this Saturday morning. To-night is pay, to-morrow is Sunday. The boys all wave to him from the great freight trucks in the street, and P. O'Brien smiles to himself with a conscious dignity. Not every man in the Shamrock Club can swell over a new job, where he gets double pay for half time. Not every man can chew two packs of "Pure Luck" every day. Next month Pat will come out in a new suit, and maybe, if the job lasts long enough, maybe, if Kittie is willing—

But the warning whistle blows for the shift, and all these splendid speculations vanish in thin air.

"On the job, you sandhogs!" And with the boss they are off down the tube. The tube is a busy place. There are drills and cranes, carrying great steel beams. There are carloads of wet cement, directed in great caissons down deep into hard pan, down into the bed rock of the river. The great steel and concrete tube pushes forward inch, inch, inch at a time. Pat works in the shield. The shield is a great steel worm at the very front of all the work. It is a cylinder which they push into the mud of the river, much as a boy pushes a tin can into the sand at the seashore. Inside of the shield are air locks, into which the men can retreat if the mud presses them closely. But the work is done in the face of danger, and if the mud should threaten, you jump for your air lock, and take chances. If you get in and get the door shut, you can easily open the door into the tube itself and tell the boys about it. But if—

The outer door is made tight and the signal is heard for the air. There is an unseen rush into the compartment. The atmosphere thickens, and becomes heavier and more oppressive. Precious pressure, mere columns of nothingness, holding the great Hudson out of the subterranean gnawings of men! One almost feels himself buried in the deadening air. The pressure cramps the senses, and loads body and soul with an unseen, indefinable weight. It is a veritable interment in nothing, a clogging of life itself in almost almighty emptiness.

Now the minutes drag. The hour is nearly over. The faces of the

men distort with tantalizing heaviness. Eyes bulge and glare. The very breath of life is driven off with maddening difficulty. And now after all this painful waste and gruel of flesh and bone, one minute will see the end, and the blessed daylight.

The hope of the whistle keeps many men alive. Pat sets his teeth into his quid of Pure Luck and continues to sandhog with all vigor.

"Oi'll be out in a minnit," he muttered.

And he is. The silt yawns in front of him, a great bubble of compressed air leaps into the mud. Pat is caught upwards, the bubble plunges into the sediment—into the ancient deposits of the Hudson. Upwards it rises, carrying Pat surfacewards, gurgling and growling over its prey like some demon spirit of the river.

An uncertain consciousness now crept over, now abandoned his stupid brain. Everything was white, he thought, everything so bright and sweet, everything so quiet and still and calm. Now he seemed to hear strains of faint music, now an essenced incense bathed his soul in an ecstasy of sense stupor. He smiled dubiously and wondered—and then he slept again.

Now again he awoke. Was that an angel beside him? He wondered how it had all happened, how he had died somewhere and how—but it was all so strange. The angel put her hand on his forehead. He tried to think. What did that mean? His brain mused and dreamed, lulled along by a sense that all was well. And finally with an effort, he shook off the tenacious stupor, and demanded, "Where am I?"

The angel smiled, and someone said:

"Poor fellow, he's delirious."

"There you are, old man," called out the doctor cheerily. "You're all right, aren't you?"

"Oi'm all right, all right, but oi'm not an ould mon—yet!"

Recollections of Jersey came swimming back to his brain—the "toobe" and "Kittie" and "Moike." Now he knew. Not heaven but a hospital!

Next afternoon Mike Geary came in. The wardens grinned at his swallow tail coat, faded to green since his wedding day. But Mike wore a Sunday smile that rivalled his tie and pin for perfect gaiety, and in this mood he was irresistible.

"Well, well, well, well. Pat, ould boy, y'are th' *hero* iv Jarsey City! Why, mon, yer face is in ivry noospayper in Noo York! Th' froont page too! Stars *an'* Stripes, Pat how d'ye fale onyway?"

"Fool o' mood! How did they git me out?"

"Out? Why ye *came* out. Well, here is the "*Toimes*" with a illystrayshun iv ut. Gory! Y' got sucked oop in some kind of a air booble, wint throo twinty foot o' mood—"

"Yis," interrupted Pat, "an' stuck!"

"Nope—throo th' mood, throo th' wather. Whin y' hit bottom iv th' river ye started skyward loike graysed loightnin'. Onyway an excarshun boat goin' to Stayten island wuz above. The people, they wuz takin' in th' sky scrapers, so they moight be sooprized to see P. O'Brien come oop from—well here, the payper sez 'th' dipths iv th' river.' Shot a good tharty foot in th' air, Stars an' Stripes! They had a boat out afther you before ye coom down kersplash! Dead drown-ded as McGinty! The paypers say th' prissure on the bottom will kill th' Devil. Nointy foot! Well, the ould Nick got a short hand thot toime. I giss! Why anither tin foot, an' ye wud ov cracked yer ould head on th' bottom o' that excarsion boat!"

"Oi woodn't a' felt it," says Pat—"but oim glad—fer Kittie's sake. Oim dyin' fer—fer a choo, Moike."

"Gory, Oi 'avent a bit on me. Oi'll sind ye some whin oi git back."

"Look in me pants," says Pat.

Mike pulled out a stained and half used pack.

"Pure Luck!" reads Mike triumphantly.

"It sortinly wuz!" says Pat.

V. F. S.



EDITORIALS

THE JUNIOR PLAY

It seems as though the Junior Play as it has been conducted is a thing of the past. The faculty have condemned it on several counts. The tendency is for the burden of the play to grow greater every year as each Junior Class tries to outdo its predecessors.

Various substitutes in the way of a Junior Entertainment have been suggested. Of course it is probably for the class of 1911 to propose some alternative for next year. But it is admittedly the biggest social event in the college, and a matter in which everyone is vitally interested. The editors of *THE HAVERFORDIAN* have thought the question over with some care. We wish to propose an *open air play*, and publish this month contributions from two alumni whose opinions we have asked on the matter.

We have heard many friends of the college say how delightful an open-air play out here would be. Ben Greet, when he was here some years ago, said the Haverford lawn was one of the best places he had seen in this country for an out-of-door play. Of course the question of weather presents itself. But this could probably be solved by arranging an alternative night. If Friday evening was wet, the play could be given on Saturday evening. Or again, if the weather was inclement, the performance could be held in Roberts Hall.

The most serious objection urged against the present Junior Play is the burden it imposes upon a class of thirty or forty men. The play must be written, music composed, harmonized and orchestrated, songs written, scenery painted, the stage in Roberts Hall remodelled (and then restored to its usual state of impracticability), scintillating hits on the professors must be provided at all costs, the gymnasium must be decorated, the lawn lighted with Japanese lanterns, refreshments and an orchestra provided, and so on *ad nauseam*.

Now, suppose an Elizabethan play (not necessarily one of Shakespeare's!) were given on the lawn. No play or music or songs would have to be written, no scenery painted, no choruses drilled, no remodelling of Roberts Hall, no professorial hits, etc., etc. It would undoubtedly be a relief to the performers. Possibly also to the audience!

An open-air play would thus do away with a great deal of the drudgery of the present Junior Play. It would throw more emphasis on the actual acting. It would be not only possible here at Haverford, but would be a delightful and distinctive college custom.

The suggestion has been made that instead of a Junior Play we should have a College Play, at which the Juniors might act as hosts, thus continuing their custom of entertaining the friends of the College. With all respect to Junior Classes, it is evident that by having a College Play the standard of the performance would be considerably raised. Instead of having the parts arbitrarily assigned by a committee themselves totally ignorant of dramatic technique, the roles might be determined purely by competition, just as for a college team, and the performers chosen by an outside coach. In this way, too, only those really anxious to take part would come out for the play. The play would become more than a merely pleasant occasion. It would mean a more intimate insight into the spirit of the richest field of English literature.

This suggestion is not made with a view to depriving the Juniors of privileges which have been theirs in the past, but rather to lighten their burden. There always are some Juniors who are not enthusiastic about the play and feel that the game is not worth the candle,

It is undoubtedly true that the Junior plays in the past have done much to unify the classes and foster class spirit. But would not a College Play foster college spirit just as much? And is it necessary to promote class spirit, which always seems to exist quite healthily without encouragement?

Of course the custom of having the Juniors entertain the college and its friends is not to be criticized. A day might be set aside to be known as Junior Day. In the morning might be interclass games of various kinds, in the afternoon a garden party or fête of some sort, and about sunset the College Play. Later on in the evening refreshments might be served on the lawn, which would be lighted up as of old.

As we have said, it probably lies with 1911 to take the first step. But let it not be done hastily or rashly. Let college sentiment be aroused and representative opinions sought among undergraduates and alumni. Think it over during the summer. Next fall will be time enough to take more definite steps. The suggestion of THE HAVERFORDIAN is primarily

an open-air play, and secondarily that it be presented by the College rather than by a Class.

HEBRAISM AND HELLENISM

Haverford must wake up! It must begin to appreciate what things it has, and with more serious intent, beware of that optimism which is not optimism at all, but only the blindness of self satisfaction. We need a social renaissance here at Haverford. We need talk of other topics than those of frivolities and athletics. We need a susceptibility to those best things which we learn have been said and done, a wider appreciation of the best things that are being done in other colleges, this with a grain of originality for ourselves. We need less of a self conscious interest in the arts, a freer discourse in those interests which make life richer, and give an aesthetic enjoyment to the perception of things. More of this kind of life we need—and badly.

The new hall seems to offer for next year an opportunity for greater and better things. When we enter at the gates of this new social life which Alfred Percival Smith is throwing open to us, we ought to feel that here there is room for finer expansion of life in a field quite unknown to Haverford before. The activities which may go on under such a roof are unnumbered. When we think of the Harvard Union, the great common club, and the influence it exerts, not through any organized efforts of its own, but through the contact with each other that fellows get there, we wonder why the New Building should not be just such a place—a rendezvous for informal gatherings of wide awake men—this group interested in literature, that in debating, another in dramatics, another in art, another in music, each interesting and interested in its own little way, while the standard topics of athletics and things neither here nor there are shelved only to be used for a semblance of politeness to those who are too shallow for the appreciation of things worth while.

Those mediums of expression which bring our friends nearer to us, which make us feel the soul quality of a man, do not come in the provincial topics of a little college, but rather in those interests which “savour of eternity”—interests which teach us that here is a man with a big ideal, whose self-seeking is something grander, something nobler than the mere show of decency, a man not afraid to test the personal equation by something more than a slap on the back, and the patronage of a hashed over topic of conversation.

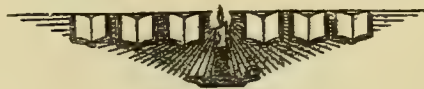
In many colleges at these clubs, every winter afternoon, groups of men, real, live men discuss things in general worth talking about. They not only talk; they more often give expression to those ideas of art or culture in which they are absorbed. There is an air of genuineness in their work which makes broader their every outlook on life. The Haverford spirit must awake and learn. It has enough of Hebraic fervor and regard for conduct. Enough? Ay too much! Let it have culture. Let it have a look into Emmanuel's land!

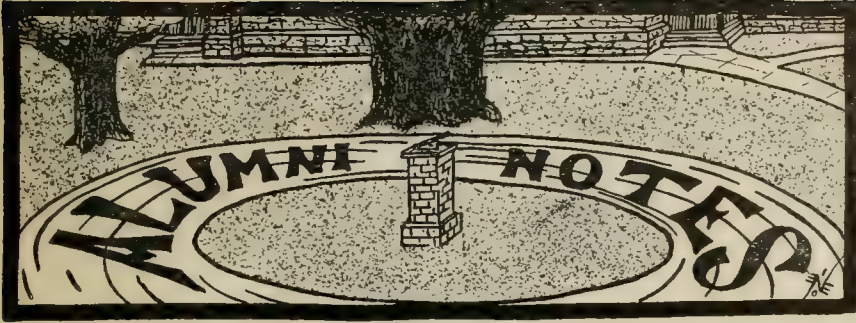
DR. SCHELLING

Twice a week during the past year we have observed the tall and attenuated form of a certain gentleman with a cloth bag full of books, approaching our classic precincts from either of the two trunk lines which connect us with the neighboring metropolis. Any student of Elizabethan English will know immediately who we mean—Dr. Felix E. Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Schelling has brought something of the university spirit into our rather provincial class room. He has carried out many heavy tomes from Philadelphia for us to look at, and (perhaps) to read. He has borne kindly with our shortcomings. He has given us an insight into the beauties of the literature of which he is so true a lover. He has won the respect and admiration of us all, and if he ever visits Haverford again, he will meet with a most cordial welcome. THE HAVERFORDIAN, on behalf of his students, takes this opportunity of thanking Dr. Schelling for what he has done for us.

The collection of "Haverford Essays which have been prepared by some former pupils of Professor Francis B. Gummere in honor of the completion of the twentieth year of his teaching in Haverford College" has just been published. It comprises ten essays by the following men: C. G. Hoag, A. M.; S. G. Spaeth, A. M.; W. S. Hinchman, A. M.; C. H. Burr, A. M.; A. G. H. Spiers, A. M.; J. A. Lester, Ph. D.; C. W. Stork, Ph. D.; W. M. Hart, Ph. D.; C. H. Carter, Ph. D.; W. W. Comfort, Ph. D.





'89 Franklin B. Kirkbride has been elected a trustee of the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, N. J.

'90 The engagement is announced of Robert E. Fox and Miss Anna E. Trostel of York Springs, Pa. The wedding is set for June 29.

'94 William J. Strawbridge was married to Miss Barbara Warden in Germantown, on April 21.

'95 J. Linton Engle has left the Biddle Press and is now connected with the Franklin Printing Company as manager of the Publishing Department.

'97 Alfred Collins Maule was married on May 15, to Miss Kathryn Leonard Wahn of Haverford.

'00 J. S. Hiatt is teaching in the Germantown Friends, School, Germantown, Pa.

'00 Capt. J. A. Logan is attached to the office of the commissary General, War Department, Washington, D. C.

'01 William Edward Cadbury has consented to serve next year as secretary of the Simkin Fund.

'02 A. G. H. Spiers has been appointed a member of the Haverford College faculty for 1909-10 as associate professor of Romance Languages.

'04 William Parker Bonbright was drowned while bathing at Atlantic City, on June 3. Bonbright entered Haverford College from the Haverford School, and soon became distinguished for his high scholarship. He was a member of the Cricket Team that toured England in 1904; was an editor of the HAVERFORDIAN, and was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, graduating with the highest average that has been reached in recent years. After continuing his studies for one year at Harvard, Bonbright was engaged in business until the time of his death

'04 Arthur Crowell is employed by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey in the Phillippine Islands.

'05 C. A. Alexander 2nd is now married and living in Johnstown, Pa.

'05 H. H. Godshall is connected with Keasbey and Madison Company, Ambler, Pa.

'05 G. W. Starkey has been appointed district superintendent of Public Schools in North Vassalboro, Maine.

'05 N. L. Tilney who is taking his last year in the New York Law School expects to enter business in New York.

'06 Thomas Crowel is connected with the American Iron and Steel Manufacturing Company at Lebanon, Pa.

'06 Gordon H. Graves is studying in the Graduate school of Columbia University, N. Y.

'06 W. K. Miller is studying law at the University Law School and expects later to locate in Allentown, Pa.

'06 Francis R. Taylor is studying law at Harvard University and expects to be admitted to the bar in February 1910.

'07 The engagement is announced of S. J. Gummere to Miss Marjorie Tatnall, of Haverford.

'08 The Class of 1908 held an informal reunion at the college, Saturday evening, May 29. Those present were Whitson, Guenther, Burt, Scott, Drinker, Bushnell, Longstreth, Thomas, Shoemaker, Wright, Collings, Hill, Musser, Elkinton, Strode and Brown.

EXCHANGES



ACCORDING to our promise, we print the titles of those articles in the college magazines which have pleased us most during the past four months. We have not made our selection merely from those things which seemed good at first sight, but have based our choice largely on second readings. We have tried to include only what seemed to show real merit and promise.

It is customary at this time to express the pleasure with which the work of reviewing *Exchanges* has been accompanied. On our part such expression is more than conventional. Press of work has often rendered our criticism hasty and crude; but the task has been in the main thoroughly enjoyable. The field of undergraduate journalism is broad and interesting; and many of the names with which we have grown familiar will be heard from in days to come.

ANTHOLOGY, FEBRUARY—MAY, 1909

FICTION.

Amoranza Learns	John Colton
As An Officer of the Law	Maurice T. Dooling, Jr.
As Handsome Does	Marjorie Newell MacCoy
By the Same Door	Maurice T. Dooling, Jr.
Cat of Brother Boniface, The	John Putnam Loomis
Goal, The	Shirley P. English
His Right to Live	Henry Beston Sheahan
Lolo	De Lysle F. Cass
Morrigan, The	F. Schenck
Oak Ties	Louis J. Heath
Princess-Errant, The	Marjorie Snyder
Quarantine	Isabel Titus
Ringer of Door Bells, A	Helen Abbott
Sting of Victory, The	Shirley P. English
Stone Cat, The	Miles J. Breuer
Surprising of Sarah Tuttle, The	Mabel Hotchkiss
Symphony in D Minor, A	Anonymous
Wandering of Dorothea, The	M. F. B.

Columbia Monthly.
Redwood.
Vassar Miscellany.
Redwood.
Williams Lit.
Univ. of Texas Magazine.
Harvard Monthly.
Amherst Lit.
Harvard Advocate.
Amherst Lit.
Wellesley Magazine.
Mills College Magazine.
The Mount Holyoke.
Univ. of Texas Magazine.
Univ. of Texas Magazine.
The Mount Holyoke.
Harvard Advocate.
The Mount Holyoke.

"When Every Goose a Gilbert Wolfe Gabriel Swan"		<i>Williams Lit.</i>
Winged Stone, The	J. S. Reed	<i>Harvard Monthly.</i>

VERSE.

Aabor	John Stocker Miller	<i>Harvard Monthly.</i>
And Yet—	J. S. Reed	<i>Harvard Monthly.</i>
April and the Scholars	R. E. Rogers	<i>Harvard Monthly.</i>
Army of Unalterable Law, The	H. T. Pulsifer	<i>Harvard Monthly.</i>
The		
Blue Butterfly, The	Emily Rose Burt	<i>The Mount Holyoke.</i>
Call of the Krag, The	John J. Ellington	<i>Univ. of Virginia Magazine.</i>
Dreams in Scarlet	E. R.	<i>The Mount Holyoke.</i>
From the Hill	Marian L. Gay	<i>The Mount Holyoke.</i>
Ma' Rose	Harold C. Whiteside	<i>The Red and Blue.</i>
Mouse, The	C. P. Aiken	<i>Harvard Advocate.</i>
My Lady of the May	"C"	<i>Columbia Monthly.</i>
My Lady o' Memories	Anonymous	<i>Univ. of Virginia Magazine.</i>
Pagan Creed, A	Edwin Partridge Lehman	<i>Williams Lit.</i>
Problem in Philosophy, A	A. M. W.	<i>The Mount Holyoke.</i>
Rose Window, The	Sarah Hincks	<i>Vassar Miscellany.</i>
Sea Lure, The	Maurice T. Dooling, Jr	<i>Redwood.</i>
To William Morris	W. C. Greene	<i>Harvard Advocate.</i>
Verdict of Pan, The	Esther Loring Richards	<i>The Mount Holyoke.</i>
Watcher, The	Genevieve Janet Williams	<i>Vassar Miscellany.</i>
Weltschmerz	Elizabeth Beatrice Daw	<i>Vassar Miscellany.</i>
Winter Prison	Julia Susan Lovejoy	<i>Vassar Miscellany.</i>
Youth	Elizabeth Beatrice Daw	<i>Vassar Miscellany.</i>

ESSAYS.

Achievement of Mr. Hardy, The	Julian Park	<i>Williams Lit.</i>
Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman	Leon Fraser	<i>Columbia Monthly.</i>
Theoretical Vagabond, A	Genevieve Janet Williams	<i>Vassar Miscellany.</i>
Three Eighteenth Century Letter Writers	Anna I. Miller	<i>The Mount Holyoke.</i>
University Life of Some English Romanticists, The	Roger Sherman Loomis	<i>Williams Lit.</i>

LEADING ARTICLES.

Cattle Route to Europe, The	Robert A. Morton	<i>Harvard Illustrated Magazine.</i>
College Awakening, A	Laura E. Lockwood	<i>Wellesley Magazine.</i>
College Offices	Charles Milton Rogerson	<i>Harvard Monthly.</i>
"Harvard Daily Truth," The	Hans Von Kaltenborn	<i>Harvard Illustrated Magazine.</i>
Plea for Leisure, A	"M"	<i>Harvard Advocate.</i>
To Europe on a Cattle Steamer	Louis I. Jaffe	<i>Trinity Archive.</i>



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THE HAVERFORDIAN



OCTOBER
1909

THE HAVERFORDIAN

JAMES WHITALL, 1910, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

E. NELSON EDWARDS, 1910

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CHRISTOPHER D. MORLEY, 1910

LUCIUS R. SHERO, 1911

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FRANK ROLAND CONKLIN, 1911

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

HARRISON S. HIRES, 1910 (MGR.)

WILMER J. YOUNG, 1911 (ASST. MGR.)

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the tenth of each month during the College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends, contributions are invited and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-sixth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1909

No. 5

A FLOWER



NCE, in a desert, you let fall a seed
And left it there, as if you did not know
'Twas dropped, on parched and sandy soil to grow.
And yet, of all God gives the earth to feed
A tiny growing plant it had no need—
The hand from which it fell gave overflow
Of life and strength; it grew and bloomed as though
Upon that spot Caesar himself did bleed.
Again you came and found a flower full-grown
Out of the seed of love which you had sown;
You plucked it, but it could not wither where
You wore it ever near you, in your hair.
Yet will you always wear it there apart
From where it should be, resting by your heart?

F. R. C.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH



HAT a difference is there between truth and fiction! "Quentin Durward" and "The Cloister and the Hearth" are historical novels dealing with the same time and with nearly the same country. The former gives us a picture of the latter part of the fifteenth century, a wonderful picture indeed, accurate and interesting, told in a way so fascinating as to make us forget that we see but a pic-

ture which, masterpiece as it is, is yet entirely destitute of depth, a mere surface. "The Cloister and the Hearth" however, while it may be just as truly fiction in the sense of being composed by the author, gives us not only the manners of the times, but there is in it a something that irresistibly constrains our appreciation, our complete sympathy with all the feelings of the middle ages.

There is in the middle ages a mysteriously powerful attraction that grows on one. Those people were children. They believed in spirits, in many things so unpractical that we are apt to misunderstand their unreserved idealism, calling it credulity or something worse. Those were the days when, in the midst of hard conditions that would be unbearable to us, a youth could dream himself into infinite happiness, for there was no certain knowledge. Ignorant he might be,—yes! but what would he have taken in exchange for the bliss of unlimited imagination! Then nothing was impossible, when angels were real, when the world of knowledge and science was waiting to be opened, and the monk could find peace in the adoration of the impalpable.

If you would be most delightfully initiated into the spirit of the middle ages, and see the bright side of the century when Huss was burned read "The Cloister and the Hearth." Good fellowship, informality, the visions of youth at a time when long vistas of culture and knowledge were just being opened to the raptured sight, these mingle with superstition, squalor and misery. There is no romance in this book. A phrase of real life is presented. There is hardship borne manfully and joy that is happier for daily sacrifice. Do you know why men gave up for the cloister prosperity, comfort, ambition, nay love itself? Learn to feel the idealism of those times, and be enchanted by their incorrigible readiness to ignore the material world.

L. A. P.

THE LOVER REFLECTS



LOVE, she loves not, it would seem,
Ah, what an advantage it gives her!
I battle for life in the stream,
But the struggle nor pleases nor grieves her.

Last night, as she gave me the rose,
I begged, and her fingers touched mine,
I was wild as the sea when it flows,
And my blood ran blind as with wine.

But she was as cold and as fair
As her cold, fair mistress, the moon,
That moved through the midnight air
In the magic of blossoming June.

The white waves sparkled and burned,
And my heart grew fainter—and bolder;
But I looked in her eyes as she turned,
The moon was not brighter or colder.

Charles Wharton Stork.

IOLA, THE SIN-EATER



HE snow on the topmost peak of Mount Snowdon shown out from the blue sky with sparkling brilliancy, while the valleys below were growing dim and misty. Now and then could be heard the faint cry of a herdsman as he drove his flocks before him over the soft grassy plains nestled in the valleys. On a narrow mountain path a man was standing, watching the scene with fascinated eyes.

The sun was sinking behind a distant hill, which cast huge grotesque shadows on the side of the mountain. He watched these shadows creeping swiftly and noiselessly up as if they wished to surprise its snow crest and overcome it without resistance. He felt a desire to warn it of its danger, when it suddenly seemed to grow dim, struggle for an instant, and then fade into mist, as it sank into a shadowy background of clouds.

With a sigh he turned and walked slowly down the path towards the little Welsh village of Llanberis. As he neared the village he passed a number of peasants, but none spoke to him, and many turned their heads away as he passed. He noticed this, but he only tightly compressed his lips, and with bent head moved on. Why should they speak? Was he not Iola the Sin-Eater? Loathed by all the village, feared and scoffed at by the children, and called only in time of death? Then a fearsome peasant would climb to his little cottage high up on the mountain, and cry from a safe distance, "Iola, you are wanted in the village!" and run hastily down the path, glancing with fear behind him. It was in this manner that he had just been called, and now he was on his way to Llanberis.

He could hear faintly the sobbing death chant of the people; for Owen, the great warrior, was dead. As Iola drew near, tall and sombre, a hush fell upon the swaying multitude of mourners; and when all saw who was there, the stillness of death filled the little village. Straight to the bier he went, and for a moment stood perfectly still. Then, upon the body, he placed a plate of salt, and upon the plate a piece of bread. Lynet, the fair daughter of Owen, handed him a bowl of milk. For an instant their eyes met, and Iola's hand trembled as he drank from the bowl. He then took the bread and ate it solemnly. Turning slowly and facing the mourners, he began to speak in a deep, melancholy voice.

"I, Iola the Sin-Eater, do hereby pawn my soul for the sins of the departed. From now, all the sins which he hath committed are mine,

let no man call him evil. Being dead, and sinless, he shall not walk in death, and shall rest in peace."

He ceased, and for a moment stood looking at the people who moved restlessly under his gaze; then, having received his groat, he walked quickly away through a path made willingly by the throng.

Is it to be wondered that he was utterly detested? Everyone believed that he took upon himself the sins of all those over whom he performed this ceremony, and he was thought irredeemably lost. It was even whispered that he was in league with the Devil, and took back sins from whence they came, so that they might be used again.

Iola lived on, alone in his little hut. He had always dreamed; dreamed of beautiful and ethereal things; but now, for the first time, he had something real of which he could dream. For a second he had looked into the eyes of Lynet; and now new channels were opened in his dreamland, which his imagination explored eagerly, leading his timid mind into lands of wondrous beauty.

One evening, as he wandered along a rough mountain path, he saw the figure of a woman walking swiftly up from the village. He watched her curiously as she toiled upward, and idly followed, wondering where a woman could be going alone at dusk in that part of the mountain. Even the men of the village feared the wild men of the hills, who often in the twilight could be seen prowling about in search of a stray sheep; and many were the tales of their cruelty to peasants who had lingered too long on the mountain side after night had fallen. At last she stopped, and he saw her kneel. Suddenly his body grew tense, he leaned forward and watched her eagerly; she was kneeling by the grave of Owen. When she rose, she walked slowly down towards the village, passing close to the spot where Iola stood hidden behind some bushes, and he recognized Lynet. He watched her wistfully until she was lost to his sight upon the plain beneath; and then he also went to the grave of Owen. Strewn by loving hands upon the mound were fresh flowers. For a long time Iola stood gazing down and dreaming. The shadows crept higher and higher; over the whole side of the mountain the thick blanket of darkness was quietly laid, and still he stood there; dreaming of the loving hand, which, even in death brought tokens of love. Silently he kneeled down, drew a small blossom from the rest, and pressed it to his lips. Then, suddenly realizing his boldness, he turned and fled.

Every evening Iola went to the grave of Owen, and every evening he saw Lynet come and leave fresh flowers. But one night, while he watched her bending in sorrow over the grave, he saw dark forms

creeping swiftly towards her. He knew what this meant. The wild men of the hills, lured by the precious amulets buried with the body of Owen, had come to rob his grave. But would they harm Lynet? He waited, quivering with excitement. Suddenly he saw the blue flash of steel above her. With a sharp cry he sprang from his hiding place. A second later he grasped the raised arm, which had hesitated at his cry, tore the dagger from its hand, and faced the outlaws. For a moment he held them at bay, fighting desperately; but they rallied, attacked him from all sides, and beat him to the ground. Suddenly one of them cried in terror, "It's Iola, the Sin-Eater!" and they fled wildly.

Iola staggered to his feet.

"Lynet, are you hurt?" he gasped.

"No, no," she cried, "but you?" And she started towards him.

"Don't, don't touch me," he shrank from her, "I am hurt, here; but you—you—" he paused, his body swaying, and both hands pressed to his head. Suddenly he pitched forward and fell, his limp body stretched across the grave of Owen.

For a long time Iola lay on the straw in his little cabin, hovering between life and death, from a blow he had received while defending Lynet from the grave robbers. Each afternoon Lynet came to him and watched over him until evening. She secretly brought him food and medicine, (had it been known she would have been driven from the village), and she was at last rewarded by seeing him grow stronger and better under her care.

Often as he tossed on his straw, his mind wandering from fever, he talked of Lynet; and she listened with surprise as this strange man, this outcast of her people, unconsciously lay bare before her his innermost thoughts. Never had she heard any one talk as he; at times he seemed filled with peace and joy when he imagined that his love for her was returned, and she was awed by the depth of his pure, passionate adoration. At other times he seemed stretched on the rock of despair as he weighed her purity against his assumed iniquity, and he tossed about and raved in such agony of mind that she feared for his life and sanity. And then again he would talk of God; his God, the God of the birds and flowers; the God of all nature, the God who valued a man for what he was, not what he did or what he seemed to be; and to Lynet he was different from any man she had ever seen, and she sat beside him in wonder. His long communing with nature had broadened and ennobled his mind, and in his secret life his soul lived in perfect harmony with all nature, only from man was he an outcast,

He told her how he had kissed the flower left by her hand on her father's grave, how he had watched her every evening as she toiled up from the village, how he had longed to comfort her in her sorrow. And Lynet, her hand caressing his forehead, quietly listened to it all.

When Iola was able to leave his bed, Lynet would take him for little walks after dusk, and she was surprised to find that all the eloquence which had moved her during his illness, had left him. The day came when they decided he no longer needed her care. On her last visit they went together to the grave of Owen, and while she knelt beside it he stood near, thinking of the combat when he had saved her life, and of the joy it had brought to his life, but which was now to be taken from him forever. He turned to her quickly, and in her eyes he saw a light which to him meant the fulfillment of his dreams.

"Lynet," he said, his voice trembling, "you love me?"

"Yes," she replied, simply.

He started towards her, then stopped. At his feet between them lay the grave of Owen. He stood for a moment irresolute; and then, with a cry of pain, he lifted his hands above his head and held them outstretched to the heavens, while he half moaned, "All the sins that they have committed are mine," and then turning, he swiftly fled to his cabin. Lynet watched him until he was out of sight; she understood. Falling to her knees she buried her face in the flowers on the grave.

That night, in the cool air, Iola sat outside his little hut. During his many years of solitude he had grown accustomed to think aloud, and now he unburdened his heavy heart into the sympathetic ear of the night.

"Iola, the Sin-Eater. He whose soul is pawned for the rest of a hundred souls, whose soul is burdened with their cast-off sins, whose very name stands for all that is evil; is loved."

He stood up and looked down at the little village.

"You would not sleep thus," he cried, "if you knew that the daughter of your dead chief had given her love to me. You, who scorn me, who spit upon me, who lay the blame of every evil at my door; you turn from me as though I were a leper; but she, she sees through the leper's skin and sees the soul within, the man himself, and loves him. And yet, she is one of you. Should she come to me she would become an outcast like myself; despised, loathed, avoided. She would be forced to turn from all she holds dear, to leave all she has loved and cleave to me, to be ever looked upon with pity and with scorn, to be pointed out as one whose soul is lost. It cannot be."

He sighed and turned away. For awhile he sat upon a stone, si-

lent. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and shaking his clenched fist at the little village, cried:

"What right have you to come between me and what my God has given me? You pack of cowardly wolves, she is mine, all mine, and no power shall take her from me; yelp and snarl if you will, but you dare not touch me. Do you think I have no soul, no manhood, no power to love or hate? Do you think because I play at childish mummerly over your carrion dead that I become a devil, a fiend? Do you think because I go among you meekly and bear your jeers and taunts submissively that I fear you? Do you think that now one joy has come into my life that I will let you tear it from me? I love her; God gave her to me; she is mine."

His passion spent, he seated himself again upon the stone, and rested his head on his hands.

"Lynet," he murmured, "Lynet, I love you. And they are your people. If you should come to me you would not lift me up but I would drag you down. If I should marry you your pure and simple soul would be bruised and beaten by cruelty you know not of, and you would shrink away in pain, as the little mountain flowers when the cold waters of the melting snow pour down upon them; but you could not escape. No, I love you too well for that, we cannot marry. I will go away, some place over the mountains, it does not matter where, and leave you in peace." He rose slowly to his feet and turned to his cabin. Creeping over the mountains he saw the pale glow of the rising sun.

It had hardly grown lighter when Iola appeared at the door, his few belongings slung over his shoulder, and looked down at the little village for the last time. How often had he watched the beautiful and everchanging lights as the sun came slowly from behind those distant hills; how often had he listened to the songs of the awakening birds, and seen the flowers sparkle in their dewy freshness as they felt the bright warm touch of the coming day. And now he was to leave it all; to leave that home now for the first time endeared to him. As his eye wandered down the rugged path where he had so often watched for Lynet, he saw her slowly climbing up. He felt a sudden desire to turn and flee lest strength should fail him, but he could not. When she was beside him they stood for a moment silent.

"I felt you were going," she said at last. He did not question this or seem surprised—he had felt she would come.

"I came to say good-bye," she continued, extending her hand. He took it in both of his and looked earnestly into her eyes.

"It is best," he said, "I dare not stay. I am going over the moun-

tains to the village of Festiniog where no one knows me, and where I can start this life anew. I feel a manhood that has just been born, for in my other life I knew hate and deceit, but now I know love and self respect, and a new path has opened before me, even without you." He turned slowly, and started on up the mountain. Then he stopped, looked back to where she stood, and returned to her side.

"Lynet," he said, "may I kiss you good-bye?"

Again Iola started up the mountain; not Iola the Sin-Eater, but Iola the Man, purged from all his sins.

F. R. C.

SONG



THUS far we have been together

On land and ocean blue.

We have buffeted wind and weather

And have wept for the other's rue.

We have sung our songs of gladness

And have laughed and made merry too,

But in me was your care and gladness

And mine—in you.

And that was how we parted,

But yesterday, we two.

You had nobody else but me

And I—but you.

H. S. H.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH WAITRESS

IV. BARBARA'S DIARY.



ANUARY 1. I think I'll be after keeping a dairy. A dairy is a fine thing for proving an allybi, which is, proving you wasnt somewhere where you really was. Mother used to say to me, Barbara Flanigan if you kape a dairy and if ever you was arested for murther then you can prove you wasnt within ten mile of the corpse. Plase God! I got no murther on my consence, or suden death, I hope I never get none, Amen!

What I was going to say about the allybi was, for instance, if I don't say nothing in here about being out with Casey Morison the other night, nobody'll know about it. And if the Mrs. wants to know where I was on such and such a day I can say I don't remember mum, but I'll look in my dairy and see.

I guess I better get up now, it's near 6 o'clock an awful cold marning.

January 3. This was a nasty wet day. Yesterday was cook's day out. Last night I was laying in bed rading the third volume of *The Bloody Dishrag, or Who Slipped on the Cellar Stares* and in she come and fell down on her bed and then she groaned, and she said she was dyeing. I smelt poteen, just as strong as garlic it was, and acushla!! I knew what was up but she groaned that fearsome I was rale scairt for a minute. I give her the paregoric bottle, which was nearest to hand, and then I says, Shall I get the Mrs. ? I says?

No, let me die in piece! says the Cook! Oh Wirra! and she climbed into bed with all her clothes on and fell asleep.

This marning she woke up real pious. The Mrs. heard her singing hymns and knew something was wrong. But we got through all right, except she spilt the mashed potatoes on the floor.

On looking this over I guess I better make 2 dairies, one for me to remimber by, and one for the Mrs. in case I want to show her the dairy. This way:

For the Mrs.

A wet day.
Poor Cook was desperate ill in
the night.
Shined the silver this afternoon.
Fed the cat.

For Me.

A wet day.
Cook came home drunk
Tis her only wakeness.

January 4. This was my day out I wore my new suit and hat I got at Eisenberg's Friday bargains. I met the Perfessor on Lennox Street. He didn't recognise me. Casey met me down town and we went to a Vodevil, which was fine. Som of the jokes were ticklish good and I tried to mimorize siveral to tell to Cook (she has a grand sinse of humor but when I got back and woke her up to tell her thim I cud only remember one.

Coming back I sliped on some ice and jolted my backbone considerable. It makes me rale onaisy when I set down. I hope it'll wear off soon.

January 5. Casey and me has a plan. You know, we're going to be maried when we get enough money to settle down on (I ain't broke it to the Mrs. yet) and Casey's working hard to be premoted to a sargent. Well, I says to him the other day, Casey dear! I got an inspire. Would a daring rescue and headlines in the paper, help you any? Why, shure, says he, but what — Ah, there you are, says I! never mind, we can fix it. Suppose I was to be walking down by the docks, p'rhaps, says I, and was to fall overboard! Suppose you was hanging round, then you cud be afther making the gallant rescue, why not? That's what Lord Vere de did in *The Bloody Dishrag*, says I. You'll have a photygraph in the paper and get your stripes for shure.

Well! says Casey, like the thoughtful swateheart that he is. Supposin' you was to drown?

Musha! says I, I can swim a litle bit. Cook was afther showing me the other day, when she came home with too much egnogg on board. Besides, I won't be in the wather long, for you must come in afther me."

So we fixed it for next Thursday.

January 7.

For the Mrs.

Swept the dinning room.
Claned the silver.
Turned off 3 pedlers.
Fed the cat.
P. S. the cats got flees.

For Me.

We got a new pet now, a parot, an ungintlemenly bird uses bad langage and calls out Barbara! barbara! all the time and brings me downstares from the top of the house! id like to ring its neck I put some inseck powder on the cat and he went and rubbed it off all over the Mrs.'s bed.

January 8.

For the Mrs.

One of the gold fishes died.

For Me.

The cat got him.

This was a bad day!

Cook dropped the mashed Potato
on the floor, we scraped it up
all rite.

Cook wasnt well.

Drunk agen.

The punch bole fell off the top
shelf in the pantry somehow I
don't know how.

Also the botom fell out of the ice-
chest!

The plumer came and opened up
the dranes. The Mrs. is going to
Atlantic city for a few days.

January 10. We had a bad scare last night. Casey took me out to the policemen's ball over to the station house and the Perfessor lent me the lach key to get in with and I got back about 1 o'clock and got in afther some troble all right. I was coming through the dinning room when all to once the parot starts to scrache Murther! Fire! Burgulars!! I was that scairt I sliped agen a chair! Pitch dark it was and down I fell entirely and the chair too! Also a big tin tray on the table fell off and made a noise like fire alarms! The perfessor woke up and rushes downstares with a pistol. Hands up! he yells. I strugled to my footing and says it's only me, Barbara! Oh dear me! he says peevish like! Why didn't you say so before?

I was that nervous you cud have knocked me down with a dish clout and when I got upstares, there was Cook saying her prayers, she thought the house was being burgled.

January 11. This was the grate day when Casey saved me from a wathery grave.

I went down to the docks the afthernoon, and saw him there, standing beside a street corner. So I walks along by the edge of the wather. It looked awful cold, and I saw a carot floating in it and it was sort of gresy like Monday soup. I began to get scairt, but I thinks of Casey's stripes and screws up my courage. Pretty soon I sliped on a banana peel and over I went—aisy as aisy.

Musha! but it was could!! Me head went under once and me clothes got heavy and I thought I would drown shure and me head went under agen and then came a splash and somebody grabed me and some one threw a rope and afore I knew it almost we was dragged up fornent the pier agen, Casey with his arms round me and me too full of wather to even spake. Everybody pats Casey on the back and I knew he was a

sargent for sure. I was that happy I didn't mind being so wet looking like a drowned rat nothing less and every sole looking at me.

We rode back in a pathrol wagon, for I wouldn't go in no amby-lance not me. Oh Casey dear, says I! Now they'll have your photy-graph in the paper and you'll get your stripes!"

My own brave little Barbara! he says or words to that effect and then with the driver lookin' on he—

If I'm going to get slushy, I got to quit this dairy which ain't no place for it. It don't look good in writing anyway.

C. D. M.

THE STARGAZER



He dwells in silence, and the friendly stars
 Fill all the chambers of his soul with peace.
 He loves the hilltop, and the fading day
 Finds sunset glows reflected in his eyes.
 He knows the stars that stud the darkening blue
 And to his simple heart their silence brings
 The thoughts that quicken all true gentleness.
 "The beacons of the night time they" (he says)
 "To guide the wandering spirit home to God."

C. D. M.

THE THIEF AND THE SQUIRE



MAIDEN fair,
Upon the stair,
Once sat up very late.
"Not all alone?"
I hear you drone,
Oh no, she had a mate.

The time it flew,
The clock struck two,
The maiden looked dismayed;
She shook her head
And then she said,
"Oh, see how late you've stayed!"

"I did not know
That it was so,"
The brilliant youth replied;
"The time doth fly,
And so must I,"
And as he rose he sighed.

"Is this your hat?"
"Oh no, not that,
I don't wear number nine;
Where it can be
I do not see,
Not one of them is mine.

"Oh, dear, I know,
You've got to go
Clear up in father's room,
Upon the bed,
I think you said,
You left it there this noon."

The brave youth winced,
He was convinced
That papa loved him not;
If by mistake
Pa should wake,
He feared it might be hot.

With stealthy tread,
And no small dread,
He entered papa's room;
His hat was there
Upon a chair,
But he tripped on a broom.

In vain his feet
He tried to keep
Alas, he was not able;
There was a smash,
A mighty crash,
A chair and then a table.

On hands and knees
The youth did squeeze
Under the big oak bed;
And trembling lay,
In great dismay,
His arms about his head.

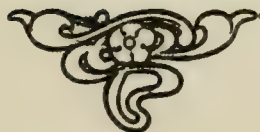
The squire cried out,
And poked about,
With his big riding boot:
"Hi there, ye thief,
Come out from 'neath
My bed, or I will shoot!"

He then came down,
With haughty frown,
To those who were below;
"How's this, young man,"
The squire began,
"Now I would like to know—"

"'Twas nothing, sir,"
With lofty air,
Then interrupts the youth;
"The thief I caught,
And when he fought
I threw him out, forsooth."

"Now that I see
Your bravery,
I will object no more;
Take her, my son,
I make you one,
And bless you evermore."

F. R. C. "11



EDITORIALS

GAUDIMUS IGITUR



HAVING swept the dust from the editorial chair and table, inserted a new nib in the editorial penholder, and reaccustomed ourselves to the use of the first person plural of the pronoun, the first thought that comes to us is to express the pleasure we feel in resuming the editorial pen. Such expression is more than conventional. Those of us who have been privileged to pass three years here realize even more keenly than ever how dear a place old Haverford holds in our hearts; and the vivid panorama of college scenes which has been running through our minds all summer is gratefully transcended by the reality. No matter where or how we have spent the vacation months, our hearts must thrill with a rather poignant pleasure at the renewal of the dear old sights and sounds. Once more the volleying cheers ring across Walton Field in the crisp autumn air; once more old Barclay's blaze of lit-up windows beacons over the campus; and from far-off Merion shines a distant twinkling to echo the cheery All's Well. Once more the pleasant clatter of knives and forks is hushed while the swelling notes of the Football Song thunder through the dining hall; and outside the autumn moon bathes the outlines of the buildings in its pale radiance.

Such appeals does old Haverford make to the senses. Of the resumption of intellectual and social interests we must of course speak. Pardon us if we limit our remarks to the horizon of this magazine.

The prospects for *THE HAVERFORDIAN* seem hopeful. The magazine has been held up as an ideal of attainment for the conscientious toilers of English V; and gladdened by this prospect the editors feel it not unreasonable to hope that it may no longer be necessary to turn out

the magazine between noon and dusk of the day before sending the "copy" to the printers. Rumors of retrenchment come to us from the business end of the magazine—but it is hoped they are exaggerated. Let us once more urge all those in whose breasts exists the flame of literary aspirations to hand in their contributions early and often. As a distinguished predecessor of ours said, with keen insight—while we cannot promise to print everything that is handed in, we most certainly cannot publish anything that is *not* handed in.

President Woodrow Wilson in his Phi Beta Kappa Oration delivered at Harvard last summer suggested the more intimate comradeship of faculty and students as the means of fostering the spirit and love of learning among undergraduates which it is undeniable that our colleges do not generally produce. It has often seemed to us that for a small college there is here at Haverford very little out-of-classroom intercourse between teachers and taught. There was even at one time a curiously prejudiced attitude of mind on the part of the students toward such intercourse. Chance encounters of professors and students were looked upon suspiciously as indicating some deep-laid designs on the part of the latter to influence their marks (!); and such a thing as walking or taking afternoon tea with a member of the faculty was without the pale. Happily, these things are, we hope, passing away, and probably the Haverford Union will afford opportunities for more intimate contact between faculty and students. But the difference between a correspondence school and genuine first-hand teaching lies in the infusion of the teacher's personality—which often radiates but meagrely in the class-room. It is only where the dominie is not only dominie but personal friend as well, that the finest results are appreciable. It is perhaps not our place to dilate on this question; but our strong conviction that life at Haverford leaves much to be desired in this respect has prompted the words.

Having come thus far in our résumé of the situation, let us, ere we have done, justify its title. We all (we hope) feel that it is well to be here. We are glad and proud to be under the colors of the good old Quaker college famed these many years for the simplicity and sturdiness of her ideals. Let us be glad—and at the same time let us not end there. Let us strive loyally to maintain her ideals, and with a sense of true proportion and the relative values of things let us strive for the ends most worth while.

“BRONSON OF THE RABBLE”

From the press of The J. B. Lippincott Company has come to us an editorial copy of Dr. Hancock's new novel "Bronson of the Rabble." We have thoroughly enjoyed reading it and wish to offer our congratulations to Dr. Hancock upon its production.

"Bronson of the Rabble" is a truly American novel which compels interest. It deals with the period between the year 1812 and the time of Jackson's inauguration in 1828. The scenes are laid in Philadelphia.

George Bronson, the son of a blacksmith, attends school, as servitor, with the children of the so-called "gentry." His dismissal, the joy of the father, and the destruction of the boy's ambitions are brought about by an untimely fight with one of his schoolmates a senator's son. Bronson, being of the rabble, is expelled from the School.

This is the first and by far the least of a series of wrongs suffered by Bronson at the hands of the senator's family.

Dr. Hancock's delightful romance tells of Bronson's slow but sure rise in the world, his marriage, in ignorance, with an unworthy girl, his disillusionment, his revenge upon the senator's family; and finally his reconciliation with the old senator and marriage to Katherine Forester, the senator's ward.

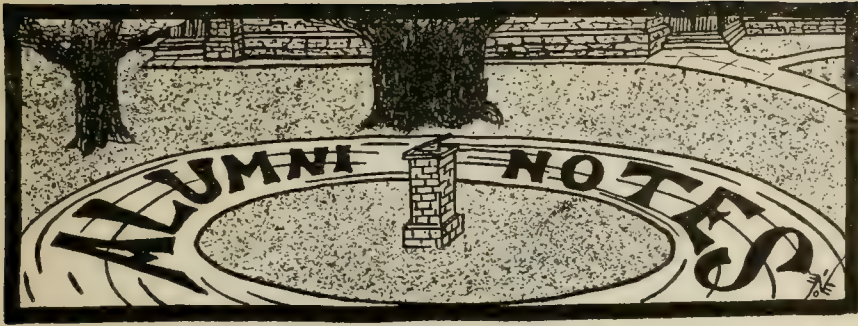
The keynote of the novel is struck in Bronson's schoolboy essay, "Reflections on the Liberty Bell," from which we quote, "We are free, I can see that, for we have our own flag and King George don't meddle in our affairs any more. But I don't see that we are equal. * * * * * It looks as if we were underlings to somebody. I'm going to give no more respect than I get. Mother wants me to be a preacher and I'll be a preacher if I get the call, but preacher or no preacher, I'm not going to swallow the treatment I get from some folks about here much longer."

We were particularly impressed by Dr. Hancock's clever development of Bronson's fight against the limitations of his class.

Jackson's shadow hovers over the story from the beginning, but he does not appear until the end.

Inasmuch as the autumn college magazines are not yet in our hands, and it seems somewhat out of place to discuss the June numbers at this time, we omit the Exchange Department in this issue.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Frank Roland Conklin, 1911, to the Editorial Board.



'98 It is with deep regret that we record the sudden death of Marshall Warren Way, of West Chester, on July 27, 1909.

'98 The Eleventh Annual Reunion and Dinner of the Class of '98 was held at Haverford, Monday afternoon and evening of June 12th. In the afternoon the Class showed its old-time superiority and form by defeating the Class of '05 in base ball. Following the annual Class Swim, dinner was served on the lawn in front of Founders' Hall. Those present were J. H. Haines, A. S. Harding, F. G. Hulme, W. C. Janney, S. R. Morgan, Dr. S. Rhoades, A. G. Scattergood, F. R. Strawbridge, T. Wistar, Jr.

'00 Fred C. Sharpless will be married to Miss Louise Sangree, of Haddonfield, N. J., on October 26, 1909.

'00 Captain James Addison Logan has been ordered by the Commissary general of the U. S. Army to Tours, France. He expects to serve there for the next eighteen months

'02 The engagement has been announced of C. Linn Seiler to Miss Evelyn Norton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Norton of New York.

'02 Galloway C. Morris was married on October 5th in St. Peter's Church, Milford, Connecticut, to Miss Elsie Walker, daughter of Dr. John S. Walker of Philadelphia.

'03 H. Hodgson is surveying San Juanico Straits, between the Islands of Samar and Leyte. He will return to the United States by way of Australia and Europe in the winter of 1910-11.

'03 Otto E. Duerr has left the employ of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, with whose San Francisco office he was recently connected and has entered the ministry of the Unitarian Church. He is now living in Everett, Washington, where he is the minister in charge of the First Unitarian Church.

'04 Arthur Crowell, who is associated with Hodgson in surveying the San Juanico Straits, will return in the winter of 1910-11.

'05 E. C. Peirce, who has been ill for several weeks in the Hahnemann Hospital, expects to return to his home in Haverford shortly.

'06 Francis R. Taylor has opened a law office in Philadelphia.

'07 F. D. Godley is now in business with his father, Philip Godley, in the storage warehouse on Dock and Granite St.

'08 Passmore Elkinton was married to Miss Mary Bucknell on October 5, 1909.

'08 C. L. Miller is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.

'09 Frederick A. Myers Jr. is in business with his father in the real estate firm of Myers and Barth.

'09 D. L. Phillips expects to be married to Miss Marion Crosman, of Haverford, on December 24th.

'09 Charles Thompson is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins.

'09 Clarence C. Killen is connected with the Swift Co. packing house in Wilmington, Del.

'09 F. R. Taylor, T. K. Lewis and F. McC. Ramsey are in the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania.

'09 On Wednesday evening, September 22nd, the class of 1909 held their first reunion in Room 21, Barclay Hall. Those present were: Deacon, Underhill, Brey, Crowell, Green, Hamilton, Sharpless, Kitchen, Lewis, Lowry, Lutz, Miller, Moore, Myers, Pennypacker, Philips, Ramsey, Shoemaker, Spaeth, Stokes, Taylor, Warnock and Sandt.

THE HAVERFORDIAN



NOVEMBER
1909

THE HAVERFORDIAN

JAMES WHITALL, 1910, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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WILMER J. YOUNG, 1911 (ASST. MGR.)

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the tenth of each month during the College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends, contributions are invited and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-sixth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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VOL. XXXI

HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 6

HER EYES



ALF closing, dreamy, soft, they gazed at me;

Then, for an instant, lit with sudden fire
Of pent-up passion and of wild desire,

Which strove to break their prison bonds, to free
Themselves at last by giving me the key.

Yet as I looked the light seemed to retire,
The silken lashes droop, the flame expire,

Drawn back again in strong captivity.
But still they held me bound; a softer glow

Of tenderness and love seemed to arise
And offer all the treasure that they hold.

Yet when I reach to grasp it, then I know
That all the promise Love read in her eyes

Was wrong, for she is unresponsive, cold.

F. R. C.

THE DELUSIVE DOLLAR



It was Friday morning and Jack was going to the country to spend the week end. We had just finished breakfast and were having our short smoke before starting to our respective offices.

"By the way," I said, as I stirred the sugar in my second cup of coffee, "can you let me have that five this morning? I haven't a cent!"

This story, not being ancient history, does not concern itself with the beginning of my intimacy with Marion Crofton, but I was to take dinner with her that evening, and my dress clothes were being repaired; the result of a strenuous evening at Jack's, when Billy Duncan and Tommie Wilbur came down from New Haven and we went—but that's also ancient history. The fact was they *did* need repairing, and the tailor had promised them at five sharp that evening.

Jack examined his bill folder and showed me the corner of a lonely "Two," then put it back in his pocket.

"Sorry, old man, I'm rather broke myself; but I have to come back to the flat to get my suit case and I'll leave it for you then."

"All right," I assented, "but don't forget. You might put it in the top drawer of your desk," I added. Jack nodded and picked up the *Times*.

I might mention here that our flat was a cozy little five roomed place uptown, where we kept what our friends called "Bachelor Apartments."

Now if there is one thing that I am unfortunate in, it is in having an imaginative and erratic mind, and this morning it worked overtime. I had the idea, and laughed quietly to myself.

"What's the trouble?" asked Jack, looking up from his paper.

"I was just thinking what a joke it would be if, instead of the money, you were to put a paper in the top drawer of the desk directing me to try, say under the couch, and there I should find another paper saying 'Look in the waste-paper basket,' and so on until I found the money."

"Would be a pretty good stunt," Jack replied, and smiled. I didn't see the smile then, but I know now it was there.

I finished my cigarette and coffee, and, hoping Jack would have a good time, started off.

"Don't forget that five," I called back as I went out the door.

He didn't. Nor did he forget the brilliant idea I had so unwisely instilled in his fertile mind.

As usual, when I am particularly anxious to get away, the books didn't balance at the bank; and I, not being president, was kept busy until five, looking for a difference of fifty-three cents.

At half-past five I burst into the flat and looked for my suit. It was not there. I called the elevator boy, but no one had been there for me.

"It will come in a minute," I thought, and started to get ready. By the time I had shaved, found a dress shirt, hunted up studs and cuff links, discovered a dress tie in Jack's drawer, and gathered the other necessary things, it was five minutes after six, and no dress suit! I grabbed a bathrobe and rushed out into the hall to the telephone.

"I want my suit!" I yelled, as soon as I got the tailor on the wire. He asked me who I was, when the suit was given to him, what was to be done to it, and finally said it was finished and he'd send a boy with it at once. I went back, put on my shirt, collar and tie; everything, in fact, but the suit, and then the bell rang. I ran to the door and there, in the guise of a dirty, half-grown Jewish boy, stood my guardian angel with the suit. And just in time; it was six-thirty and dinner was at seven. I made a wild grab, but he put it behind him.

"Two dollars and fifty cents," he said.

I went to the desk and jerked open Jack's top drawer. There, in the center, lay a small piece of blue paper, and printed neatly in red ink was

TRY NORTH EAST CORNER OF DINING ROOM RUG.

"Damn!" I said, under my breath, and rushed into the dining room. Under the fourth corner, from which I lifted the furniture, lay another piece of blue paper.

TRY THE BREAD BOX

it read. Into the kitchen I went and dived into the bread-box, throwing its contents right and left. There, in the bottom, lay a third blue paper.

TRY BOTTOM OF MY TRUNK.

this one said. I was getting excited. I ran back to the door and faced that dirty little kid.

"It will be all right," I said, "leave the suit and I'll fix it to-morrow."

"Nothin' doin'," he answered, "the boss said to get the money or bring back the suit."

"Tell your boss—" and then I paused, my righteous indignation smothered by the fear of losing that suit.

"Wait a minute," and I flew back to the trunk. I literally climbed into it, and there was a shower of everything from flannel trousers to golf balls as I wildly hunted. Then a sudden fear seized me. What

if in my haste, I should lose track and not find the other slips? I must go more carefully. At last I found it! Not the money, but another slip.

TRY SPENSER

this one read.

"Who the devil is Spenser?" I thought; and then it came to me. I jumped to the book case and grabbed "The Works of Spenser" with no gentle hand. I turned it with the leaves down and shook it; I turned it up and let the leaves run off from under my thumb; but nothing happened. I sat down on the floor and started at the beginning, and it was exactly seven hundred and twenty-four pages I turned before I came to the little blue paper. This one said

NO? TRY BYRON.

I picked up "Byron." There were precisely one thousand, three hundred and fourteen pages in it. I threw it down and went back to the door.

"Charles," I said to the elevator boy, "you haven't a couple of dollars you could lend me, have you?" I controlled my voice wonderfully. I was getting mad.

"I'se ver' sorry, Mist' Butler, but I ain't got no money here suh," he said pleasantly; and that little imp of Satan, with my suit still held behind him, grinned up into my face. I slammed the door, and rushed back to "Byron." Near the end of the volume I found a crisp one dollar bill, neatly pinned to a little blue paper.

HERE'S ONE! TRY UNDER THE MATTRESS

this one said. I hauled the mattresses off of two beds and found, under the third, another slip and another one dollar bill. I grabbed the slip and read

TRY MY ENCYCLOPEDIA.

I looked at the Encyclopædia; twenty-four volumes and each volume contained at least 2,000 pages! I tore my hair and swore. Looking at my watch I saw it was ten minutes to seven; I might make it yet, even if I was a little late. I would take my suit away from that kid if I had to use violence! I threw open the door; the boy was gone.

"Where's that kid?" I yelled at Charles. He grinned.

"He's gone away, suh, said he thought you was crazy, suh, an'—" But that was as far as I heard. Back to the Encyclopædia I went. I tore the wilted collar from around my neck, and squatted on the floor. I had hardly finished the eleventh volume when the bell rang. I picked up the twelfth volume. The bell rang again. Then I opened the door, ready to pounce on that kid, if, by any possible chance, it should be him; but it wasn't.

"I have a small milk bill—"

"Go to the devil!" I yelled, and slammed the door. There at my feet lay the Encyclopædia, in two piles, twelve volumes in each. Which one had I gone through? Had I begun with the "A's" or the "Z's?" For the life of me I couldn't remember.

"What's the use," I groaned, and threw myself on a couch. To think that this was the first chance I had had to dine with Marion Crofton, and now it was to end like this! Not only that, but she had said her father and mother were going to a whist party and she would be alone all evening, unless—I groaned again, and buried my head in a pile of pillows. (Faintly I heard the ringing of the door bell). And she was going to the country Tuesday, for the summer! How would I explain? Call up and say my tailor refused to give up my suit unless I paid for it? Taken suddenly ill? A good idea. I *was* ill and when I got hold of Jack, well— (The bell rang again, more insistently). Hang conventionality and society, anyway! If it wasn't for that ridiculous nuisance called "custom" I could have gone in a bathing suit. And Marion—I called her Marion to myself—was, I unwillingly admitted, rather strong for conventionality. (The bell rang again, and kept on ringing). I jumped up and jerked open the door.

"What do you want?" I growled savagely at Charles.

"Telephone call, suh," he answered.

Again I threw on my bathrobe, and went to the phone. It was Marion.

"Was I angry about to-night?" she asked. "No, I wasn't angry," I answered, bewildered. "Well, she would be up then about eight, was that all right?" I must have stuttered worse when I answered it was, for she said, "You received my letter?" "Why—er—your letter?" I faltered. "What?" came back over the wire. "Yes, oh yes of course," I answered, hurriedly. "All right then, about eight. Good-bye." and she hung up the receiver.

Letter? I rushed back to the desk, and there, where we always put the mail, was a letter. Picking it up I tore it open, and this is what I read:

My Dear Mr. Butler:

My uncle unexpectedly arrived in town this morning, and as he leaves early in the evening, insisted that we all join him at his hotel for dinner. He wishes to stop in Yonkers on his way to Boston so I am going to take him there in the machine, and then make connections for him some place near there on the main line. If you will forgive me the dinner I will stop for you at about eight and you can take the ride with us;

besides, I need company coming back, and I may tire of running the car. Please call me up about seven if it is all right.

Hastily yours,

MARION CROFTON.

Yonkers and back! We'd be out alone together until midnight! I picked up a volume of the Encyclopædia and turned to the "Y's." "Yonkers, 15 miles N by E from Grand Central station," I read; no, we might be back by ten, but things are very apt to happen to a machine. I looked down again at the Encyclopædia, and there, right beside Yonkers, was a slip of blue paper and another bill. I dressed; spent another two hours finding the remaining two dollars; and then they came.

Well, that's about all. Except Marion's uncle was all right, and never even told Mrs. Crofton that she had left the chauffeur at home; and then Marion and I—well, it looks pretty good for me.

Monday, when Jack got home, I waved his blue slips in his face and yelled with glee. "If it hadn't been for those idiotic slips," I cried, "I'd have dressed up like a fool; gone down to the house; and—found no one there. But, on account of them, I found the letter, and it all came out great." And I told him all about it.

"That *was* a good idea of yours," mused Jack, "but did you get the suit?"

F. R. C.

TO BURNS

Perhaps he had nothing to say
To wisen the world and yet,
Please God he has sung a song
To teach men how to forget.

H. S. H.

"SALUT SALON"



Tewkey had been a guest at all my sister's salons.

So when that glorious winter season was gone, when the fire no longer crackled in the grate, and Wednesday afternoons failed to assemble that genial company of pilgrims over my sister's tea, I I scoured all Bohemia for some warm soul—some one who would say—"Kendall, let me tell you something." And so I lived from day to day, sifting out my friends, scrutinizing my mail, but somehow finding futility in all. Things were so much sounding brass. But I came home early one raw Spring afternoon, on one of those March days when Winter seemed to echo back his parting word, to find the birch burning anew in the grate, and the family making merry over tea. And that night I wrote to Tewkey.

Well, we had a very brisk correspondence. I found Tewkey one of those rare persons—a creature who might well have been born into any age, so relentlessly did she fling environment to the winds. Here, in a life cortexed by conventional ennui, I discovered her enacting comedies and tragedies, in which she played the parts from oyster to coffee.

It had promised to telegraph Tewkey when I next happened in New York. The correspondence was bewildering. In one letter I was being called "Captain Hook," in another "lieber junger Herr Teufelsdröcht." So I telegraphed and I went. In the afternoon, while still considering the easiest way, I was pushed into a hansom, and by two o'clock I discovered myself affecting an easy composure on a satin Chippendale chair. Tewkey came down stairs like a lovely, indifferent, mediaeval princess, wistful and sweet. Her deep hazel eyes seemed to be gazing off in a far-away land, and when they caught me, I felt like an intruder in some beautiful vision, startling the dreamer back into his reality.

"Why—Kendall!" A tone of surprise in her scarcely audible voice indicated that I was not expected.

"I thought I had missed you. Well I am truly glad of our good luck. Come into the library and I shall tell you."

I followed her, muttering my pleasure and my apologies.

"Your telegram," she began, "was delayed. Father handed it to me last night—and you said you would be here *Thursday*. Here it is *Friday* afternoon, and you are just come. How fortunate! I was sure that you came yesterday, while I was out. Silly boy, why didn't you write me about it? I have had just an agonizing escape from father. I

never told you, but he doesn't like boys to call. When he brought me the telegram he said 'What is it?' I crumpled it up and said, 'Only Maisry, she wants me to meet her at three to-morrow'."

Somewhere outside, I could here someone call "Here Fangs, here Fangs!"

"*Listen!*" She arose quickly, pulled aside a curtain, and peered out. "Our luck—here is father come home—tell him *something*. I'll go to meet him."

My blood started, and went faster, if that were possible. My pompadour, for the first time in all its early years of training stood up like a Roman legion. "Tell him *something*"—anything—nothing would come. It was a supreme predicament. My senses were so keen that I heard him slip out of his silk lined coat, and I even heard Tewkey (not without a simulation of disgust), say in a weak, frightened and tentative voice, "Father—there's a man here!" I looked at the window, I thought of Tom Jones, but the Rubicon was crossed. "*There is a man here!*"

The next minute he was in, and I rose to be presented. I smiled. "Kendall Coman, father, Grace Coman's brother—Grace is a very good friend of mine." "Yes," said I, catching the cue, "Your daughter used to be at my sister's salons—and I just *happened* to be in this part of New York, so I stopped to say Hel—How-do-you-do." He was kind enough not to notice the break. I felt assured a little. He very politely eliminated me from direct scrutiny, and began to converse in a personal strain with his daughter. This was uncomfortable, and he watched me with a vixen eye. He was an extremely doting and jealous old widower.

"Don't forget, Tewkey," he said, "your appointment with Maisry this afternoon"—and he left the room with a "you've parried, but I've thrust" air.

I was stuck to the hilt, but Tewkey beamed. "Go to the Museum," she whispered. "I'll be there in a few minutes." We bowed each other a mock farewell, and I savoured it with conventionality plus, for our good Father was watching above.

Well, Tewkey arrived at the Museum in better than schedule time. We sat down to laugh, until we disturbed many of those *aesthetes* who haunt every museum, stopping to *drink* in the pictures, and incidentally to display a profile. When many scowls choked our hilarity, I enlightened Tewkey with a discovery I had made. I had written *Thursday* for *Friday* in the telegram! And then Tewkey enlightened me. Her father had come home early. When she said, "Father, there's a man here," he said "Who is he?" And she said "Grace Coman's boy brother, be nice to him." And he did for the moment display the particularities

of a gentleman. But he made *son grand faux pas* when he said to Tewkey, "Tewkey, don't forget your appointment with Maisry!"

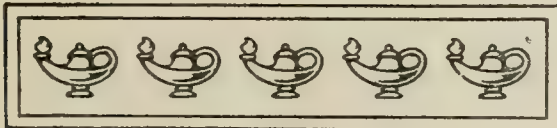
We took a passing look at the pictures that afternoon, and we awarded prizes to "The Bashful Lovers," the "Sower," and "The Whale Ship." Tewkey insisted on giving "Rain" honorable mention. Perhaps if we had stood in rapture before obscure artists and opened our souls to *drink them in*, then we would have judged better. But you can tell pretty well by the catalogue.

So we *did* the great New York Museum in one afternoon—and we straightened out Captain Hook, and Herr Tefuelsdröcht besides.

Tewkey is fond of the risqué. Being much younger than she, she admitted this fact to me on coercion. So we went to Delmonco's for dinner. The orchestra struck up, an imported waiter had gone after entrees and I had even got so far as to glance (not without some misapprehension) at the Wine List. The question was not the brand, but to drink or not to drink. I was discussing this with my conscience, when an *ahem!* burst upon my subliminal consciousness, and I looked up, to find myself paralyzed under the glaring eye of Tewkey's father. I kept myself in my fist. He was sitting behind Tewkey, three or four tables away, and facing me. Two women were taking dinner with him, and the ruby wine had been glassed. Tewkey couldn't see him. I thanked heaven for that. Such a dinner! I contrived by every possible means to keep my composure, I did not blush, I did not wince, I did not even look that way again, but to chain down the fiend were not so mad a task as to be myself that night. Tewkey never knew.

Well, I wrote to him afterwards. I explained, I apologized, I threatened. He raged, he thundered, he foamed—but never did he dare say "Booh!" to Tewkey. *In vino vita!* From that day I have ceased to be a Bohemian. So has he. So has she. O Hymen, Hymenea!

V. S.



THE RETURN



LET us follow the moonlight and sing,
And the sweet silent hours recall
When love was a beautiful thing.

When love was a beautiful thing,
It was here that I promised you all
The happiness heaven could bring.

And richer than sultan or king,
(Oh I shudder to think of the fall!)
It was here that I gave you the ring.

Your soul like a butterfly's wing
I have broken in hideous thrall.
(Oh grief is a terrible thing!)

Let us float in moonlight and sing
Never heeding the hours at all
For love shall rob grief of its sting.

H. S. H.

THE WOMAN, THE MAN AND THE SEA



ALONE in a little room sat the woman. That it was the only room on the first floor of the little cottage was clearly shown by the windows on all four sides. In one corner was a ladder leading up into a garret-bedroom. All about her were the evidences of care and cleanliness; the neat chintz curtains in the windows; the shining floor; the spotless linen which covered a small table in the center set for two—all these things proved what manner of woman was the wife of Simon Mathews, fisherman.

As she stood over the fire now, preparing his evening meal, one could see she was a powerful woman. The angular yet somehow graceful curves of her body were unmistakable even under the gingham apron which she wore. And indeed it was fortunate for Claire Mathews that she had a strong body. Hers had been a tempestuous existence almost since her birth; the loss of her mother by drowning; the tyranny of her drunkard father after the death of his wife; her forced marriage with the son of a wealthy acquaintance of her father; her divorce a year later and her subsequent marriage to the man she loved: all these storms she had weathered and had come out of with unimpaired body and a mind tempered and mellowed by experience.

Her mother, in her former life, (for she called it that,) had been the pivot on which her whole existence turned and when she was taken, it seemed to Claire that nothing was worth the doing or the having; everything seemed to have gone out of her life. But then Simon Mathews had come upon the scene and all was changed. And now she was his wife and they were living out their modest little existence here on the shore; Simon fishing with the fleet off the reefs every day and Clair doing her housework, reading her books, talking with her friends and making bright her evenings with him.

Claire had always had a frightful horror of the sea; it was almost childish; but she could not get rid of it. It had clung to her ever since the drowning of her mother. The grey waves horrified her in stormy weather and the sparkling blueness seemed to mock her when the sun shone.

She went to the door. The shore was a good mile across the fog-wrapped marshes and she could hear distinctly the roar of the breakers on the beach.

She had been overwhelmed with an undefinable sense of fear all

that day. The sun had not shone since early morning and now a storm seemed inevitable.

Was that the cry of a bird or was it some one calling? She listened—yes, it was the voice of some one calling. She knew it was for her, for two men emerged from the fog and, beckoning wildly to her, disappeared again into the whiteness. Snatching a shawl, she rushed out and down to the path, narrow and winding, that led across the marshes. Blindly she tried to follow it. With the night drawing near and the thick fog which blew in from the sea it was almost impossible to keep to firm ground. Once she was startled by the cry of a sea-gull as it flapped awkwardly over her head and she bitterly cursed the sea and the sea-gull. She could not collect her thoughts; she seemed to be moving in a trance. One thing was certain; she must get to the shore quickly. Now she was almost deafened by the roar of the waves as they broke on the sand. A few more steps and she would be there.

* * * * *

She stood riveted to the spot. There on the beach lay her husbands' boat turned bottom up. Beside it lay something all huddled up. The men stood by it with uncovered heads. One glance at them told Claire the whole story.

Then all her pent-up rage broke its bonds, and rushing down the beach she grasped a huge stone which was imbedded in the sand and lifting it high over her head she uttered an inarticulate scream and hurled it into the waves which seethed and foamed for a moment as if wounded by her. Then her knees suddenly gave way and she sank, a lifeless heap upon the beach.

* * * * *

The men had carried them both up to the little cottage across the marshes. Down on the beach all was at peace, the storm had abated and the long low billows rose and sank, bubbling in and out over the sand. A little bird lit at the water's edge. The water played treacherously around its feet and soon it flew away into the fog again.

J. W.



VERSES



LET us speak softly. Now it is night.

As the moon waneth

Love no more feigneth

Laughter and levity as in the light

Come—it is night.

Come—here is joy that the day cannot know.

While the moon potion

Makes mystery of motion

Whisper it longingly whisper it low.

Say it is so.

Ah love since utterance fails for the thought,

Let silence discover

Lover with lover.

I have thy answer—words count as nought

When love is wrought.

H. S. H.

TYLER — BUTLER — HARCOURT



EVERYTHING was scorching in the June sun. Heat was rising from the Chesapeake and from the fields on the gently sloping hills roundabout. A light breeze blew the smoke lazily from the funnels of the Philadelphia boat as it approached. A dog-cart came bouncing down the hot dusty road to the boat landing and a young man jumped out and assisted a girl to alight. A white dress and dainty sun

bonnet tied under the chin graced the girl and the man sought comfort in his flannels and panama pulled down to keep off the sun. They were whispering together and laughing. "There's our victim," said the man. "See, he's standing on the main deck beside the fat woman in the yellow dress! Now keep your nerve, Peggy and we'll get such a rise out of Tom that—well, you know!" The boat had stopped and the passengers came wobbling down the rickety gang plank. "Hello, Tom, old scout," said the man. "I'm mighty glad you come even though you are late." "Hello, Butz (that was the man's pet name) "I feel like the—"

"Come on, cut it," interrupted Butz. "By the way the coachman is sick so his daughter has come down with me to drive you up to the house. I have to see about these canoes, so I'll see you later. Miss Butler, this is Mr. Harcourt, will you drive him up now?" The introduction was cold. Tom bowed ever so slightly and Miss Butler dropped her eyes and—smiled. In a moment they were driving away; Butz hid behind a tree and danced for joy. Miss Butler was silent and apparently unconscious of the presence of any one. Finally "our victim" looked approvingly at her and drew a big breath and spoke. "How many people are there at the house, Miss—ah—?" "My name is Helen Butler. Why let's see, there are four—six—ten. Yes there are ten there." (Another silence). "Do you live here all year, Miss Butler?" "Yes!" "You must get awfully lonely, don't you?" "Well," she sighed, "I'm used to the life, but when I see all these folks here having a good time, I feel—a—little—lonely." She smiled pathetically. Harcourt returned a sympathetic smile. He thought, "Confound conventionality anyway! Why can't she join us. She would be all kinds of a good fellow. And this a Democratic country!" He frowned. Peggy smiled. "Oh—oh—Miss Butler, ah—I want to—ah—ask you something." (Painful silence). "Don't you think we could take a drive sometime. I'm awfully interested in this historic country." Then he thought, "There's a fool break! What does she know about history of this or any other country?" Peggy

acted suppressed enthusiasm and smiled—she could have shouted. “You are very kind, Mr. Harcourt, I can show you lots of things of interest around here. You know Howe’s troops landed quite close by in the Revolution. I’m very much interested in history, too” (she seemed embarrassed—to Tom) “but—would it be—proper?” She blushed beautifully and dropped her eyes. Tom swore—almost. “The idea of this—this—*lady* considering *herself* beneath the dignity of a good for nothing loafer like me!” A vein rose in his forehead as he thought of it, he turned crimson and the realization of his nothingness smote him a mighty smite and so forth. Peggy turned her face away and—smiled. “My dear—Miss Butler, you must think, I’m on awful prig! Truly I want to drive with *you* and—and—” “Holy cat,” he thought, “I’m Butz’s guest and what would he and the others think!” Peggy raised her eyes to his, “And what, Mr. Harcourt?” Tom could have expired. “Why—why—I just wanted you to set the time!” “I appreciate your kindness ever so much, Mr. Harcourt, but what would the people at the house say?” She knew! She knew! “Oh confound the peop—I mean, I have a plan! Let’s take a drive some night, it is full moon now and I can fake an excuse and pretend to go to bed but meet you instead.” Peggy gradually overcame her misgivings, “Will you come to-night?” Tom agreed and was soon doing the honors at the house.

The crowd was jolly, They paddled across the bay in the afternoon and sang, care free. Tom was unhappy.

The sun was sinking. The sky was glorious. The clouds were black and gold and the ether blue. Dinner was served on a huge porch that overlooked the bay and the sunset and Peggy helped in serving. Tom thought that his discomfort was apparent and in his keen conviction of justice, he felt quite the hero. He managed to keep going till half-past ten when he pleaded a headache and retired—undiscovered to the stable. Peggy was waiting. “I am so glad you have come, but I have a disappointment for you, I can’t get a horse.” Tom was sure that he was a hero. “We can paddle at any rate,” he said. “That will be great! I’ll tip toe to the little door there and get a paddle.” He followed her and watched her slip noiselessly up to the house and open the door and the sight that met his eyes made his hair stand on end and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. A flood of light poured from the door and the whole crowd, led by Butz, rushed out and danced in a ring around the poor disconcerted Thomas. Then Butz spoke, “Tom, I want to present you to my sister.” “Miss Helen Butler” approached and smiled and proffered her hand to Tom. “Peggy,” continued Butz, “this is Tom Harcourt! Tom, this is Peggy Tyler, sister of Butz Tyler!”

Tom looked at Peggy and then at Butz and then at Peggy and took her hand and grinned.

* * * * *

Peggy said the name "Butler" was the only alias she had ever had, but now she spells her own name H-a-r-c-o-u-r-t.

J. A.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS



LEFT her at the gate, the house was dark
 And in the enclosing wood no whisper breathed.
 The blackness of that autumn night absorbed my life,
 And all the sword points of my soul were sheathed.
 For oft I stand in pictured halls,
 Or gaze upon the mystery of the sea,
 And oft a strain of heav'nly music falls
 To wake the soul that no more speaks to me.
 I promised, even now the breathless spirit pleads,
 To ease my youthful loves, and aye—forget
 And aye I am not heard nor seen—
 I have not kept my faith, nor broke it—yet.
 For as I went from out the gloom, her candle burning bright,
 Beamed to my heart—and shining still, dispels the dark
 to-night.

V. S.

EDITORIALS

THE "PREP-SCHOOL" ATTITUDE



HIS is not an editorial for Freshmen alone, but for that group of dilettantes who haunt college society, and gorge their languor with devil-may-care attitudes.

The platitude has been masqued in many dresses, that in any school we only learn *how* to learn. And in a preparatory school we learn even less, for the prep. school boy feels only the seeds of youth, and he sprouts unwittingly and wildly. This exuberance is often curbed before he enters college. But the cases are not isolated where the aristocratic nonchalance of the prep. school youth clings to him even under the chastening influence of an Alma Mater.

This nonchalance, whether sincere or affected, imposes itself readily upon the least susceptible. We are too often forced to listen to the eternal tale of "How little work I've done." This monster of the do-as-little-as-you-can doctrine smokes your good cigarettes, drinks your coffee, while he *nails* you with his nerveless boast. He is the bad *geni* of every college.

He appears elsewhere and often. He is a gourmand at the table, a cad at the courts, an ass in society. With all his manners he can be neither entertaining nor polite, quiet nor reserved, but he must array his bad qualities before gentlemen esteemed for their good.

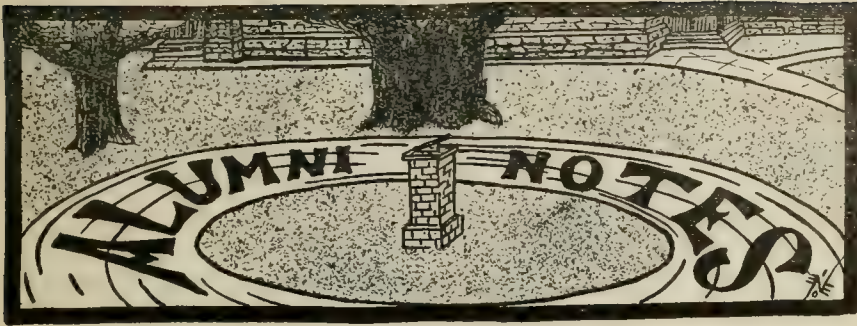
Some of our glibe penners of aphorism might well have said, "There aren't very many *hellers*, and they don't last very long." Many of them only last until they get out of college, and we can only hope that other bubbles burst sooner. Cases are recorded even here, in which missing

links have awakened on fine mornings to find themselves bathed in divine fire. *O tempora, O mores!*

For the do-as-you-little-as-you-can-class, we have no you'll-be-sorry-some-day moral. But as Haverford is not a foundling hospital, we would have you untie your millstones from our necks. However funny you find it to work the squeeze play on the faculty, to cobweb the cut book, or to simper at the serious, we pray you, as gentlemen, to group yourselves into a Hollow Skull Club, and there to be jointly stimulated by your individual inertness.

May we remind members of 1911, 1912 and 1913 that the Senior members of the present Editorial Board of the HAVERFORDIAN retire in February? The choice of new members will be based solely upon the merits of the contributions that have been handed in





'90 Thomas S. Janney was married on October 6, 1909, to Miss Lucy L. Walton at Norfolk, Va.

'90 The engagement is announced of Edward W. Evans to Miss Jacqueline Morris of Villa Nova, Pa.

'91 It is with deep regret that we record the death of Lawrence M. Byers, professor at State University of Iowa. Byers died July 7, 1909, in London England.

'94 Professor W.W. Comfort of Cornell University has edited for D. C. Heath and Co. a volume of French critical essays entitled, "Les Maitres de la Critique litteraire au dix—neuvieme Siecle."

'97 Edward Thomas, who passed the Bar examinations last June, was formally admitted to the Bar of the District of Columbia, October 13, 1909.

'00 F. E. Lutz, curator of Invertebrate Zoölogy at Americain Museum of Natural History in New York, has had a call as head of New Department of animal breeding.

'00 S. W. Mifflin captained and played centre forward on the Associated Cricket Club's team which played the Pilgrms on Merion Cricket Club field, Tuesday November 2, 1909.

'01 The engagement is announced of F. W. Sharp to Miss Frida Guile, of East Orange.

'01 William Wayne Wirgman was married recently to Miss Elizabeth Ryon, daughter of George W. Ryon, a member of the State Board of Charities.

'03 R. L. Simkin was forced by the illness of his wife to return from Chungking, West China. Mr. Smikin has been visiting at the College and expects to return to China in the Spring.

'03 H. J. Cadbury is spending the academic year at Harvard studying Biblical Literature. This is his second year in the work.

'03 C. W. Davis has given up his work at Oak Grove Seminary, in order to study at the University of Virginia.

'03 A. G. Dean is Vice-president of the Fox Motor Company and part owner of "Brer Fox II," a motor boat which recently made a record run from Cincinnati to New Orleans.

'03 H. A. Dominovich was married on July 7, 1909, to Miss Margaretta E. Lickfield, of Philadelphia. He is now engaged as Instructor in English in Germantown Friends' School.

'03 O. E. Duerr was the first graduate of the Unitarian School in Berkeley, Cal., and is now pastor of the Unitarian Church in Everett, Washington.

'03 C. V. Hodgson, now engaged at Tacloban Leyte, Philippine Islands, expects to return to America in 1911.

'03 E. F. Hoffman has been transferred from his charge in Hamburg, Pa., to Holmesburg. A second son was born to him July 2.

'03 J. E. Hollingsworth, after finishing his work at Chicago for the Ph.D. degree, received an appointment as instructor in Greek at the University of Texas.

'03 I. S. Tilney is engaged in the bond business in New York. He is living at Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J.

'03 F. R. Winslow has returned from work in the mountains of West Virginia to practice medicine in Baltimore.

'08 Stephen R. Wing has been appointed an assistant instructor in physics at Cornell University for 1909-1910. He is at the same time doing the work of the Senior year in Sibley College.

'09 Andreas Bryne is employed in the manufacture of motor boats in Norway.

Ex'09 The engagement is announced of A. De G. Warnock to Miss Phyllis Sylvester, of Haverford, Pa.



EXCHANGES



COLLEGE magazine is in more ways than one, a reflection of college life. Its verse, its stories, its editorials give easy cue to the emotional, the literary, and the social instincts of college representative men. By the expression of the richest experience in a privileged life, since the college combines in modern life the survival of the chivalry and the monasticism of the Middle Ages, the college magazine should arouse a keener interest in literary work, and an appreciation of things worth while.

We return to the Exchange work this year with a hope for a broader and better vision. We indiscriminately cut the pages of *all* our friends and scour the college magazine world, ever with the hope of finding a fair flower that blooms unseen. We can only repeat our often expressed appreciation of the work done in the *Williams*, the *Vassar*, the *Wellesley*, and best of all, in that tower of strength, the *Harvard Monthly*. We will also commend herein pieces we have gathered from *The Redwood*, *The Randolph Macon* and *The Trinity Archive*. We shall not throw bouquets, but we shall use the critical method to show proof of our prejudices.

Our policy in criticism is to pass over in polite silence the mediocre, and the unrestrained in college literature, and to help our good friends rather by emphasis of their good qualities than by simpering at their bad ones.

In the *Harvard Monthly* "The Sacrifice" is a story with character. Too many of our stories lack backbone, no matter how cleverly written. But here is a love story with no undue sentiment. It is a sane story.

sanely treated. "Laus Deo" has a delicate suggestiveness, but it is only a theme, like a short passage in De Quincey. "A Voice in the Night" a unique story, seems to us too strong for such necessarily terse treatment.

"Convalescence" from our *Williams* brothers has a fine pathos and a dignified reserve. "The Murderer" in the *Randolph Macon* has no reserve. It has the mobility of a good story, but the author tries to paint the Rainbow with a scant easel.

In "Pages from a Diary" and "A Glimpse of Holland" the *Trinity Archive* publishes an interesting type of literature. Both are travel sketches, the first treated by the moral, the other by the artistic method. It is an easy and fascinating mode.

To take a glimpse into that exclusive and mysterious sanctum—the world of women's work, the feminine temperament undoubtedly demands careful attention in literature. Our Bryn Mawr neighbors would be welcomed on our files, and we crave an acquaintance with our far away friends at Smith. Wellesley is this year standing aloof, like a coquette. What? Have we slighted our good sister? Conscience says no, and if we may use the words of our Vassar character, Hal Cronkite, we will assume for the moment the undignified first person to cry aloud, "I know girls, sis, they can't feel *me!*"

The Vassar people know *boys* too. In "The Courting of Mr. Cronkite" our Vassar friend has given us a perfect picture of a perfect cad. The Fielding character in the Richardson manner. In the same file "The Lure of Walter Pater" is a keen piece of criticism. We find the same kind of thing in "Thoreau as a Poet" in *Harvard Monthly*, and in "Henry Kingsley" in the *Williams*. We consider this kind of work well worth doing, for it combines a knowledge of the man with the exercise of expressing that knowledge.

In verse we are inclined to throw up our hands at the simple, complaining things. But while one takes his tutoring in verse-writing these sparks are sure to fly from the wheel. The "Maiden of Dreams" and "The Day Dreamer" in the *Randolph Macon* are good specimens of this type of poetry. They are too long to reprint here, but "Love's Metamorphosis" in the *Williams*, furnishes an excellent example of these innocent sentimentalisms.

Could I walk down
This old worn path with you
I think its every turning would seem new
To me; and yet I know it so by heart
That every pebble seems a part
Of some dear memory

We rather reserve our praise for a different type of verse, which, although not so perfect of its kind, has the true ring to it, with something of the elan of Kipling. The first of these is "The Song of Man" in *Trinity Archive*, a poem inspired by the conquest of the Pole. The other is the "In the Sweat of thy Brow" in the *Redwood*. We wish to congratulate both authors for the vigor and the sweep of their work.

The HAVERFORDIAN files are open to the college and the editors extend a cordial invitation to the undergraduates to come in to see what our little world is doing.



THE HAVERFORDIAN

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No. 7

AMBITION



HERE are some men who spend each weary day
In ceaseless striving, with a single aim,
To gather gold, 'til they have won a name
Of having power the money world to sway;
While others, lured by all the fine display
And pomp of martial honors, seek for fame
In war, and work for many years to claim
The doubtful laurels which so soon decay.
And some there are who strive with brush and pen
To picture scenes to win the praise of men,
Their sole ambition being wealth or fame.
I have ambition, but not quite the same,
For all I try to make, or gain, or do,
Has but one aim—that I may soon win you.

F. R. C.

WHO ARE KILLING THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS?



THE teachers of the classics, besides many others, are lamenting over the declining interest in classical studies. Many ascribe the decline to their non-utilitarian character. They stoutly maintain that the American student is ever seeking after the utilities, the means whereby he can earn bread and win his way to fortune, perhaps to fame, if not the opposite. We question, especially in the early years of student life, whether students think much about the matter. They are thinking far more about what is hard or easy, than utility. Possibly the disinclination to study at all is fundamental or temperamental, but this is not a trait peculiar to our time and society. The youth of every age has been infected with the same thing. The student, the thinker, is the exception, not one of the larger class who attend school or college.

It may be that more attractions draw the other way at school and college than formerly. This is the glaring contradiction in the educational world of our time. There certainly were never so many attractions drawing persons to school and college, which prove to be distractions as soon as they are within. Light study, sports and entertainments,—these are the all-powerful magnets to draw, but powerless to aid after making contact.

Nevertheless, it is not clearly seen that these conditions of modern college life are obstructing classical study by reason of its non-utilitarian character. Ease, comfort, light work, agreeableness and other considerations rise more frequently to the surface, it is believed, among a large number, than the question of utility. Of the entire number who attend, thorough inquiry would probably reveal that those who are seriously thinking of the utilities, and who shun Latin and Greek because they do not possess this character, are only a small percentage.

What then is the more potent reason for ignoring these studies? Is not the true answer, the dry way in which they are often taught? If French and German were taught in the same manner, would not rebellion soon be rife? The drill in grammar, the long time spent on small matters, the brief time on the larger, more splendid and inspiring, these are the real causes of the decay in classical study. Too often the teacher himself has been the slayer of his beloved.

Surely, no excess of peculiarities exists in the structure of Latin and

Greek to repel the student; on the other hand, those who know most concerning these things, declare that in the structure of Greek especially there are many felicities still unattained by any other language. As for the literature, all agree that some of the choicest products in poetry, philosophy, history, and rhetoric, are the work of Latin and Greek genius. Does anyone doubt the truth of the verdict so often rendered along the centuries by the most competent? Is the assertion less true in comparison with modern productions? While the modern output is enormous in quantity, is not the criticism constantly heard, that it is lacking in quality? A moderate degree of success is attained, but the highest degree, measured by the best Greek and Latin standards, is still rare. If these things are true, why should not the real student be just as desirous as ever of mastering the best of the world's literature? And is not the true reason, in his sorrowful attempts he has been stuffed to engorgement with syntax and starved of its literature? Truly, no one will question the effectiveness of many a modern watchman of the classical Eden in keeping students out of the garden.

One cannot help recalling the Alexandria of the Ptolemies, when formal grammar first usurped the study of Greek literature and sought to fill the void caused by the departure of the great writers. The sophists, revelling in their learning, no longer stimulated literary production. Through a long, dreary period only a solitary Theocritus, the Tennyson of his day, sang his Doric melodies on the thymy slopes of sunny Sicily. The Grammarians! They "positively swarmed." The analogists and the anomalists, one party contending for rules and the other party for no rules, continued the conflict until Alexandria was transformed into a desert as barren of real literary life as the Lybian sands, not far off, of water. Who does not perceive in these devotees of grammar, Aristarchus, Dionysius Thrax and Co., the precursors of many a Latin and Greek grammarian and teacher of our day?

Do you say that the student no longer cares for literature and all that is implied by the term? the study of art in its highest sense; that this practical, athletic age has bowled out of him all desire for these things? It is true enough, that, with the larger number of students, the desire is feeble or unknown; but cannot the desire, in some of them at least, be awakened or strengthened? Surely the need for studying the classics was never greater than it is to-day. What quality is most lacking in the present-day literature? Sanity. Is not this one of the ever-present qualities of the best Greek mind? Whatever may be the causes of our too deeply colored, too swiftly flowing literature, whether they be traceable to the newspaper or the counting-room, the need of arresting

them no one will deny. To renew the study of Greek would be perhaps the very best of all antidotes. Is not Thucydides the same impartial writer as when he walked the streets of Athens? May not the modern student, under proper guide, gather as fresh flowers from the classic gardens, without loss of slightest shade of color or of faintest delicacy of perfume, as when they first bloomed by the art of Aeschylus or Sophocles?

In truth, there are many signs that the classical teacher is beginning to perceive these things. In some schools and colleges the method of teaching Latin and Greek so fully meets the need and wish of the student as to pass entirely outside the range of criticism. Indeed, for one we do not believe that classical studies are nearing their end, but are simply behind a somewhat prolonged eclipse from imperfect, depressing teaching. With the speedy return of better methods, there will be more votaries, a smaller number probably than formerly, but making full reparation by their greater zeal.*

*Lord Rosebery, in a recent after-dinner speech on the modern university, delivered at Glasgow University Club in London, said that he was not one of those who believed greatly in the development of the two old English universities of Oxford and Cambridge on modern lines. He thought they must remain immemorial shrines of that exquisite learning which they had provided for many centuries past, and he was very doubtful personally of the result of pouring new wine into those two ancient bottles—he used the word in no humorous sense—with any beneficent result. He believed that they had a great task still before them in the advancement of those studies which they had always carried on, and which must always appeal to alrge, a leisured, and a learned section of the nation. Every university had, or should have, a character of its own, and the characters of Oxford and Cambridge were so strongly marked out, and they had so venerable a tradition to support them that they needed no special modern adjuncts.

A. S. B.



CAPTURED AND BOUND I LIE TO-NIGHT.



CAPTURED and bound I lie to-night

On the pirate ship Desire,
Over the waters I see the light
Of Passion's beacon fire.

Tight are the bonds and my struggles vain
For Longing has forged the steel,
What use to try and break the chain
That Love has made so real?

Ah, how I love you! If you but knew
How the steel tears into the flesh,
You would not heal the wounds as you do,
Only to start them afresh.

How sweet, when the soul is stretched on the rack,
A rest from the ceaseless pain;
Ah, rather than lose it, put me back
And torture my soul again.

Dulled are my eyes by the blood-red light
That dances in maddest glee,
Blazing a path through the thick black night
Alluring the ship and me.

Resistless the power that carries us on
Like a tidal wave of despair,
All caution and care are completely gone
Though we know what awaits us there;

For under the seething crimson waves
Lie the jagged rocks of woe;
Huge whirlpools open like gaping graves
Hungry to draw us below.

And my soul is torn by a thousand hands
That pull with persistent pain;
My muscles throb as I strain at the bands.
Struggling to break them again.

Of a sudden the raging sea is still
And the beacon light less clear,
While the hot night air grows dank and chill
Under a fog of fear.

For I fear this thing—its resistless call,
And its awful power to compel;
Where is my mind, my will, my all,
Under its magic spell?

What is this wonderful, terrible thing
That grips me body and soul?
Why should the thought of you so cling
To my mind as the only goal?

I would that I knew; I might abate
Its power to pain me so.
Ah well, I think I will call it Fate—
It controls my life, I know.

The pirate ship floats dead on the sea,
Like a spirit's hopeless wreck;
The torturing chains drop off from me—
But I lie still on the deck.

Powerless to move, exhausted I lie,
And my senses take to flight;
Ah, hear my conscious spirit's cry—
Let me dream of you to-night.

F. R. C.



OMNIA VINCIT AMOR



HE blazing rays of a New Mexico mid-afternoon sun beat pitilessly upon the corrugated iron roof, and the sand desert danced and shimmered in the glare; but Buck Hoskins, the telegraph operator at Pewee Junction, was oblivious of the heat. With stockinged feet reposing on the desk and flannel shirt open at the neck, revealing a glimpse of his manly bosom, he was absorbed in the greasy pages of a well-thumbed volume. The Railway Circulating Library car had passed that noon, and had left him a copy of the *Droll Tales* of Balzac.

The occasional staccato click of the instruments, the droning of the flies along the ceiling, and the whining curses of a vagrant tramp imprisoned in an empty box-car on the siding—all fell upon deaf ears. But finally he was aroused by the discovery that a picture that should have pointed the moral and adorned the tale was missing. Reference to the list of illustrations in the front of the book apprised him of the allurements of the missing embellishment, and he remonstrated aloud. "Some people ain't got no consideration whatsoever" he observed crossly, and called vehemently on the Deity to witness the fact.

He put the book away carefully in a drawer of the desk, drew on his shoes, and wandered out onto the station platform. In every direction the sand stretched away to the horizon in monotonous flatness, except to the West, where blue hills were dimly discernible in the distance. Straight as a taut string lay the single track across the desert, converging into a glittering ribbon of steel. The man felt his lips grow parched and his tongue dry before the withering heat-waves that swept over him, and he peevishly surveyed the two buildings which, besides the station, comprised Pewee Junction.

"Cheese to prunes!" he growled sulkily. "This is a heller, an' no mistake!"

He sat down on the edge of the platform, and cutting himself a quid of "Railway Plug" began to practice expectorational shots at the far rail. His mind was evidently on something else, for his aim was poor, and once he muttered "Gee, I wisht I lived in France!" But finally a brown patch sizzled on the hot steel, and he eyed it affectionately.

The vehement protests of the wanderer imprisoned on the siding recalled him to the pleasures of life, and he strolled over and surveyed the big yellow van humorously. The letters:

PALACE REFRIGERATOR CAR

blazoned in red and blistering in the sun struck him as amusing.

"Hey, youse hobo!" he called genially.

"Hey yourself," was the sulky retort.

"How's yo' dinky ice-box? Nice an' cool?"

And he turned away exulting, without stopping to analyze the copious epithets bandied after him. The war between railroad men and tramps is abiding and bitter, and he had scored decisively. He could afford to overlook personal insults.

It occurred to him that after these exertions a bath would be a meritorious performance, so he strolled up to the water tower which served the double function of supplying water to passing locomotives, and providing a swimming pool for himself. Such liberties were not countenanced by the railroad company, but if discreetly carried on there was but slight chance of discovery. Buck climbed the iron ladder that led to the top of the tower, and lifted the trap-door. The tank was nearly full, and the water, though not especially clean, looked cool and inviting. He threw off his clothes, and slipped in.

He was revelling luxuriously in the refreshing and limpid depths of the tank when a tremor along the rails outside caught his ear. He popped his head out of the trap. A hand-car was spinning rapidly down the track. As he looked, it stopped before the station and a boy jumped onto the platform. The latter gazed around him for a minute, and then sank into a limp heap on the sun-baked planks.

Buck knew the symptoms from of old. "Great garlic," he muttered—"het-struck!" Like Neptune arising from the deep he clambered out of the tepid waters of the tank and hastily slipped on his clothes. Filling his hat with water he hurried down the ladder and ran along the platform.

The boy was young and slender, and in Buck's strong arms he was a very slight burden. The brawny operator carried the limp body into the station, laid the lad on the battered lounge which served as bed by night and divan by day, and anxiously bathed the flushed forehead and chafed the hands. "Pore kid!" he murmured, with rude tenderness; "nearly locoed!"

The boy who had thus fallen under his care was of medium height, slender, with delicate features and thick black hair, jaggedly cut, and matted over the damp forehead. Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked vacantly at the operator. Buck bent tenderly over the lad. "Sho! kid!" he said—"yo'll be O. K. in a jiffy. Jest set up an' take notice."

The boy stirred uneasily. "Don't let them catch me!" he murmured, faintly but distinctly.

"Clean dippy," was Buck's verdict, but remembering that the down express would soon be due, he hurried outside, heaved the hand-car off the track, and came back to the room just as a long whistle sounded in the distance. The boy was sitting up on the couch, his face still flushed, but very determined. "Is that a train?" he asked quickly. "Yep—Number 16," said Buck. "How d'yo' feel?"

But the lad was standing unsteadily before him. "Oh please, *please* don't let them get me!" he cried, his voice trembling.

"Who?" returned Buck, bewildered.

"Oh, I ran away from home," he moaned. "I'm so frightened!" and he fell back upon the couch, riven by a passion of sobs.

"Sho', kid," said Buck kindly, patting the quivering head with a gentle hand. "I won't let nobody hu't yo', so there," And the express thundered through in a whirl of flying dust and roaring wheels.

"Where d' yo' come from?" Buck asked when the train had passed.

"Sassafras," said the boy, still showing his grief by an occasional convulsive heave of his shoulders.

"Gee! Why that's fifty mile from here! Sence when?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Good gosh, kid! In this heat? No wonder yo' were all tuckered out! Yo' better lay down an' rest a while." And he prattled on in his soothing drawl without noticing that the lad was already asleep.

Buck gazed upon the flushed features and dark-ringed eyes with interest. "Poor kid!" he said. "He's shore had hard luck somehow." And with that he tiptoed out in silence and took a nap himself beneath the shade of a baggage truck.

He was awakened by cries from the station. "Help! Help!" called a voice.

He leaped up, and ran toward the platform. As he passed the "Palace Refrigerator Car" he noticed that the sliding door in its side stood open. Evidently the son of leisure within had been refrigerated long enough, and had made good his escape! He heard sounds of conflict in the office, and hurrying in found the lad struggling with the tramp. The man had forced his weaker opponent onto one knee, and was trying to wrest something from him—something which the boy held with desperate fingers.

For Buck, to see was to act. With a shout he sprang upon the hobo, rolled him over and over and ground his face along the floor to the exceeding detriment of his nose. Muttering inarticulate curses, he pummel-

led him unmercifully, until the tramp's head crashed against the desk, and he lay quite still, stunned by the shock.

Buck turned to the other. "Well, kid," he said, breathing hard, "what the —" But one look at the boy's face arrested him. He was quivering all over with suppressed sobs. "There, there," said the kindly agent. "Don't take on so. What was the trouble?"

"Oh th—th—the *brute*!" was the tremulous reply. "He looked in the window and saw my locket and—" He suddenly stopped, looked at the man in a frightened way, and threw himself face down sobbing on the lounge. From his hand slipped a tiny thing that fell unnoticed to the floor. Buck stooped and picked it up. It was a tiny locket on a dainty golden chain, such as a woman wears about her neck. On the locket he saw engraved the word "Betty."

He gazed in astonishment at the figure on the couch. The slender form, the jaggedly-cut hair showing a white, untanned neck, the delicate features and smooth cheeks—all appeared to him in a new light, and all pointed to the astonishing surmise that had just thrust itself upon him: the stranger was a girl!

Struck by his silence, she turned her tear-stained face to his; and seeing the locket in his hand, and his astonished face, she flushed carnation-red.

"I see yo've found me out," she said defiantly. "I'm at yo' mercy."

"Sho', kid," stammered Buck awkwardly—"I wo'dn't hu't yo' fo' anything."

She looked at him sharply, and the frank, open face and manly hearing of the big operator seemed to inspire confidence.

"I run away from home," she said quickly. "Pa wanted me to marry a wise guy I didn't care fer—jest because he'd got the dough. I didn't see it that-a-way; so I cut my hair off, an' put on my kid brother's duds an' beat it. I got all in with the heat, an'—an'—here I am! I s'pose Pa'll be after me purty soon. What yo' goin' to do? Give me up?" And she began to sob again.

Buck's mind worked rather slowly. "Do yo' want to be give up?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" snapped the girl sarcastically. "Go back an' live with Pa, an' get beat to death in three weeks! Sure! I'm crazy to go back!"

"Well, what yo' goin' to do if yo' don't?"

"Oh, I got an aunt over to Cayuga City. I can live with her, I guess."

"Cayuga City!" said Buck to himself—"a hundred mile!" And then aloud "Think yo' Pa'll be arter yo' soon?"

"He might 'a ben here a'ready," was the response. "Can yo' hide me here anywhere?"

"Nowheres where he can't look ef he has a mind to," said Buck. And then a gleam of inspiration came to him. "I'll tell yo' Pa we're married."

The girl laughed—a pretty laugh, thought Buck, "He won't believe yo'!" she said, smiling at him.

The subtleties of this remark were unnoticed by Buck. "Reckon he'll have to," said he. "I don't callate to be disb'lieved—leastways, not onless he's bigger than I am." He stretched his six feet three to its full height, and smiled at her genially.

She looked at him rather coyly. "I reckon he'll believe you," she said.

It was not five minutes after this, while Buck was heaving the feebly-complaining hobo back into his refrigerated sanctum that another hand-car, with two men on it, came trundling down the track. One of the two, a short burly fellow with a sandy beard, jumped off and came toward him.

"Ain't seen a tall girl with black hair goin' through here, hev yo'?" he said.

"I ain't sure ef I hev or not," said Buck slowly.

"What in—By Judas, thar she is now!" exclaimed the other, looking through the window. The blood rushed to his face, and he took a quick step forward.

"Hold on there," said Buck, putting his large hand on the other man's shoulder. "Whar yo' goin'?"

"What is it to you?" retorted the other, viciously.

"Jest this: is that yo' daughter?"

"Yes, the—"

"Well," said Buck, interrupting a string of oaths, "she mought'a ben yo'r daughter, but jest now she's *my* wife, an' I'll trouble yo' to cut swearin' about her."

The girl had appeared on the platform, smiling sweetly, as he spoke. Her father choked with fury as he saw her attire, but one look at Buck's face checked his tongue. He restrained himself with difficulty. "Is— is this true, Betty?" he asked.

For answer she walked over and slipped her hand in Buck's; and he, marvelling at his own temerity, put his arm about her waist. As he felt the curve of the girl's body a thrill went through him, and he faced his presumptive father-in-law with a quizzical smile.

For a few moments that gentleman's face was a study; but gradu-

ally its crimson tinge faded and his brow smoothed itself. As he surveyed the bridegroom's form and features his ire relaxed somewhat. "Well," he growled, "it mought 'a ben worse, I guess!" And he climbed onto the hand-car and they rumbled off without another word.

Buck watched the car grow small in the distance without seeming to realize that his arm was still about her. She gently disengaged herself. "That's not necessary now!" she said. "Thank yo' very much." And she looked at him rather shyly.

But in Buck's veins something new was stirring. "Betty," he said—and the name sounded very sweet to him—"Betty—we done it once fer a fake. Let's do it again fer the real thing!"

Her face grew pink. She glanced shamefacedly at her masculine garb and then looked him steadily in the eyes. Suddenly her gaze dropped.

"I don't care if I do," she said softly.

C. D. M.

A WINTER SONG



O for the lass with the crimson cheek
 Who loves the winter weather,
 Who will sing a song
 As you skate along
 To make you forget your Latin and Greek
 And will laugh if ever the ice should creak
 As you chatter and skate together.

Ho for the lass who dares confess
 When sleigh bells start to jingle
 That Math and Dutch
 Aren't worth very much
 That Biology III is an awful mess
 And Ethics is tommy-rot more or less
 When your blood begins to tingle.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL LOAFER



COLLEGE bred, a four year's loaf"— Did you laugh?—

If you didn't, you are in a fair way to win my unreserved respect; if you did, I love you. Tell me what you laugh at and I will tell you what you are. Let me show you. All men are divided into three parts: some are to be endured, some to be respected, and some few to be enjoyed. None of the respectable laughed just now, no respectable person ever laughs at that pun any more; some who know I don't care, even say, "Oh pshaw, for pity's sake!" And your to-be-endureds showed the scorn they could not hide. But the true sport laughed unreservedly. A real loafer, a philosophical-loafer always laughs, he is like charity, he endureth all things. And I might say that we have these three, the moralist, the cynic, and the general nuisance, but the greatest of these is the philosophical loafer.

It has taken long eras of complex evolutionary processes, many groans from the unfit and much heartbreaking reaction resulting in final advance, to produce the finished loafer. Adam, you might think, had the chance of an epoch to set the pace for loafers. But that fundamental obstacle in Adam's day or Rip Van Winkle's, a woman, was on the spot, and Adam, without any of the experience that has enabled later glorious advances, was helpless. To his simple mind it seemed easiest to capitulate. Even good men nowadays often fail to learn the difficult but essential lesson of preserving calm in the face of tears, smiles, taunts, blandishments, broken-hearts, hairpullings, beseechings, rolling-pins, hysterics and vocables. So Adam fell. There seems to be a sort of fate antagonistic to the loafer. Envious calumniators are always ready to spoil the most finished product of medenaganology. Not only did invaluable records perish in the freshet, but all the most accomplished links that might have handed down the science, seem to have been caught out without life preservers in the great I-told-you-so incident engineered by Noah. In spite of this catastrophe germs of the art lingered. Achilles is known to fame, but with him I confess I am disappointed. He sulked, but how crudely. No artist would ever have withdrawn to his tent when he might nonchalantly have lighted his cigarette on the field and blown smoke in Aphrodite's face, if she came too near. Ulysses was better, but the yarn he made his wife happy with, would never go nowadays.

Irrecoverably lost in the mists of antiquity are hundreds of heroes, who, fighting inch by inch, added so much to the science. By the time

of Socrates we find a Herculean advance. Socrates may almost be called the father of loafing, for with him the art has started on the broad road to scientific perfection. When you see a man sitting in his morris chair and keeping the atmosphere warm under the inspiration of other people's business, do you ever stop to think that Socrates was not only an adept at this but that too without the morris chair? Yet so it is. In connection with Socrates one point is preeminently salient. He was the first, so far as we know, and, some venture to say, the most expert in solving the woman question. Most of our loafers nowadays are unhampered by matrimony or, to be explicit, most of our married men do not loaf. It has even been hinted by some jaundice-eyed individuals that some of the brightest stars in the brazen firmament have never wooed, not for the ostensible reason that a more ethereal loaf is within the reach of the bachelor, but really because brilliantly trained as they may be, a woman can still make them uncomfortable. Socrates, owing to popular prejudice, let us remember in thinking of him, had to support a wife. Just here we are likely to miss the utterly artless perfection of his instinct. All the time that Xanthippe was exercising Socrates' new branched philosophy by daily tirades, she herself paid the bills, and (think of it!) has had all the blame ever since.

Only ostensibly, you may be sure, was Socrates a stone-cutter. All day long he used to sit on the curb and teach the noble science of loafing, more perhaps by example than by precept. He not only loafed but he showed others how to loaf and to loaf more or less philosophically too, as for instance Alcibiades, who invented that princely way of jumping at the nearest object of desire, regardless of consequences. Socrates is ever to be revered for the momentous step he took in refusing to get out of the executioner's way, holding it a boon *sine qua non vivendum erat*, to loaf. His words are still invaluable in giving real insight into the art of loafing. He shows conclusively that a philosophical loafer differs from an ordinary loafer chiefly in that he thinks not only of the present moment but tries to plan that all-eternity may be one sweet loaf. He sees no lions in the way, and if there are any, calmly submits to the ordeal of vividegustation as being a mere endurable prelude to more ethereal loafing.

But, pause we now in awe. Perfervid silence of infinite nothingness, evanescence into arid tracts of pathlessness, subsidence into the bottomless deep beneath, this alone, and this but in puerile futility can express a sense of the magnificence of Diogenes, the culmination, the acme, the high-water mark of lackadaisical failure to exaggerate the importance of trifles. Thou incomparable, unattainable, adorable, never to be imitable,

ever our glory and our despair, thy splendor us overwhelmeth. Pre-eminent was thy calm that was not to be disturbed by a king; no, far from it, the suavity of the true loafer never left thy tongue even when hinting at an uncomfortable interception of the sunlight.

Did you ever ask why Diogenes reclined in a tub? To the initiated that phenomenon is a straw which wonderfully indicates that happy faculty which is possessed by all geniuses, excellence in detail. Socrates had sat in the sunshine, but was nevertheless shamefully linked to a house. Diogenes could loaf anywhere. But why choose a tub? Perhaps you say, he couldn't afford an automobile or he might have chosen a tub as easier to push, or he may (perish the thought!) have used it Sunday mornings. I do not think so. Diogenes had genius, but he did not despise investigation; he attained to prominence by making the most of his propensities. I have long been convinced that Diogenes' tub by virtue of its time-worn connotation of water and labor, acted as a true homeopathic antidote against any lingering heresies. The proximity of work never hurts one; it is often stimulating and suggestive. It is one of the most lamentable might-have-beens of history that we have no record of the numerous other scientific discoveries that must have been made by Diogenes, the Archimedes of loafing.

From this point our science becomes more extensive than intensive. To be sure moralist Pharisees and cynic Sadducees unite in appreciating naught but loaves and fishes; and that general nuisance, the Roman people, wanted only *panem et circenses*, which is much the same thing; but the real philosophical loafer becomes scarcer and scarcer.

The monks knew some points and have to some extent served as models to this day. We have now various methods of loafing, the moral, the cynical, or the general nuisance, but what we must attain to as our ideal is the loaf of genuine philosophic listlessness. This is a commercial age; the devil of this world is even now going about like a tinkling dollar, beckoning us with all the wiles of hell to the market places, whispering insidious suggestions in our very eyes. Be not deceived, set not your thoughts on theatres, automobiles or house-parties. Diogenes loafed in a tub, and the true loafer must be unresponsive to stimulus, yea, verily, his inertia shall overturn more worlds than the onslaught of a Roosevelt.

Beginners must be cautioned. Neophytes often betray themselves by groaning in spirit at thought of work. Not so your master of the art. He is so little in fear of work that he half likes to have it around.

Work is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, untainted by her malice,
We first endure, then pity, then grow callous.

Some who are doing well as loafers live constantly in the midst of work, often keeping in sight as a gentle mental cud, so to speak, a whole term's unfinished themes. No, rather let your inertia carry you through mountains of work than consent to be moved. The philosophical loafer must keep his spirit in peace; come woe, come weal, let him stand his ground, and he will find work and pain rolling off his soul like water off a duck. Get the habit.

L. A. P.

VERSES



THOU art to me

A sun within a sky
Of blackest clouds banked high
Upon that hard horizon line of fate
Again, —thou art
A guiding star of light,
Of lustre wondrous bright,
Refusing power or passion to abate

Thou'rt yet still more
To me— thou rul'st mine heart
And ruling ne'er depart
Lest parting snap the chords of living song
And sullen Death,
Devoid of Harmony,
Symbol of Sanctity,
Should conquer our emotions held so long.

F. P. S., Jr.

EDITORIALS

MILITANT AGNOSTICISM



WE have grown more or less accustomed in recent years to the more painfully evident symptoms of adolescence. The child who wantonly destroys some valuable object is no longer deemed, as in the days of our Puritan ancestors, a promising subject for the Eternal Bonfire. Our latter-day scientific investigations have convinced us of the entire naturalness of these youthful phenomena. We have learned

to condone on this ground much of the irritating behaviour of childhood. To this natural but rather disagreeable law of nature we ascribe even the childish escapades of Freshman and Sophomore years at college. This, we have concluded, is the explanation of the much paraded bibulous exploits indulged in and recounted with such gusto by a number of underclassmen in every college. Having seen numerous examples of this type of adolescent explosion, if we may use this term, we accept them with at least outward indifference, striving as best we can to hide our inward laughter.

There is however another kind of adolescent ebullition, which while not so evident to the outsider as the sophomoric emulation of Omar Khayyam, is none the less prevalent, at least here at Haverford, and we suppose, at most institutions. The mere fact that in this college, like most nowadays, there seems to be a strain of agnosticism, is scarcely a matter for serious comment, certainly not for worriment. Scepticism in regard to the established order has, from time immemorial, been the privilege of youth, particularly collegiate youth. The truly disagreeable figure in this little throng of self-styled unbelievers is, however, the ex-

ceedingly militant agnostic. This youngster, fairly prevalent at the present time here, is as truly on a self-conscious debauch, intellectual as its character may be, as the "manly" underclassmen who ostentatiously haunts the Philadelphia Cafés. He finds no pleasure in his unbelief unless the whole world knows of it. If he numbers among his friends some one of supposed or real liberality of thought then has he found fair prey. Into one's room he stalks, relieves himself of a lot of incoherent half truth, Ajax-like seasons his discourse with needless blasphemy and departs happy in the belief that he has left behind an impression of a mighty intellect, grappling with gigantic problems and majestically unhampered by petty tradition.

So numerous has this specimen become that one is tempted to post over one's doorway "Let him who enters here leave all philosophy behind" and indeed at the present rate of increase "*Cave Canem*" will soon be in order.

Perhaps we may by longer acquaintance become as well inured to this type in college as we now are to the youthful Lord Byron, but at present it seems difficult in the extreme. And meanwhile, before the arrival of this more comfortable epoch, what course shall we pursue?

Best of all let us strive to remember our own adolescent tidal waves of an earlier period—probably they were just as painful to the spectators. Let us by following the Biblical injunction toward these youths confound them by their own weapons. In short, let us use all manner of charity toward them.

RAISON D'ÊTRE

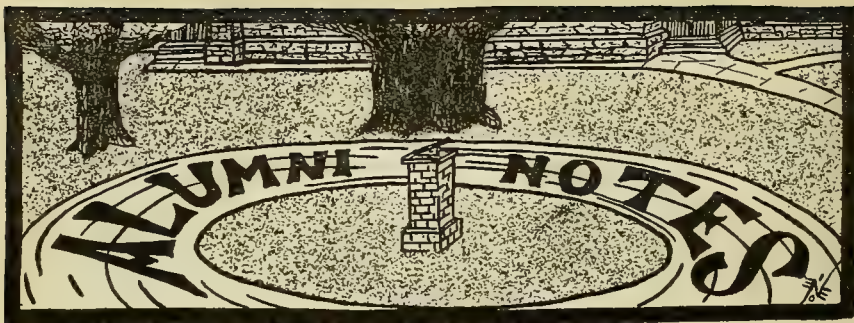
At a recent gathering of Haverford alumni, an "old grad" who might have known better, asked tentatively whether the HAVERFORDIAN still had a place in college activities. It was amusing, then, to read the puckered and abject countenances of some of the men who are in closer touch with general college activities. The question of the misinformed gentleman went begging. But it occurs to us that perhaps there are other Haverfordians who do not remember what place the HAVERFORDIAN filled in those four *unique* years in which *they* colored the campus—who can't see a *raison d'etre* now that they are gone.

We will grant them a mercenary view of the situation and admit that perhaps it isn't worth their paltry dollar a year to read literary effusions of men they have no interest in. The real point is a more subtle one than that. Haverford is an arts college—it is recognized as a high grade school of general culture, And at the head of this broad stream of

culture the HAVERFORDIAN tries to stand as the expression of undergraduate appreciation. But it adds something more. It stimulates and keeps alive the quest for fair influences and noble ideals. It gives cue more than anything else to the tenor of the college.

This word is written to assure the greater majority of the alumni that we appreciate the support which they generously give, and we try well to deserve that support. In the case of those few who wonder in the dark whether we have not been submerged since *they* left, we would suggest a trial subscription and await meekly their decision. Obey that impulse.





Dr. James Tyson '60 and Dr. Louis Starr, '68, took an active participation in the opening of the new College of Physicians and Surgeons, which occurred recently at the new building on South 22nd Street, Philadelphia.

Ex-'76 Percival Roberts, was elected, on December 1st, a director of the United States Steel Corporation. It will be remembered that Mr. Roberts was at one time President of the American Bridge Company.

'85 Dr. Theodore W. Richards has been elected corresponding member of the Royal Prussian Academy in Berlin.

Ex-'89 Francis E. Bond, has sold his seat in the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, and has retired as an active partner in the firm of Edward B. Smith and Co., Bankers and Brokers, Philadelphia. He will remain a special partner in this firm and expects to go abroad with his family for the next year or two.

'90 Jonathan M. Steere has been appointed a Trust officer of the Girard Trust Company.

'90 The nineteenth annual dinner of the class of 1890 was held at The Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on the evening of November 20th, after the Haverford-Trinity game.

Those present were: W. G. Audenreid, Jr., P. S. Darlington, R. E. Fox, D. P. Hibberd, J. F. L. Lewis, W. P. Simpson and J. M. Steere.

'92 B. Cadbury was married on November 4th to Miss Anna M. Moore of Richmond, Ind.

'97 Alfred S. Haines died, after a short illness, on October 1st. For several years he had been teacher at Westtown Boarding School.

'98 Frederic Stadelman, who is the New York manager for the Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, with office at 10 Church Street, New York City, is now convalescent from a very severe attack of typhoid fever.

'99 Archer Mifflin was married on September 30th, at Wayne, Pa., to Miss Helen M. Watt, at the residence of her brother, Mr. Louis H. Watt, Samuel W. Mifflin, '00, was the best man for his brother. Mr. and Mrs. Mifflin will live in Galveston, Texas, where Mr. Mifflin will engage in business as a mining surveyor.

'99 Edward H. Lycett, Jr., who is a partner in the firm of Williams and Lycett, insurance, has recently removed his offices to 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

'00 A son was born to Dr. and Mrs. Horace H. Jenks, Dr. and Mrs. Jenks are spending this winter near Elkins Park, Pa.

'01 R. Patton, of the Merion Cricket Club, obtained the highest batting average in the Halifax Cup matches for the past season.

'01 The engagement is announced of J. W. Cadbury Jr. and Miss Rachel C. Reeve of Germantown.

'02 Galloway C. Morris, who was recently connected with the insurance firm of Curtin and Brockie, is now with the Insurance Company of North America, 232 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

'03 James B. Drinker has severed his connection with the Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia, and is now with the Dravo Contracting Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

'04 H. H. Bimton is teaching in Pickering College, Newmarket, Ontario, Canada.

'04 The engagement is announced of Thomas J. Megear to Miss Virginia R. Atkinson, of Philadelphia.

'06 J. A. Stratton and Miss Isadora E. P. Brown were married last September.

Ex-'08 A daughter was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Haines.

'08 C. K. Drinker has now recovered from his recent illness, and is taking his second year course at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. He is living at 2325 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

'08 Winthrop Sargent, Jr., is with the Standard Supply and Equipment Company, 1710 Market Street, Philadelphia.

'09 A. De G. Warnock is with Mears and Brown, Real Estate, 15th and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.

'09 William S. Febiger is in the employ of Justice, Bateman and Company, Wool Merchants, 122 South Front Street, Philadelphia.

'09 J. D. Philips and Miss Marion Crosman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Crosman, of Haverford, were married on October 24, at The Oaks, Haverford School, Haverford, Pa.

The following Haverford men were ushers: B. Hopper '06, J. D. Philips '06, G. H. Deacon '09 and W. L. Sandt '09.



EXCHANGES



HAVERFORDIAN Exchanges in the last issue started the year with a dignified discussion of college literature. The Exchange Editor at that time congratulated himself. Methinks, said he, we have got old Pegasus on the tanbark in fine form. A mischievous printer, however, set the whole thing awry—and we trust that if you haven't noticed, you won't look up a slight typographical error.

We can only promise, hereafter, to be wary of tempting words, remembering the printer's devil.

The Exchange Editor now feels a reversion, having failed to be dignified, and promises to take an unconventional tack. He is sure that his Exchanges will be better if he writes them in a bathrobe style rather than high hat. And he trusts also that his fellow Exchange Editors will come out into the limelight, for in one short month he has got tired of running the show from behind the scenes. We who are so courageous as to confront every month a pile of magazines a foot high ought to have the privilege of making an occasional speech ourselves—and let the audience be bored if it chooses.

A stack of magazines to be read during the Thanksgiving holidays is apt to mar the good humor of the Exchange Editor—if the vacation and the irascible temper of the Editor mar the Exchange column you may be the better judge.

Anyway "we didn't git no *Wellesley* and we didn't git no *Smith*. And we will never git no *Bryn Mawr*" (they know us too well). But *Vassar* rides old Peg to Haverford every month, and the Editors scramble to do the honors. Last month we confessed an interest in the suffragette movement in literature (politics we defer until the Editor loses his hair).

But we want to be jealous of women who do things better than we do, so the Vassar people ought to be watched suspiciously by masculine magazine aspirants.

The Exchange Editor was coming out from Philadelphia late one night last week, and he kept himself awake by reading "A Hope Deferred." And the Exchange Editor wondered how many men, having felt the surge and the pang that aches in the breast of the disappointed lover, could pen so subtle a piece of analyzed psychological realism as this Vassar woman has. In fact the Exchange Editor blurted out "I feel just that way myself." But the letter came that night.

Of other sketches of the subjective type the "Fear of God" in the *Texas* seems to us well worth commending. Its theology is not new, nor has it the uniqueness of "A Hope Deferred." But it is one of the few tragic stories of the current issues which deals ably with its incident. We wish to assert a theory that nobody can die artistically in a short story. The present Exchange Editor revolts when an author kills somebody on the third page—for it seems to him that she can't develop sympathy enough for his characters to make the story convincing and realistic. The effect is too often strained.

This criticism may be applied to "The Fool's Errant" in the *Randolph Macon*, and "Her Brother" in the *Amherst Literary Monthly*. "The Fool's Errant" is unique, but certainly not convincing. "Her Brother" a sketch with individual touches has no individuality in itself, and it resolves itself into the ordinary tragic type.

We feel that the reader likes to know his characters better before he goes down with them into the depths. "The Tragedy of the Nameless Club" in the *Trinity Archive* succeeds better in this respect. It is treated effectively and with a full imagination.

"The Wooing of the Widow" in the *Virginia* and the "McCarver" story in the *Wesleyan*, both love stories, seem to smack too much of the cheap, bread-and-butter magazine type. They proceed to amazing marriages quite regardlessly. There is the taint of improbability in both. "Twin Hearts" in the *Randolph Macon* is a fanciful love story and the author is clever enough to leave the reader in a state of conjecture.

The strongest story and the best conceived is "The Measure of a Man" in the *Texas*. It is moulded from strong clay. It deals with ethical

principles, rather than with the innocent experience material of which much college literature is composed.

In articles and in critical work *Vassar* has undoubtedly the leading pieces of the month. The article on "The School—the Center of Democracy" is a remarkably intelligent description of a most interesting and meritorious phase of social work. It seems to us that the men who will make American literature will be men who rise from just such schools as these, who start from the depths and grow upwards, rather than those average Americans who find life easy and get too little of the dust and heat, which go to make soul experience and great literature.

The *Trinity Archive* prints another interesting article, "Social Changes—due to North Carolina's Industrial Transition." It is a very capably written piece of economic history, evidently from direct observance and contact with the new Southern situation—a situation which we Northerners are not apt to appreciate.

In criticisms the *Vassar* has a very keen characterization of Meredith's work. An increased interest in Meredith is noticeable and the feminine insight is here particularly valuable. The literary biography of Richard Dabney in the *University of Virginia* magazine seems to us superfluous. Perhaps we don't understand. We are sorry to be hard on good old Virginia this time.

The *Williams Literary Monthly* publishes a critical essay "The Victorian Novel Once More." The essay is surfeited with allusions, and the author has allowed himself to splurge in his unrestrained command of the Victorian field. It is exhausting on both sides.

We are inclined to be amused at the general tone of the current issue of the *Williams*. The boys there deal their sex a bad hand in "The Awakening of Matilda" and in "The Countess of Ballydown." Alas, in both stories men are as fickle as women, and quite unscrupulous.

But the thing that strikes our funny bone is the editorial, in which the "maturer undergraduate" (self styled) bluntly interrogates and demands to know of the President and Trustees what shall be the *policy* of the college. We'll venture the *maturer* undergraduate won't find out. He must mature some more before he learns to do things tactfully.

We wonder too whether it was the same mature gentleman who wrote the "Sign of the Shears" (this is a fantastic name for the vernacular, Exchange Column). But the matured youth of the shears proceeds thus:

"Though we pay to the October exchanges the respect due to their promptness, we find in the *H— Q—* for June, 1909, worthier material to try our rusted scissors on. In the case of those slight and mediocre periodicals that limp into our office from month to month, our pity rises for the poverty of intellectual life they argue in the colleges whose names they bear."

The sophist of the shears assumes that his mere statement settles it—for he does not bother to show proof of his prejudices. Worthier material in an old June number! Intellectual poverty, curiously enough, prefers to grovel in the dust, as long as maturity chafes a bump of conceit against the bedpost.

The Editors of the *Santa Clara Redwood* were busy last month at the photographers, and perhaps we may thus explain their distorted ideas of Latin. We were startled at this pretty collection at the end of a very favorable criticism of the HAVERFORDIAN:

"In passing we noticed what we take to be a typographical mistake; '*Gaudimus Igitur*' is the caption for an editorial. Should it not be *Gaudemus Igitur*? We do not believe in calling attention to slips of this kind—if it be a slip—but somehow or other we are more sensitive to such mistakes in Latin than in the vernacular."

Remember good friends, that we have a printer's devil to contend with, but we tried to say *gaudeamus*. Perhaps you could verify us in Allen and Greenough's!

The verse in the current files is mediocre—at least to our "poor intellects." The best pieces come from the *Southern Collegian* in "Diana" and "The Voices of Twilight."



THE HAVERFORDIAN

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VOL. XXXI

HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1910

No. 8

MASTER HUGUES OF SAXE-GOTHA



DISTINGUISHED Haverford alumnus in a notable essay which has been very favorably received in the highest literary and musical circles makes the following statement: "Other notable examples of musical errors are Browning's description of a fugue in 'Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha,'—interesting but incorrect; Coleridge's '*loud* bassoon' in the 'Ancient Mariner'; and Tennyson's agonizing

combination of violin, flute and bassoon' as a band in 'Maud'."*

The first of these examples would probably convey to the reader a wrong impression of the poem. The writer of the essay undoubtedly refers in this statement not to the technical description of the fugue, but to the interpretation of its meaning as it is there propounded. This point, however, can be more clearly brought out after a discussion of the substance of the poem.

To one who is a layman in the field of music the fugue is a complex form of composition, the intricacies of which are not to be understood except by the master of counterpoint. And, as a matter of fact, the construction of a fugue can be thoroughly explained only to one who has to some extent at least mastered the fundamentals of that subject. But even to those who have had a very slight musical education the elementary structure of the fugue is not difficult of comprehension. A theme on "subject" (a short melodious phrase) is given out by one part and this is repeated, generally in a different key, by a second part, while

*"On Milton's Knowledge of Music," by S. G. Spaeth, from "Essays in Honor of Francis B. Gummere," page 62.

the first part keeps up its own melody. This repeating of the "subject" by the second part is called the "answer." And after equal intervals the other parts, if there are any, take up successively this same theme and each "continues its course as a tributary to the general harmony." The purpose is, by presenting the "subject" in various keys and with various harmonies, "in a diversity of aspects or relations," to "develop beauty or interest." Secondary themes are introduced and the themes are repeated in changed form; the different parts, each working for itself, but forming a part of a harmonious whole, are brought together to a stately ending. There may be two, three, four or more parts in a fugue. The one described in the poem has five.

From this very simple and very imperfect description of its form can be seen what a complicated style of composition the fugue represents. In fact, it is the highest attainment of musical development. The rating of a composer rests to a great extent on his ability to make use of the fugue form. The great fugues are to be compared to the great classic masterpieces of literature—they are incomparable, but they cannot be enjoyed, let alone appreciated, except by those who by serious study have been educated up to that level.

The impossibility of describing such a musical form in non-technical language is apparent, but it is hoped that the utterly inadequate description above may enable those who are unfamiliar with music to gain some understanding of the meaning of the poem.

"Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha" is in Browning's favorite form, the dramatic monologue. It is named after an entirely imaginary composer. The speaker is the organist of some unnamed church. It is after evening service. The congregation is rapidly disappearing and the lights are being extinguished (3).^{*} The organist calls to the sexton for "five minutes grace," for he says that he wants to fix one of the pedals which is out of order (3). The real cause is that when he looks up from his music he sees in his imagination Master Hugues, the dead composer (2), peeping from the shade or the "forest of pipes" (8), and he wants him to answer the question he has so frequently asked: "What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?"(1).

The organist has been playing the composer's masterpiece, the "Twelfth Fugue," the hardest of his compositions all of which "younger folks shelve"(7). He imagines the master to have said that the technical execution, the playing of "the mere notes," had been perfect but that he failed to appreciate its meaning(10). The organist has only an inch

^{*}Numbers in brackets refer to number of stanza in the poem.

of candle left, but he wants the composer to verify his convictions as to its meaning(11). These convictions are as follows:

First a phrase is proposed, not by itself worthy of either commendation or blame, but, in spite of this, though no answer is necessary, an answer is made (12). In addition to these Two arguers a Third volunteers needless help; "in strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose," and the argument is on(13). The discussion is bandied from one to another(14), and all becomes "wrangle, abuse and vociferance." Then there is "a truce, all's subdued, self-restraining"(15). And so the quarrel goes on with all kinds of weapons from pins to axes and crowbars(17). But what is gained by all this?

In the next ten stanzas the musician tries to find the meaning of it all. The pure gold of the music is obscured and blackened by the thickening web of counterpoint as is the gilt moulding on the roof of the church by the cobwebs. He wants to know if there is any other purpose in the music than that of "tiring three boys at the bellows." He asks the composer if it is his "Moral of Life." It suggests that we weave just such a web here on earth "in impotent strife," while over our heads "God's gold" is "palled beneath man's usurpature." And we leave the web in its present dimensions on account of the traditions of the past, and as a consequence "not a glimpse of the far land gets through our comments and glozes." This difficult composition of Hugues in F minor is not "a mere mountain in labor." It has a deep meaning.

"Truth's golden o'er us although we refuse it—

Nature—through cobwebs we string her."

The organist clears the arena of the five contestants, and dismissing the shade of Master Hugues from the organ loft, or rather from his imagination, he unstops the full organ and turns his attention to the simple, solemn, churchly *mode Palestrina*, in which the pure gold is not overcast(28). But the candle goes out, and he calls to the sexton for a light that he may not break his neck getting down the stairs, concluding humorously, "Do I carry the moon in my pocket?"

This description of a fugue as a quarreling and a wrangling of the different parts may well be the cause of the statement mentioned before. But this statement seems somewhat misleading. For it is impossible to think that this was the way in which Browning actually viewed the fugue.

For Browning was a thorough musician.* He studied under masters of great eminence, and his interest in music was very keen throughout

*See "Robert Browning the Musician," by A. Goodrich-Freer. *Living Age*, vol. 229, p. 803.

his life, though during the latter part of it he discontinued work in that line, as also in art, to devote his entire attention to poetry. Since this is the case, it is evident that he had a very different appreciation of the fugue from what at first sight one might infer that he had from this poem. And from the way he speaks of the fugue in another of his poems, "Such a Fugue would catch soul heavenwards up,"* we have all the greater reason for this belief. In fact, we could imagine that the description of the improvisation of Abt Vogler would better set forth Browning's appreciation of the fugue than this description in "Master Hugues."

This brings us to the following conclusions. "Master Hugues" is not a piece of musical criticism. It is a discussion of certain deep truths of human life with a dramatic background. The poet conceives the description of the fugue that he may draw the very plain analogy between the musical parts and human beings. He has a message for us. The message is that with all the turmoil and strife of our daily existence we obscure what is higher in human nature and forget God and our spiritual life. This is no new truth. But it is presented to us in a novel manner. And in order that he might present it in this manner, he makes an intentional perversion of his own appreciation of the fugue, by treating it as composed of hostile, instead of harmonious, elements.

L. R. S.

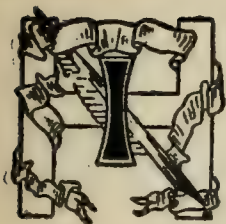
*See "Parleyings with Certain People—with Charles Avison," stanza V.

MY SOUL

No lonely mist,
 No drear and dreadful shade
 That leaves for the unknown
 When death bells toll,
 But what I list
 To make thee, thou art made,
 And thou art all my own,
 Art thou, my soul
 And I shall build
 Thee beautiful and fair
 That men shall bow and ask,
 "What man has built so well?"
 (And so I willed:
 But suffering sore and care
 Have ruined me for the task—
 I'll hide thee, Soul, in hell).

1910.

THE DREAM LADY



It was the evening of August 28, 1906, while taking a walking trip through the northeastern part of Pennsylvania, that I made my camp on the bank of Lake Pocono. The day had been hot; the sun had blazed down unpitifully through the August haze and the smoke from numerous forest fires. Yet with the evening came a breeze that rustled

softly through the pine branches, and catching up the fragrance of the cones and of the quiet water carried it gently through the forest. The full moon, high in the sky, was reflected in the lake; beyond that circle of light, the trees and shadows made a solid mass of gloom, from which, here and there, a stalwart pine showed its gaunt silhouette against the sky. Not a sound save of the woodfolk; only the croaking of the frogs and the whir of wings as a night-bird flew high among the branches.

I was used to travelling alone, yet this silence never broken by another's voice, this gloom of the distant shore, brought to me a feeling of deep loneliness that would not be driven away. While I sat gazing out over the water, suddenly I noticed in the shadow of the opposite bank a dim white object. "What was it?" I wondered. It was not there a minute ago. The object, whatever it was, became larger and more distinct. It was coming out, slowly, silently, across the water. It was almost beyond the limits of the longest shadow. Then the first moonbeam touched the white—I started back, half in terror, half in awe. Floating above the water, dressed in gleaming white garments that sparkled with almost celestial light stood the "Lady of the Dream!" She was coming nearer, I saw her face—and such a face! Her eyes shone, her lips were parted in a joyous smile; her dark half-loosened hair fell in delicate wisps on her forehead. As she neared the bank she shaded her eyes with her hand and peered into the darkness. I rose to meet her; the smile faded, and a sad look came into her face—half the look of a child whose heart is broken, half the look of a woman who is learning to conceal her grief. Slowly she passed away, becoming more and more indistinct in the distance, and then, she was gone.

II.

The following winter I spent in touring France. I thought somewhat of spending another year on the continent, yet, when the summer was again approaching, I felt the subtle call of home. I did not resist; I made my plans to stay a couple of days in Paris with my friend Jack

Winthrop, and then, going up to Hamburg for two weeks, was to sail for home June 14, on the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*.

On the second afternoon of my stay in Paris, Jack and I were walking leisurely along le Rue des—— when we noticed two ladies walking ahead of us.

"Miss Marshall and Miss Wentworth," said Jack. "I know them well. Miss Marshall—she's the one on the right—is from Boston; no end of money but over here for her health, and Elizabeth—well, she is a mighty fine girl!" He paused abruptly, then went on:

"We may as well walk with them. I'll introduce you. You take Miss Marshall, I'll take Eliz—Miss Wentworth."

As we caught up to the ladies I almost exclaimed in astonishment. The one on the right was the "Lady of the Dream." She was thinner, paler than when I had last seen her, yet she had still the same marvelous beauty. My brain for a moment seemed stunned. "What did it mean? What was she?" John was introducing me. I mumbled something, I do not know what. I thought that in her eyes was a half-questioning look as though she recognized me but could not remember the circumstances of our meeting. Jack, true to his word, proposed a walk, and I—walked beside Miss Marshall. I could not quite collect my thoughts but by using the weather as the first subject of conversation, I soon managed to talk intelligibly. Miss Marshall was entertaining: she knew everything and everybody in Boston; she had a speaking acquaintance with almost everybody outside of Boston. However, when the conversation lagged, she seemed somewhat absent minded. At last she said what she was thinking about.

"Mr. Hathaway, I may be mistaken, but I feel almost sure that I have met you before, though where, I do not know."

I replied by a question,

"Have you lived in Paris long?"

"For two years."

Yet I had seen her at Pocono on August 28! I did not know exactly what to say, but made another venture—

"Have you a sister? I saw someone closely resembling you at Lake Pocono last summer."

"At Lake Pocono?" she murmured, and became very pale. "When was that? What date?"

"August 28!" I thought she would have fallen, but with an effort she calmed herself.

"Yes I saw you—though I was not there." (A remarkable statement, surely, yet I almost believed her.)

"It is a strange story," she went on, but I feel that I should tell you in justice to myself. For the past two years I have been slowly dying; I have gone from place to place in search of health. Last summer I suddenly became worse, and the best doctors were called in; they seemed able to do nothing. All day August 28 I became weaker and—at nine o'clock—they thought—I—had—died. I thought so too. I seemed at first to be in a chaos with high mountains from which I looked down hundreds of feet into the gloom of the abyss. Then things began to have more definite form. I felt myself carried out over the sea, through great cities, through villages asleep in the summer night, and through dark forests. I knew instinctively that I was going to our camp at Pocono where I used to spend the summer. When I saw your camp-fire I wanted to see who was there and to find someone to speak to. I saw you—and then I remembered that I was dead. I knew nothing more until the next morning; when I revived, the doctors said I had a new lease of life, though now they tell me that I have only two weeks more." She laughed hysterically.

"Are you afraid to talk to a dead woman?"

I shuddered, this was uncanny, a living death! We walked on in silence until we reached Miss Marshall's home. Then Jack came up.

"Billy," he said, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but you know we dine at the De Saye's to-night. I think we shall have to hurry." Turning to Miss Marshall, "We go to Hamburg to-morrow morning so I am afraid we will not see you for some time. Billy sails for America the 14th."

"How sad," she said, "I had hoped that you would call. But you will come back before you sail?"

"No, I am afraid not."

As we said good-bye, she said in a low voice, "I will see you again."

III.

On the 17th of June I was three days out from Hamburg. The sea was calm, only the long swell that glistened now white, now glossy black in the moonlight. Undulations never ending, and then the darkness. I was sitting near the stern of the boat, dreaming of home, and thinking of the past. Then I remembered Paris and the walk with "The Dream Lady." She had not kept her promise; I had left Hamburg without seeing her. Then, suddenly, as if called up by my thoughts, out over the waves she stood before me, all in black covered with sparkling amethyst and sapphire, her glorious head thrown back, her hands outstretched. In her hair gleamed a single gem, a diamond that flashed and sparkled like a great white star. Her lips were smiling, and, as I gazed awestruck, she slowly waved her hand; she did not speak, yet I knew it was a last

farewell. Then just as when on a hazy summer evening, a ship sailing by in the distance seems to stand motionless yet ever fades from one's sight, so my Dream Lady faded still holding up her hand, until she passed out into the night—and I was alone.

J. M. B. Jr.

MARGUERITE



ILLY, oh so silly,
Marguerite;
Trying, like a lily,
To be sweet.

Not a thought to stain
Your perfect white;
Not a care to pain
You in the night.

Let us come, poor lovers
For an hour,
As the bee that hovers
O'er the flower.

Weary, oh so weary,
On your breast,
Life will seem less dreary,
Let us rest.

Silly, oh so silly
Marguerite;
Try then like the lily
To be sweet.

1910

THE OPEN FIRE



IN spite of civilization's polished veneer, the man in each one of us is still a savage. Many a century has passed since the western march of Aryan civilization began, and the happy nomad, with his flocks and his tents, sped away before it, leaving in his flight only heaps of flint-heads as a physical legacy of his barbarism. The forests have been felled and the marshes drained, and a dull uni-

formity reigns in the place of the ancient freedom. Yet its dominion has not yet fully entered as a conqueror in the hearts of men.

The charm of an open fire makes its appeal to us through this primitive self of ours. The blaze and crackle of a good pine-knot sets free the imprisoned savage. It enjoins a fulfillment of the old command to "kill and eat." The hunter takes down his gun from the antlers and sights along the barrel, the smell of the burning wood brings back to him the vista of the pine forests and the excitement of the deer chase. Even to him who is most heavily fettered with the shackles of civilization, comes, with the wood smoke, the vague desire to get out into the forest and build a fire for himself. It is the call of Nature to the untamable spirit of Man.

By necessity the open fire-place was the social center of the Colonial home. Deep and broad, it framed the huge fires which were possible in those days of extensive forests. The heavy iron crane swung across the back, bearing on its arm a graduated row of hooks by which the cooking might be regulated. Huge andirons supported the logs, for they were logs indeed, with perhaps a smaller pair when a less vigorous fire was needed. The cooking was a relic of the days when the primitive kettle was supported on stones in the open woods, and the freshly killed game was roasted on the flint-point of a spear. On either side of the fire were the huge oaken settles, their backs extending to the floor to keep out the draughts. From the rough hewn rafters hung strings of dried apples and dusty bunches of herbs. The antlers on the chimney held the flint-lock gun and the powder horn of the family. The Bible and the almanac found their places on the mantel beside the iron candlesticks and the tinder box.

In those days the family was the unit of society. Each member of it contributed his share to its support. In winter evenings, when all gathered around the blazing fire, each one had assigned to him a certain task. The father carded wool, which the mother spun into yarn or

wove into cloth at the huge loom. The children too had their work, the little girls knitting or sewing and the boys making traps or whittling dishes or shoe pegs from maple or soft white pine. The firelight was reflected into their contented faces from the rows of polished pewter on the wall.

As the country became more thickly settled and the forests were cleared, the fireplaces were made smaller. But as the houses grew in size and magnificence, the fireplaces still remained. Each room had one, and more attention was given to its beauty. Instead of chimneys of logs or field stone, in most of the rooms except the kitchen we find them ornamented with splendid examples of panelling and carving. The andirons, too, were of a finer pattern and usually made of brass. Silver candle-sticks and gilded mirrors were imported by the richer colonists to adorn the mantel. The heavy oak furniture gave way to more graceful effects in mahogany or walnut.

Then, with the advent of coal and machinery came the Dark Ages. The old fire-places were bricked up, the chimneys still serving for the hideous cast iron stoves which were the product of Yankee genius. What charm is there in watching a fire imprisoned behind smoky sheets of mica, or gazing at the sullen glow of a red-hot stove? The blue flame of a gas log looks too much like burning brimstone to give spiritual ease and a steam radiator is an unhealthy abomination. In these times the machine-carved table with its ugly, greasy glass lamp became the center of the home life. But with the passing of the fire-place went the family as a unit. Society became more complex and outside diversions more numerous and more attractive.

To be sure, in these troubled times, houses were being built with fire-places. But they were rather for ornament and ventilation than for any purpose of building a fire. They were usually of polished cold blue marble, and served as background for peacock feather fans or sets of gilded shovels and hand painted coal scuttles. They were quite in harmony, however, with the cupola and jig-saw style of architecture then in vogue.

And now, within the last ten or twenty years, we have seen the end of the Dark Ages. With the renewed interest in things antique comes a revival of the ancient fire-place; scarcely a house of any size is now built without at least one of them. We may well look to it for a solution of many of the problems which concern modern home life.

The cheerful blaze throwing its dancing shadow on the opposite wall is perfectly responsive to every mood; its spirit steals into one's soul, transforming one, for the moment, into another being. What better

companion for a jolly company than a roaring fire? One's temperance bonds become more galling than ever before with the vision of a steaming mug of old fashioned toddy there on the hearth. In such a company the fire should be made of pine-knots, there is inspiration for innumerable merry stories in their white flame. That is no time for tea or crackers and milk—bring out the cider and the gingerbread and get into the spirit of the fire.

But the best friend of the fire is the solitary man. No roaring blaze is needed now, let him build his fire of hard wood, that in the end there will be a bed of glowing coals. He will find in it the visions of fulfilled desires. Well does the psalmist say, "While I was musing, the fire burned and then spake I with my tongue." For in the firelight the vague figures of our imagination shape themselves, and by its gentle warmth, our tongues are loosed and melancholy banished. He who cannot enjoy a pipe or a plate of apples before a burning log has little left to him of our common heritage from our nomadic ancestors.

For fire has always been the friend of man. It was the first of our conquests of peace, and now the social fire is coming to its own again. Well might the Sybil declare the fate of Rome from a pan of glowing coals, or Moses see visions of the Infinite in the burning bush. For in those days fire was indeed a gift from Heaven, and the most acceptable sacrifice was an altar flame.

J. H. P.

A WAVE

I sat by the seashore all alone;
On the crest of the waves the moonlight shone,
One slowly approached, and with rumbling roar
Broke in weird-colored spray on the sandy shore,
And quickly and quietly did landward creep,
Then slowing, then stopping, then back in the deep
The rustling of pebbles as drawn by its speed,
In a whirlpool of others did quickly recede.

F. R. C.

THE CLARET OF BACCARAL



“UI, monsieur,” said the old Count, and his frail figure stiffened and his voice trembled a little as he spoke, “It looks peaceful enough now, but I have seen the time when the blood on this terrace was red like wine, and when the smoke from the gunpowder and the burning fields was so thick that one could not see the river.”

The scene was a beautiful one. The afternoon sunlight fell in golden slants across the terrace, bathing the weather-beaten stone in a mellow light, while from the gardens came the faint odor of the white roses. Chateau Baccaral was famous for its roses. Far below was a tiny red-roofed hamlet, girt in by a curve of the Moselle, which wound like a silver ribbon through the poplar meadows. In the distance a church bell was ringing. Indeed everything seemed peaceful and placid.

“It is very beautiful here now,” said the Count, “let us have our tea outside. I want you to see the moon rise over the river.” He touched a small bell that stood on the broad stone balustrade, and an elderly servant in a faded livery of green cloth with silver buttons bustled across the terrace. “Pierre,” said my host, “Bring a table out here. We will have tea on the terrace.”

There was something fascinating to me in the white-haired count and his gracious courtesy to a complete stranger. I was touring from Brussels down to Dijon in my car and had overtaken him that afternoon in distress. A wheel of his carriage had come off when he was still ten miles or so from home. Of course I was more than delighted to be of assistance, so turning out of my way we arrived at the quaint old chateau so beautifully situated overlooking the Moselle and the blue vineyards of Lorraine. He had insisted on my staying over night, so leaving the machine in charge of my *mecanicien* we climbed up through the terraced gardens together. It was a novel experience to me, and the most delightful of my trip. The beautiful old house, with its floors and wainscots of polished wood, the pictures of past ancestors, the imposing coat of arms blazoned over the great fireplace in the hall, with the naive and somewhat pugnacious motto:

“S’ils te mordent, mords les.”

cut deep in the stone—all were to me symbols of an atmosphere romantic and glorious and deeply appealing.

We sat together on the terrace as the sunlight faded in the West,

and the stars began to glimmer in the darkening blue. In his faultless English (for he had lived in London for some years) he told me of the Prussian war, how Chateau Baccaral had been stormed by a party of Germans, how he himself had borne a sword in the *mêlée*, and how they had beaten off the enemy. His eye flashed and his fist tightened as he told of these stirring scenes, but his voice trembled as he spoke of the disasters at Metz, Sedan and Paris, and how after the armistice a German garrison was quartered at the chateau. "I thank God," he said, "that my father and mother died too soon to see la belle France overrun by these Prussians, and Prussian *canaille* quartered at Baccaral." In his eloquent way he told me of his sufferings through the war when, not daring to leave the chateau for fear that during his absence it might be plundered and burned, he saw around him the French defeated on every hand. "Oh Monsieur, it was heart-rending," he said, and told me how every night he used to pray on his knees that the morning would bring news of a French victory; but always there came the same report of defeat and death.

He was silent for some time after telling me of the horrors of the war, but finally he spoke again. "But there, Monsieur," he said, "it is not well to dwell always on the mournful side. The great blessing of us Frenchmen is that we can enjoy the sweet and the bitter at once. I must tell you the story of the Baccaral claret."

He touched the bell and the servant appeared. "Pierre," he said, "a bottle of the claret." The man was gone some time, but finally returned, tenderly bearing a cobwebby old bottle. He handed it to the Count, and then remained standing behind his chair. "You will not mind if Pierre stays?" said the Count. "He always has the right to hear me tell the story. You see, we went through it together."

"It was after the peace was declared. I was sitting here one evening looking out over the valley sick at heart, for the prospect was very different from what you saw this afternoon, Monsieur. The fields were laid waste, villages plundered and burned, the roads were lined with broken gun-carriages and cast-off accoutrements. Our little hamlet at the foot of the hill had been sacked, and lay in ashes except for the church. The people, such as were left, had fled, man, woman and child, to the chateau for protection."

"Well, Monsieur, it was a warm evening and I was gazing over this land of desolation when a French officer rode up to tell me that a party of twenty Prussians and an officer were to be quartered on us, and would arrive the next morning. Imagine my despair—on top of our misery and distress to have a score of roystering, beer-drinking, quar-

relsome Prussians swaggering through the chateau, wallowing in my trim gardens, scarring the priceless old furniture that had been in the family for generations. And then the thought came to me—what would happen to the wine-cellar?

"Monsieur, I have never married, and my cellar has been wife and child to me all my life. I am the last of the direct line of the seigneurs of Baccaral, and my whole life has been devoted to upbuilding and cherishing the estate. Think of my feelings when I contemplated a band of these lousy Prussian knaves, pillaging through my bins, drenching their muddy palates with my rare wines. And the claret of Baccaral! The claret which was bottled by my great grandfather, the rarest, finest, most famous vintage in France! Was this to become the spoil of these Teuton clowns? *Sacré bleu!* my blood ran cold at the thought.

"I called Pierre to me—Pierre, you were cleaning out the fountain where a Prussian spy had been shot and had fallen in—I remember it distinctly—and told him the case. We decided immediately that we must get the claret out of the way. We could run no risk of having it discovered. The door of the wine-cellar might be battered in, and then all would be lost. We must hide the claret somewhere. And then (we were standing among the bins, were we not, Pierre?) I saw a large packing-box in one corner of the cellar and a brilliant thought came to me.

"Pierre," I said, "my wife has just died. There is her coffin. We will bury her to-morrow."

"*Sacristi!* But it took too long to explain to fathead here what I intended! You see we would pack the bottles carefully, put them in the box (there were only about a hundred left), drape it to simulate a casket, and bury it with all honors. In the churchyard it would be as safe as possible until the trouble had blown over.

"A wild scheme, you think, Monsieur? Ah, well! If I am sixty now, I was only twenty-five then. The blood runs quick at twenty-five!

"Well, Monsieur, Pierre strengthened the box and lined it with felt, and then I called together all the peasants and folk of the chateau. 'My friends,' I said, 'your mistress the countess has just died in childbirth. She will be buried to-morrow morning.' At last I got them to understand what was to be done.

"That night we spent in preparation for the funeral. Each of the precious bottles was wrapped in straw, so that there was no possible danger of breaking. The lid of the coffin was nailed down at sunrise, and I sent Pierre down to the church to dig the grave, and another man to toll the bell, while we prepared the *crêpe* and flowers.

"Pierre returned with the news that the Prussians were coming.

A sorrowful sight greeted their eyes when they rode up. The peasants were in tears and I was prostrated by my grief. The officer dismounted and curtly handed me his credentials, to the effect that he and his men were to be recipients of my hospitality until further notice. He was a great, whiskered ruffian, so Prussian-looking that I would have liked to strike him. 'I find you in distress?' he said in his brutal way. 'Oh, Monsieur,' I said, with the most pitiful grimace, 'my wife is just dead of small-pox!' I wish you could have seen his face. The horrors of war were nothing to him, but small-pox—*nom du nom!* that was quite a different thing!

"*'Mein Gott!'* he said, '*Potztausend blaufeu!*' and he and his never came near the house throughout their stay! They camped in the garden all the time, and slept in the stable. As for the wine-cellar, they never got near enough to it to know that there was one. And all for my lucky idea about the small-pox! But I didn't know this beforehand, so the funeral proceeded as planned.

"Oh Monsieur! the cortège was impressive! First came the coffin laden with flowers borne by half a dozen of the most stalwart men, who groaned beneath the weight. I followed the corpse, with bowed head and solemn steps, praying devoutly that all might go well. Then came the retainers, two and two. The whole procession bore a most convincing semblance of sanctity. We bore the casket reverently to the grave, where I read the Burial Service for the benefit of the Prussian soldiers who were standing by. The sod was thrown on, a wreath of roses placed on the mound, and we turned away.

"Well, Monsieur, to make the tale short, for doubtless I weary you, we disinterred our claret a couple of months later, in the dead of night. So far as I know no outsider learned of the unholy rite. There are still some score of bottles left. Will you do me the honor of sharing this one with me?"

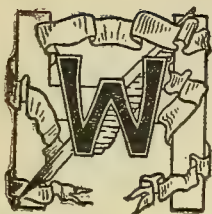
Pierre brought a lamp, and the Count carefully broke the seal and pulled the cork. I saw the ruby fluid sparkle in the glasses as he pushed one towards me. It was indeed a nectar, sweet and smooth and indescribably mellow—such wine as a man tastes but once in a lifetime.

"Monsieur," said the Count, and his voice had a faint tremble in it, "may I propose a toast?" He refilled the glasses, and then rose to his feet.

"I drink to la belle France."

C. D. M.

A WHITE GLOVE—AND IT'S MATE



HE had just returned from the theatre. Bob, his coat thrown off and his collar open, sat comfortably back in a Morris chair, smoking a cigarette.

We had been to see Rose Cleland in the opening night of her new musical comedy.

"Well," said Bob, "what did you think of it?"

"A good show," I replied, "and pretty sure to make a hit, with Rose Cleland in it."

Bob smoked in silence for a few moments, and then tossed his cigarette away with an impatient gesture.

"Frank," he began, "I am going to tell you something. Something that no one but Rose Cleland and myself know. When I saw her to-night, it all came back as if it were yesterday and not three years ago. I feel as if I had to talk to some one, and there is no one to whom I would rather talk than you. If it won't bore you, old man, I'll start."

The careless, good natured, jovial Bob was gone; and I saw that he was unusually serious.

"Go ahead, Bob," I said, "I am all attention." And I made myself comfortable as well.

"As I said," he continued, "it was three years ago. I had been in college only three months. You know, Frank, I had never been away to school. I had been brought up so carefully that I had never seen any of those things that all fellows must see, until I got away from home. I was always an imaginative fellow, and I had read detective stories until the height of my ambition was to be a second *Lecoq*.

"Well, I'll make this part short. I got into the wrong crowd from the first. It was booze, cards and all the rest, and then I found myself two hundred dollars in debt, my whole term's allowance spent, and no one to look to for help or advice.

"I still had credit in a few places, and I stayed drunk in and out of classes, waiting for the final crash. I racked my brains for a way out of it all, but I couldn't find one. Then I read *Raffles*, and an idea came to me. I won't try to tell you how I fought against the idea in my muddled brain, but finally it beat me.

"Rose Cleland was playing in town, and the papers had talked about her beautiful jewels. That was where my idea led me.

"I walked the streets that night, and whenever I began to think, I drank absinthe. I passed by the theatre again and again, and just before the show was over I stepped into a store and bought a pair of wo-

men's long white kid gloves. As soon as I saw the people coming from the theatre, I walked over to the stage door and went in. No one stopped me, and I was directed to Miss Cleland's dressing-room. The fever of excitement I had been under seemed to leave me, and I was perfectly calm. Shortly the door opened and a woman stepped out. 'I beg your pardon,' I said, 'but is this Miss Cleland?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'I wish to ask you a great favor,' I began, but she interrupted me, 'I am not in the habit of granting favors to young men I don't know.' I began again hurriedly, 'At least let me explain. I am being initiated into a fraternity here in college, and a part of my initiation is to get your signature on these,' and pulled the white gloves from my pocket. She looked at me for a second and then, with a laugh, reached for the gloves. 'All right, wait a minute,' and she started for the door. That was something I had not counted on. 'But,' I hastened to add, 'I have to see you sign them, too.' It was pretty poor, but the best I could think of. 'Very well,' she said, 'come in.'

"I entered. She sat down at a dressing table and began to write on the gloves. There, beside me on a trunk, lay an open jewel box, and I quickly slipped a handful of the gems into my pocket. She turned and handed me the gloves. 'There, is that all?' she said, and laughed. It was the sweetest laugh I ever heard, and it brought with it two dimples which charmed me. I felt a pang of remorse, and at the same time a feeling of pleasure, just to look into her deep brown eyes and watch those dimples. Then I remembered. 'That's all, yes—thank you, very very much,' I said, and hastily left the room.

"When I got down to the stage my calm suddenly left me, and I ran for the door. Half way across the stage I ran plump into a man, nearly knocking him down. He cursed and stepped back, blocking my way. 'What are you doing back here?' he demanded, angrily. Then I saw him look at my side pocket. I looked down swiftly and saw one glove hanging out. I tucked it in quickly, and guiltily, I guess, for he called to a man to watch the door, while he braced himself as if he feared an attack. 'Well?' he said. I stammered in confusion, wondering what to do. Then I heard the quick rustle of skirts on the stairs I had just come down, and my heart sank.

"Miss Cleland came quickly across the stage. Her face was very pale, and I could see her hands tremble. 'Have you seen—?' she began, and then, 'Oh!' as she saw me. I looked her squarely in the eye, and if a man ever pleaded for his life with his eyes, I did then. For fully a minute we stood there, and then, 'Oh! there you are, Mr. Franklyn,' she said, 'I was afraid you had gone,' and she actually smiled. The big

man who was blocking my way spoke. 'Do you know this man, Miss Cleland?' 'Of course I do; I was looking for him. All ready,' she said, looking over her shoulder at me. I followed meekly. Outside the theatre I turned to her. 'Miss Cleland,' I faltered, but she took me by the arm and led me into a cab which was standing by the curb. She spoke to the driver and stepped in beside me.

"You may wonder why I didn't run as soon as we got out of the theatre. I don't know why—but I didn't. In a few minutes the cab stopped and she got out. Nodding for me to follow, she entered the hotel without even looking around. She led me to her rooms, and still without saying a word she took off her hat and coat, and faced me. 'Why did you do it?' she said. There was no anger in her voice; in fact, I thought I could almost detect sympathy in her tones.

"Somehow, Frank, I could talk to her. I told her the whole pitiful story. It hurt, oh how it hurt, but I told her all, and she listened with a sympathetic interest. Then, when I had finished, she talked to me. I wish you could have heard her talk! She hit home every time, and she made you feel! I am not much on poetical phrases, so I won't try to describe her, but she was beautiful; if ever a woman was beautiful, she was that night.

"Frank, that night I learned what love was. Love—and I in that position! Hopeless, wasn't it? Well, that's the way I have felt about it ever since.

"I emptied the jewels out on the table, and asked her if I could keep the gloves. She kept one, Frank, as a pledge, she said, and I have the other. Here it is. I wonder if she still has the mate. When I went, she held out her hand to me and said good-bye. I took it and tried to speak, but I couldn't. I bent quickly and kissed it, and then ran out into the night.

"Well, that's all; except that I've loved her ever since, and I've lived straight from then till now."

He leaned back in his chair and lit another cigarette.

For some time we sat there in silence. At last he got up, picked up his coat, and stood before me. Then, with a quick motion, he threw away the cigarette, and held out his hand.

"Good night, old man," he said, and in that grasp I expressed my sympathy. He went to the door, stopped, and turned to me.

"Is there anything in the world I can do?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "find the mate to your white glove." And he went out.

For three weeks I had not seen or heard from Bob, when the following telegram came:

Dear Frank:—I took your advice and—I have found the mate to my white glove.—BOB.

F. R. C.

MY CASTLE DREAMS



Y mind is in a daze; and why?

A whirl of dimples, smiles, and eyes
Attack my Castle Dreams, and try
To further captivate their prize.

Those dimples! What assaults they make!

I watch to see when they begin.
They come; and then when I awake,
I find that they have stolen in.

Those eyes! With mystic charm they hold

My own, and when I think to win
A glimpse into their depth—behold,
They, too, have softly stolen in.

Those smiles! Alas, when they assault

Each always brings with it its twin,
A dimple; with this sad result,
While held by dimples, smiles creep in.

And so it fell, my Castle Dreams,

And now run rampant through its halls,
Dimples and smiles and eyes. It seems
My Castle grows, instead of falls.

F. R. C.

EDITORIALS



CERTAIN wise regulations at Haverford in the past have operated in such a way as to entirely or almost entirely dispense with fraternities. It may be, as argued, that fraternities are by no means as black as they have been painted by over-excited professors and the like, most of whom have in their college days been "barbs." All this may be as champions of the fraternities declare but the point remains nevertheless that they stand for oligarchy rather than democracy. If no other divisions ensue there is always a contest on between the fraternities and the "barbs," the classes and the masses. The common enemy having been repelled the "frat" army then again splits up into groups thus still further dividing up the class and college and weakening in proportion college spirit.

As said before, by the exercise of certain wise regulations, Haverford has been singularly free from fraternities in the strict sense of the word. In consequence class spirit has supplanted fraternity spirit and college spirit has increased in equal ratio. There is, however, at the present day, a regrettable tendency to separate into more or less well defined groups. Of course it is unnecessary for us to pretend to believe that these unchartered, unstable groups have any such malign influence as an equal number of regularly organized fraternities would have but the fact remains that they seem to be growing in number and in compactness rather rapidly at the present. This course if continued, cannot but result in a corresponding decrease in class spirit which is very important, and in college spirit which is all important.

Any such grouping as this, is nothing more or less than a beginning of an oligarchical government here, in opposition to the democratic form

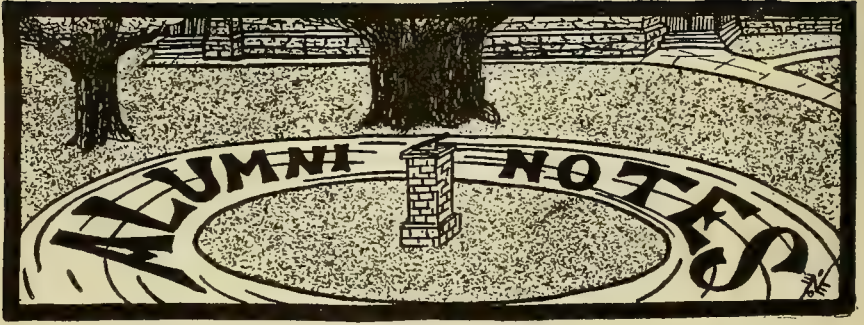
we have so long enjoyed. The democracy, which is in force at Haverford, is perhaps our best tradition. It has stood for so many years mainly through the free commingling of all on an equal basis. There were no group barriers to surmount, no "crowd" to placate, no favors to be exchanged between groups when voting for class honors. This is essentially a modern development and one which, if not curbed, will eventually sap the life blood from that institution in which we as loyal Haverfordians should take pride. We like to feel that here at Haverford a man can win out by merit and by merit alone. This is possible only under a democratic scheme, a scheme which simply cannot exist side by side with these small groups, each having a different aim.

In short, Haverfordians, if we wish to preserve our hitherto well deserved reputation for democracy we simply must abolish these electioneering groups. Once they have gained a firm foothold on our life out here Democracy may well give up the ghost and yield its old place to Oligarchy. The sole question is which do we prefer?

The matter is entirely in our own hands!

At a recent meeting of the Finance Committee of the Haverford Union it was decided that the alumni individually and by classes should be requested to contribute to the furnishing of the new building. The committee thought that possibly the rooms and halls could be furnished separately by different individuals or classes. This, in their opinion, seemed more feasible than asking for contributions to a general furnishing fund.





Ex-'87 Frederick N. Trotter is now with the bond house of Borden and Knoblauch, 119 South 4th Street, Philadelphia.

Ex-'92 Maxfield Parrish illustrated the new Scribner's edition of the Arabian Nights which has just been published.

'95 Dr. Joseph S. Evans, Jr., who has been living at 2018 Locust Street, Philadelphia, and who has been connected with the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania for some years, has been appointed Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin. Dr. Evans will assume his new duties on the first of February, 1910.

'95 Walter C. Webster has resigned his position with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

'98 A son was born on November 6th to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Taylor in El Paso, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are now living on a ranch near Las Cruces, New Mexico.

'02 A daughter was born recently to Dr. and Mrs. C. Wharton Stork, of Germantown.

'02 C. Linn Seiler was married on December 11th to Miss Evelyn Norton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Norton, at their residence, 165 Riverside Drive, New York. Among the ushers were A. C. Wood, Jr., '02, and W. M. Longstreth, '02.

'02 The Annual Reunion of the class of 1902, held Saturday, December 18, 1909, at the college, was attended by the following men: Balderston, Bolles, Cookman, Dennis, Evans, Gummere, Jones, Lane, Longstreth, Nicholson, Pusey, Speirs, Stork, Trout, Thomas and Wood.

'02 Edgar H. Bolles is the assistant general solicitor of the Lehigh Valley Railroad with offices in New York City.

'04 The annual reunion of the class of 1904, held at the college, Saturday, December 18, 1909, was attended by the following men: Bevan, Bradley, Burgess, Folwell, Haig, Helbert, Hilles, Kimber, Lowry, Megear, C. C. Morris, Stokes, Thorn, West, Wills and Withers.

'05 Benjamin Eshleman has resigned his position with the Baldwin Locomotive Works and has entered the Proctor and Gamble Distributing Company, with offices at No. 10 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

'07 Paul W. Brown has entered the employ of Wurts, Dulles and Company, Bankers and Brokers, 125 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

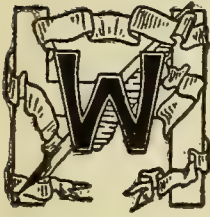
'08 J. Passmore Elkinton and Miss Mary R. Bucknell who were married on October 5th, 1909, are now living at Moylan, Delaware County, Pa.

Ex-'09 Allan J. Hill is with the Hardware firm of Janney, Semple and Hill, Minneapolis, Minn.

'09 F. A. Myers, Jr., is recovering slowly from a severe attack of ptomaine poisoning.

Ex-'10 W. C. Greene, of the class of 1911 at Harvard, is one of the eight men in his class recently elected to the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and is poet of the chapter for the year. Greene is also a member of the Editorial Board of the *Advocate*, is among the "Scholars of the First Group" (holding one of the honorary John Harvard Scholarships), and has received Honorable Mention in the competition for the Bowdoin Prize for a dissertation in Latin.

EXCHANGES



E cannot hope to find in college literature anything which digs deep and presents with real sincerity the great undercurrents that sweep the soul of the man who has experienced supreme consciousness or unconsciousness of himself. But we can expect in college work an artistic treatment of lighter themes, light clever stories each with its savory dash of individuality. Editors should endeavor to dissuade the militant green-eyed litterateur from his new conceived purpose of firing the world with a match. Rather encourage kindling of tinder. It is obvious often times that Editors accept stories lackadaisically, and stories which any Editor ought to be able to revise if he has the inclination. For instance, some of the stories are all prologue and preamble, laboring and lumbering along like a Spanish galleon trying to get under way in a light breeze. Sense of proportion seems to be a rare jewel. Lack of it results in failure to emphasize the significant. Often again stories go like nigger chasers on Fourth of July night, hit or miss. In the short story there is no time for peregrinations or experiment. The supreme objective is to make every touch contribute to the climax.

We suggest this hodge-podge of criticism having in mind a number of stories. "An Encounter with Emmet" in the *Mount Holyoke*, well written perhaps, is a mere bit of dialogue with no objective, original but not ingenious. When *Mount Holyoke* fills its magazine with something more than inaugural addresses we hope to say some good things. And we shall comment upon their continued story if they will send us the back numbers.

Remarking on originality we cannot but frown upon the ridiculous rehash "Auf Wiedersehen" in the *Texas*. It is the old story of the promising young man who, hearing the call of duty, leaves home and mother for the war. But he leaves also Minnie, the girl with whom he has romantically danced his last dance at college to the tune Auf Wiedersehen, the girl whom he meets again after prosperous years the very night before leaving for the front. Again the tune Auf Wiedersehen. Of course he gets shot in the war, and when he wakes from fever—there is Minnie! Peace is declared and they are going home to be conjugated when our hero relapses and dies, Minnie standing over him, and curiously enough, a Harvard man playing Auf Wiedersehen innocently in the next tent. Brother, have you not seen this very same sentimental tale in the lantern slides shows, while a soprano with a sick voice brays "Just as the Sun Went Down" or "Break the News to Mother?" And the pictures changing show our hero from cradle to the grave. Now he is just learning to say little Willie's good-night, now he holds Minnie's hand by the purling streamlet. Remember how he said good-bye to the gingerbread house, and spare the details, he finally ends up with a little flag waving o'er his gory bed? Alas, it is a theme overworked to a mockery. It must have reached Texas long before this. The Auf Wiedersehen coincidence is the one good touch. For the rest of it, there is an outrageous crowding of incident, almost melodramatic. Again we insist upon killing people artistically, or not at all.

In the same file another hackneyed old subject is presented "A Modern Will o' the Wisp" or how Bob Stedman won the game for Texas. It is the same foot ball story, probably now patented in the Washington office, and all the author does is to "fill in blank spaces left for name of hero, college, etc." We try to find a good stroke in it. "The Stranger's Dog" is a tragic dog story actually treated with human sentiment. After all this, the Stranger has the dog's tail *sugar cured*! We hope the anticlimax is intentional, for it makes the mock sentiment ridiculous, and saves the story. In the next we have a bear eating dynamite, falling out of a tree, and exploding! Some people are really funny only when they try to be serious. After all this "The Adopted" is a relief. It is a pretty phantasy standing alone in a sea of distorted realism.

Of nigger chasers "The Rival Cemeteries" in the *Southern Collegian* is a good example. Two morose lovers sit on a fence rail and talk of cemeteries, laughing mock-madly, we think, at that grave uncertain air of solemnity in boneyards. Then Jack and Jill decide suddenly to go as missionaries to China. If the author knew why, or what China had to

do with the rival cemeteries, he kept it a secret, We fail to find the motive. In the same file "The Tie that Binds" is a story of an uncongenial marriage (the author projecting his emotions we hope). The tie that binds is the little boy born after papa went away. But we knew that papa would come back! Somewhere, in the 5c "Fairylands" of Philadelphia we have watched this sad scene, while the ratty-haired girl pounded "Home Sweet Home" and other appropriate soft pedal selections. The *Trinity Archive* publishes another version of the tie that binds in "On Christmas Eve." (Just why these things happen on Christmas Eve we haven't discovered.) The *Trinity* story, however, is artistically treated, and it has its unique incident.

Of stories suggestive of risque the *Trinity* publishes "Mabel." It is amusing, and perhaps valueless, as our own last month's story "*Omnia Vincit Amor*," yet we believe with Mabel, our blase chorus girl, that although sordid life does not come under professors' courses, it has something to teach overdeveloped innocence. That is a blank virtue, says Milton, which never knew anything but goody-good-good.

In the *Wesleyan* the story "Be Sure Your Sins Will Find You Out" is a strong study of mental nemesis. It has tensivity and directness, good construction, and all the elements of the horrible. In contrast with it, it is pleasant to read the lighter and less overwrought creations of the feminine. A most ingenious detective story appears in the *Vassar*, a story without the awful gruesomeness of this type, and one which arrives at a fantastic climax without perambulations. But in "The Saving of Edith" the *Vassar* people make the same mistake which we note in the *Smith College Magazine*—the mistake of straining a point in order to make a story.

We wish to call the attention of our friends the murderers to the tragic story "At Daybreak" in the *Wesleyan*. The author gets rid of three people in three pages, but mark you, the story is convincing; it does not violate artistic principle, not because it creates sympathy by masterly strokes, but rather because the first sentence creates a mood, and the story gets tragic acceleration from the start.

The *Virginia* magazine has a distinctive color always. Our friends from Virginia love everything Virginian, and they choose Virginian characters in Virginian settings so exclusively that we should expect to pay export duty on a toddy. The *Mills College Magazine* also has its local color, the romantic Spanish gardens of California. They print a little

novelle, "El Torre de Oriente" very attractive and discursive. "When no Man Pursueth" has a similar tone, with a delicate sensitiveness for nature in its spiritual aspect.

Of essays and criticism there are many commendable ones. "The Arkansas Cracker" in the current issue of the *Vassar* is a prize essay, proceeding with perfect constructive proportion from the general to delightful tragic-comic particular. It presents a race curious for their beastliness and challenges the heroic of America. Two other excellent type characterizations appear in the *Texas* in "Levinsky" and in "Sailors Anchored." Levinsky the type of Polish Jew, an eager, keen eyed, pink nostriled peasant, sensitive to the subtlest and the best in America. Perhaps not so despicable as your prejudices. What wonderful, keen, analytic, impressionable minds they have! "Sailors anchored" is a sympathetic definition of the picturesque coast sailors—fishermen with big hearts and little souls like seaweed, happy only in the pulse of land and sea.

Pleading ignorance, we cannot comment on "Hilligenlei" in the *Trinity*. The author seems to be master of his subject.

In essays in criticism the *Southern Collegian*, a penetrating comparison of the man who thinks and the man who sees is presented in Carlyle's and Macaulay's Essays on Boswell's Life of Johnson. The *Vassar* in a criticism of Dickens seems to characterize our sentimental friend with much comprehensiveness. It would be difficult to say anything particularly new on the subject. And the *Texas* in an article on "The Mark of Byron's Same Foot" points out, we believe rightly, the inspiring prod of curtailed resource, mentally or physically. The sensitiveness of Byron in this matter, and the pain which he endured through it tutored that proud spirit, and deepened his soul. "Truth in art" says Oscar Wilde, "is the mode of existence in which the soul and body are one and indivisible, in which the outward is expressive of the inward, in which form reveals."



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CROMWELL'S FOREIGN POLICY



VERY ruler, in fact every statesman, is at some time or other bound to follow, to lay hold of, some illusions. This statement is verified by contemporary history. The question has been asked, "Was Cromwell's Foreign Policy such an illusion?"

But this question is always followed by another on the part of the non-historian; "What was Cromwell's Foreign Policy?" and in this we must confess to have uncovered a question to which there is no hard and fast answer.

To say his policy was for war would be false; he was in favor of peace. Yet he made war. His zeal divided itself between religion and trade in indeterminable proportions. He abandoned, from day to day, plans for war or plans for alliance. In short Cromwell's policy was decidedly—mixed!

His primary object was the union of *Protestantism*, led by England. Unfortunately this did not fit conditions as they then existed. Cromwell seems to have been fitting the proverbial square peg to the patient round hole. He undoubtedly tried in a large measure to adopt the *National aims* of the Commonwealth which preceded him, but his own policies which exceeded these have been questioned.

Without question Cromwell wanted peace; for example, if we do not care to judge the man by his own personality or try his religion, we

need only look to the first uses he made of his power, when, in 1654, he put an end to the war with the Dutch and proudly made commercial treaties with Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Portugal.

Time and circumstances, however, compelled him to abandon slightly this stand. He was forced into action and he adopted the policy of the Long Parliament, a policy of which he had already shown himself to be master; that is to say, he had already, with the Dutch, shown his consciousness of his own power.

Now in adopting this policy, Cromwell met with the difficulty which has caused him to be so widely criticized. He endeavored to unite a moral policy with a material one. That is, Cromwell wanted to firmly establish Protestantism in Europe and also to build up a commercial trade in England.

Thus, we may say, Cromwell dreamed. Had his policy been such that it had been successful he would undoubtedly have laid great foundations for England's supremacy, but the rule of the Protector was short and under the King who followed, England was the seat of such internal unhappiness as to destroy completely the little Cromwell had begun.

Mr. Gardiner—the best authority on Cromwell—has summed up the matter of the possible success of the policies by saying, “if Oliver had been granted these twenty years more of life that enthusiastic worshippers hold necessary for the success of his schemes, a European coalition would have been found against the English Protectorate as surely as one was formed against Louis of France.” As we say, Cromwell dreamed. The time was not suited for such a policy.

Then, too, the Protector drew Europe into the matter by his actions in sending the fleets formed from the captured Dutch ships and commanded by Blake into the Mediterranean. To read the accounts of that expedition is to read of piracy pure and simple, but in those days, it is to be remembered there was no such thing as Public Law as we know it. The status of things on the sea was as yet unsettled and we find strange mixings of the carnal and the spiritual in the characters of those old seamen.

Thus Cromwell really brought on himself the troubles in which he was involved with European nations.

The power of England at this time was the primary cause of those diplomatic attempts of Mazarin to ally her with France. The Italian Cardinal found in Oliver a diplomatist almost as wary, cool, and tenacious as he himself was. The outcome of the attempt long lay in the balance, waxing hotter or cooler from time to time, yet always, let it be noted, impersonal. The men were friends, but in statescraft they were diplomats

and diplomacy is above and altogether different from personal friendship.

The Massacre of the Protestants in the Piedmontese Valley forced the end and in 1655 Mazarin had brought Cromwell as far as the treaty of Westminster but even here we find the Protector too wary for an *alliance*. This treaty related to maritime peace.

The next step, the Treaty of Paris, was made two years later, and we now note that Cromwell has relinquished his original stand and is about to enter actively into European politics and we see the embarking of the "finest troops in the world," for French shores. We notice too, that Cromwell, while it may appear slightly different, has not departed from his original professed policy of peace, for, in his own words, he had "received a call from God to introduce union and friendship among the princes of Europe."

Venice prophesied failure. The plans did not succeed and Germany began to show signs of disapproval. Petty quarrels sprang up and Cromwell began to learn that these men whom he had endeavored to bring together in the hope of a united Christendom were desirous rather of power and possession.

From now on, until his death, Cromwell's plans failed one by one. Many say that, had he lived, final success would have been his. Be that as it may, he planned great things and "to do great things a man must act as if he will never die" and death was Cromwell's lot.

The ultimate outcome of the policies remains now only conjecture and in this his enemies have, necessarily, as much grounds to censure, as his friends have to praise.

Certainly had he lived the Edict of Nantes would not have been revoked. And had not money been lacking his plans relative to the Spanish trouble would have resulted differently. But there is always the eternal "if."

We must acknowledge, however, that in his Foreign Policy, Cromwell clung to one line as far as possible and if his idea was incongruous in parts it had a certain grandeur even had longer trial only made its unworkableness more manifest.

The above is general. In one particular Cromwell has been vindicated. He himself adopted the Colonial policy of his predecessors and those statesmen who followed him retained it, and, in spite of certain miscalculations and in spite of the misgivings of interested traders, *colonial expansion* has been proven right.

So while we may censure Cromwell for embodying in his Foreign Policy too much, or too many of his hopes, of his dreams, we can not

help but see that his policy was not and could not be the idea of one man or the accomplishment of a single generation.

J. P.

A SONG IN THE STORM



ISING and falling with every wave,
Shouting aloud as the wild winds do,
What if I howl with you, what if I rave?
Sea, O sea, I am one with you!

Fierce as the foam that writhes in our wake,
With the spray on my lips that are flushed anew;
What if my mind my body forsake?
Sea, O sea, I am one with you!

O the silent beams of the cold new moon!
O the rage of the winds that the waters woo!
O the shivering dawn that must greet us soon!
Sea, O sea, I am one with you!

Where are the heart and soul of me?
Nay, O sea, I have nothing to rue,
Though past the plunge of plummet they be,
Sea, O sea, I am one with you!

H. S. H.



HUMORESQUE



HE was a little, brown-eyed, brown-haired English girl, pretty to look at, not beautiful or striking. She looked always lonesome with her little brown eyes, always serious, always as if she were trying to think of some time long, long ago. She sat by the window this quiet winter's afternoon, and her little curved English lips knit themselves together and looked weak and sad. The sun had gone down and she watched for the lamp-boy to come along to light the street burners. She watched the flame grow yellow at his touch, and when he was gone she returned to her needlework and looked lonelier than ever.

"Sidney, have you made tea?"

"Yes, mother, in a minute," and she stared again out into the deserted street, then with a sigh suddenly starting, she dropped her workbasket into a chair and rushed off into the kitchen.

"*Sidney!*"

"I'm coming," she called impatiently and she turned the flames high so that the fire fairly roared at the little brass tea-pot. On her way upstairs she met her nervous, spectacled mother. Mrs. Fairclough was frantic.

"Now you little madcap, you, do you have no more respect for your mother? Don't you *know* that my tea is to be ready at four? And do you expect we can afford to have you about forever doing nothing? Go to your room and dress, before Mivart comes in. And *mind*, if this happens again you will go to bed hungry."

Then without saying a word Sidney went to her room. She sat down to her dressing table and gazed sorrowfully at the little, brown-eyed, brown-haired Sidney Fairclough—English, pretty, and weak, not beautiful or striking.

When Mivart came in, Sidney was sitting at the piano dressed, but still thoughtful, and strumming:

*"Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with tresses so brown
Who wept—"*

"Come coz, none of that dismal stuff—why if these Americans hear you play that, you're done for. Here, I've brought you some new ones—the boys are whistling them at the office. Try this '*Waiting at the Church*' one. Cheer up, you ninny!"

There is always something interesting about lonesome people, and if you have ever seanced with melancholy yourself, and are delicate enough to penetrate and sympathize, you will always find an interesting soul underneath. But when you are as lonesome as a joker in a pack of cards, it doesn't do any good to have the king of diamonds slap you on the back and say "Cheer up!" It only makes you feel worse underneath. But you do smile, don't you? Sidney smiled as her cousin and struck up:

"There was I waiting at the church

My how it did upset—"

"Sidney! Stop that awful tune! Mivart come here, I want to talk with you." And Sidney closed up the "*Waiting at the Church.*"

"It's awful," she said. "I hate it. I hate everybody."

In spite of all the new century women say about finding their work and in spite of their assertions that they will not be regarded as convenient appendages to the men, there are hundreds of weak, sweet little domestic souls only waiting for the hero to come out of the mist, and sometimes—often before love comes, their weak little tempers flare up at imaginary wrongs, and fling themselves in anguish at trivialities, like June flies into a bright flame. A little sympathy and they are the most sweet-tempered people in the world. And many a good man has tasted of the nectar, and made himself into a sympathy-sugar factory for the rest of his life.

So perhaps we can't understand why Sidney Fairclough hated everybody. "If they would only be a little kinder about it," she thought as she lay early awake in bed the next morning, "if they would only say 'please' or 'thank-you,' and not make me feel always a slave—or an orphan. And if they would only let me write to Kendall—Oh, I could love anybody who would be kind. I wish I were back in England."

"Sidney! Aren't you up yet? Get up, you lazy witch and get my breakfast ready. Hurry now, Mivart wants to get off. Sidney!"

Sidney knew the penalty for disobedience. So she wound her hair in a loose knot and dressed hastily. Breakfast had to be ready at seven for Mivart. Mrs. Fairclough always breakfasted in bed, scolding and ordering the housework for the day.

Carruth, the High Church vicar had been the only man in America who had made Sidney happy. He was a harmless little Bohemian, who read novels all week and went through the Sunday service without promising perdition to the parishioners. His wife left him in peace, and divided her time between the Bridge Club and the Flower Mission. So the Reverend Carruth was glad to see Sidney—always. She came every

week, and he had her play "*Humoresque*" and other things she liked. And he showed her his pictures and his books.

"This week, Sidney"—for he was calling her Sidney now—"I have a little surprise for you. Guess!"

"A Botticelli?"

"No—a letter. It came to-day from England, Winchester. His name is, let me see, Coman, yes, Kendall Coman."

Sidney's face flushed.

"He enclosed it in an envelope to me," continued the vicar, "and asked me to deliver it. Here it is. Now, my little Pagan, play "*Humoresque*."

The girl turned her back, sat to the piano, fumbled with the music sheets, started, stopped, started again, fell upon the keys—and sobbed. The irony of "*Humoresque*" with *that* letter in her bodice.

"Why, what is the matter. Come now, Sidney, that is all right, you aren't well to-day. I'll ring for tea, and then you shall tell me the whole story. Never mind, little girl, never mind."

She wanted to unburden her whole soul, but her breakdown embarrassed her. She wouldn't. She was afraid of—home.

"Did you know this boy in England, Sidney?"

"Yes."

"Has he written you since you came?"

"No."

"Won't you open the letter now?"

"No."

"Please tell me about it."

"No."

"There now, that's a good girl."

"No, no—excuse me, Reverend Carruth. I have been rude. I beg your pardon—but—you know—I *must* go home."

She went straight to her room, locked herself in, and tore open the letter. She read the first line, stopped, glanced at herself in the mirror, gasped, "Written me *before*? I never got the letters." She read on, and smiled. She read further, dropped the letter to the floor, threw herself on the bed, and smothered a great sob in her pillow.

The next Thursday was her birthday. She was nineteen. On that day she took tea with her mother, and Mrs. Fairclough, for some uncertain reason had been very civil and much softer in manner than usual.

"Sidney," she began, "I know it has been hard for you here in America, with your friends all gone. You've been thinking a good deal, haven't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Sidney, submissively—she had been well tutored in submission.

"Now Mivart has noticed your unhappiness, dear, and he is planning a party for you. Mivart has been here longer than we, and he knows most everybody. New Year's we are going to give you a party. I will have the dressmaker for you—you need some dresses."

Sidney did not rise into ecstasies as she had expected. But she decided to go forward with her plan.

"What do you think about it?" she asked tentatively.

"Mivart is very kind."

"Indeed he is dear, and that's why he wanted us to come. He has a good position, you know. We depend upon him a good bit. You do not seem enthusiastic."

"I love Mivart. He is my cousin."

"A distant cousin, and perhaps you haven't noticed, dear, but Mivart loves you very much. He always has. Now you are getting old enough to—to—think of marriage. We ought to try to repay his kindness. And I have always thought that you and Mivart are exactly suited to each other. He desires the marriage—he loves you a great deal more than he shows. So I thought we should announce the engagement at the New Year's Party. There now, dear, take the tea things away—and we'll tell Mivart when he comes in."

Little brown-eyes looked very submissive.

New Year's came and the young people of Englewood. The Faircloughs were too phlegmatic to notice the curious air of the Englewood men. They were hilarious over their place cards, which were two hearts tied together on red baby ribbon. They scraped along the unwaxed floor with a scintillating twitch and features that would never have been evinced by English gentlemen. And when the punch was gone and Mrs. Fairclough had filled the bowl with water, they smiled even more.

"Lemon water," snickered Hulings.

But Sidney knew it all, and what is more, she was sensitive.

"Of course *this* isn't *intended* to be punch," she said blushing crimson. "It's only ice-water!"

Hulings never forgave himself. "That blush! Mivart doesn't deserve to be doormat for *that* girl."

So the party went off. The happy pair were congratulated, and each time Sidney blushed that beautiful crimson blush, and smiled a sweet wistful smile. The Faircloughs thought it a grand success. Sidney knew better. But when Mivart asked for a kiss that night, she smiled

again that sweet sad smile. And when she went to her room that night she read her letter over and over again.

She was to be married in June, and when Mr. Carruth read of the affair in the paper next morning, he finished his breakfast abruptly, lit a cigar and stood meditating, his back to the open fire, tilting himself alternately on heels and toes. He said nothing and wondered much.

And all through the Spring, Sidney played "*Waiting at the Church*" for Mivart, and "*Humoresque*" for Mr. Carruth. The subject of the letter was never again brought up at the parish house, and when the days were warm, they went together out into the country for walks. As the spring advanced Sidney became more and more meditative. There was something on her mind. The day before the wedding the vicar came to the Faircloughs' for tea. Sidney came down stairs in a white frock; rather pale, the vicar thought. Mivart brought her a chair, and Mrs. Fairclough sat at the table making tea. They had not talked long.

"You will have a beautiful day for the wedding. See how red the sky is over there."

"Oh—yes—the wedding," said Sidney, starting from a reverie.

"I have the ring here," said Mivart, pulling a tissue package from his pocket. "We'll see if it fits—oh—let's have your hand, Sidney."

"O—yes—my hand"—then withdrawing it swiftly. "No—no—that hand is mine—mine to give, mine to keep. You shan't have it. I'm not your cousin: I'm not your daughter, and I'll not be your slave forever! My name is not Sidney Fairclough—it's Ruby Yriarte! Ruby Yriarte, Ruby Yriarte, Ruby Yriarte!"

The vicar was on his feet, and the girl, breathless, clung to his neck. Mrs. Fairclough had dropped a cup and stood pale and haughty, trying feverishly to find words.

"You lie, lazy witch, you are my daughter, and in the law shall do my bidding. Mivart, take her to her room. I'll teach her perversity!"

"No; Mrs. Fairclough," interrupted the vicar quietly, "she shall go with me. I'll talk to her when she's better. We'll postpone the wedding—a month, Mivart, a month."

The street was all curiosity. They went home in silence, the vicar too much involved in thought, the girl in grief, to look at the crowd. The neighborhood was agog in half an hour, and on Saturday the "*Englewood Semi-Weekly*" came out with the following bit of news, three days old for the gossips:

"A curious state of affairs was brought to light last Wednesday in the home of Mrs. Templeton Fairclough, of High Street. The Faircloughs are

English people, and have come recently to Englewood, where Mivart Kelsey, a distant relative of Mrs. Fairclough's is employed by the National Transit Company. Mrs. Fairclough was accompanied by her daughter Sidney, a popular member of Englewood's younger set, whose engagement to Mivart Kelsey was announced last winter. The family were at tea last Wednesday, discussing with Rev. Carruth, the plans for the wedding which was to be held next day, when Miss Fairclough suddenly declared that she was not the daughter of Mrs. Fairclough but that her name is Ruby Yriarte, and that she had been, in childhood, adopted by Mrs. Fairclough. She declared that she had done menial services for Mrs. Fairclough all her life and that now this marriage was being forced upon her because Mrs. Fairclough wanted to tie her up at that home before she became of age. She refused to marry Mr. Kelsey, and produced a letter from an old friend in England, showing that her real name is Yriarte, and that she is an adopted child. The whereabouts of her mother is not known. Mrs. Fairclough, who is a woman of poor health, denied the whole story yesterday, and refused to say anything except that her daughter acts from spiteful motives, and that she labors under a childish fancy of abuse. Miss Yriarte is staying at the home of Reverend Carruth, until further investigation can be made."

In the fall, Hulings called at the Carruths' on Miss Ruby Yriarte. And as he sat in the vicar's leather chair and smoked the vicar's best cigar, he noticed on the library table a large letter, opened, from England. Ruby blushed her beautiful crimson blush, and said artlessly:

"A boy friend of mine is coming from England to see us. I shall be so glad to talk with an English boy again."

"Damn," said Hulings, under his breath.

V. F. S.



MAPIA

(An adaption from a late Greek poem. A youth bewails the premature death of the maid whom he had met the year before at the May-day fete.)



SWEETLY the star of the morn
Was beginning to shine,
And the perfume of May new-born
Arose from the vine.

Before the song and the sports
And the dances began,
And the kisses and sweet retorts
Of each maiden and man.

Thou camest, Maria, the fair,
With melodious note,
And fell in profusion thy hair
O'er thy milky-white throat.

On thy bosom a maidenly rose
That blushed at its bed,
With the blue that the heaven bestows,
In thine eyes
And its gold on thy head.

And now has a year rolled on.
The desolate place
I pass on this sad May dawn
And remember thy face.

For here was the first word said,
And here shall the moss
Creep o'er the stone at thy head
And cover the cross.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

May Mary to thee reveal
How thy pity I crave;]
Alone in the garden I kneel
So close to thy grave.

I kiss it, Maria, I kiss
The stone at thy head
And this cruel remembrance, this
Faded flower of red.

And from the garland of woes
That covers thy bed,
I choose me a snow white rose
To match with the red.

Ah, the red is of yesterday,
And the white of to-morrow,
But joy is ever they say,
The sister of sorrow.

H. S. H.



A SKETCH

'Tis strange. 'Tis passing strange, that as I sit here and work, odd thoughts come flying round me. Thoughts of yesterday and to-morrow. And these are no mere idle nothings. They are messages, messages from my friends. The candle wavers, flickers and a faint smoke arises from the disturbed flame. The shadows on the wall move and dance and I see faces. They are friendly faces and they smile and nod. There is one chubby little cherub face and he crows and puckers his lips and peeks at me through his fingers. I can hear his merry peek-a-boo ringing in my tired ears. And there is a sad, sweet face, with gray hair and hazel eyes and I see two kind hands which have many times smoothed my forehead for me when I was sick and feverish. What would I not give to hold those hands in mine and smooth the wrinkles out of her cheeks. The candle blinks and burns low. Another face is staring at me and calling me by name. "Come" he calls, "we want you, the game is beginning. Hurry." His boyish enthusiasm echoes in my heart yet. It was a long time ago. . . . Then I see another face turning slowly toward me. 'Tis an old man as dear as—he speaks. "My son, be thou faithful; be thou true and die as befits a man." He raises his hand and is gone. The light flares and dies down and I look eagerly to find a face, a face I love. The shadows move, and out of the darkness she comes. Fair and young, she stands before me, her hair in a shower of gold over her shoulders and her eyes looking into mine. She stood so once in life and thus she stands now. She speaks not, but looks and in her eyes I see the soul of her looking at me. My arms are held out, begging mutely for her to come from her shadow—to come—to come. . . .for one moment . . .her lips . . . to come . . . Ah, the light has gone—and she.

A. L. B. Jr.



A SKETCH

Ah! Fleurette! I mistook you for a woman among women, a supreme actress who could play her part until it became a reality. To you I attributed infinite wisdom, insight and cunning—you who were but seventeen. As we walked or sat together you would chirp ceaselessly like a gay little sparrow looking up at me quite frankly, quite unabashed, only wondering once in a while why I stared at you. As for me, I felt that I was one of the knowing ones who could read under your sweet, childish smile, infinite art and infinite treachery. And now, Fleurette, I ask to be forgiven. You were not bold, but merely too innocent to be bashful. No mirror has seen you, I know now, practicing that bright girlish smile. It was all unconsciously that your lips parted and your chin lifted; and your eyes brightened without any thought of consequences. You knew nothing of the joy or longing your curved lips inspired. Ah, Fleurette, we broke your little heart, we worldly ones who doubted and watched you through half-closed, suspecting eyes. Poor little Fleurette!

H. S. H.

SONNET



THE joy of nature's silence is so sweet,
Tempered with surging memories of care—
The care of love that often turned to prayer
And kept from parlous paths my toddling feet,—
I would fain prolong the calming spell
And gaze by chance where falls the moon's white light
Upon the bed where loving hands each night
Were wont in bright days gone, to tuck me well.
Memories come and go. The peaceful charm
From dreams of past domestic joy leads off
My heart to visions that to speak were rough,
Of her that may in future days' alarm
Keep the domestic hearth, and fill my dreams
With holier thoughts and more celestial themes.

L. A. P.

EDITORIALS

AS THE CURTAIN FALLS



NCE more it becomes the duty of the retiring Board of Editors to bow itself off the stage. To the incoming Board the senior members wish the best of success. May THE HAVERFORDIAN long uphold its honorable heritage of one and thirty years. But before we resign for good and all the privilege of the editorial "we" permit a few words as to the past and future of our magazine.

The college magazines in the larger institutions show a decided tendency toward specialization. A daily paper takes care of the journalistic function. A comic monthly perpetuates undergraduate humor. A literary magazine provides outlet for the budding Byron. A graduates' magazine serves to apprise the alumni of college activities and tendencies, and keeps them in touch with college life.

Now until a year ago, here at Haverford all these functions were combined in THE HAVERFORDIAN. Pegasus groaned beneath the combined load, and the organization of the *College Weekly* relieved us of the chronicling of every-day events in the college.

But THE HAVERFORDIAN still desires to provide a point of contact between the alumni and the undergraduates; and we feel that our efforts in this direction have left much to be desired. Our "Alumni Column" should be enlarged, should be more copious and more accurate. Besides the excursions of undergraduates into invigorating realms of pure literature, let us have articles on vital college problems by alumni, and articles about our own alumni who have achieved distinction in various walks of

life. An undergraduate remarked the other day that he cared nothing about the alumni except those who had been in college during his day. This is all wrong. The essence of the Haverford spirit (in so far as it can be analyzed) lies in the feeling of ready *camaraderie* that exists between all Haverfordians, both past and present. There is one common ground on which all Haverfordians can fraternize, whatever their discrepancy in age or station—their love for Haverford. Each Haverfordian should know of the men who have been here before us, and should be brought to a realization of the responsibilities of loyalty and citizenship which preceding generations of Haverfordians have laid upon us.

Now this can in no way be better done than by a carefully edited magazine in which the doings and thoughts of the alumni are considered. It is not for the retiring Board to outline a future policy, but to the incoming editors we would suggest the careful consideration of the possibilities of THE HAVERFORDIAN as an organ of communication with the alumni—as an open court for the more deliberate and careful discussion of college problems.

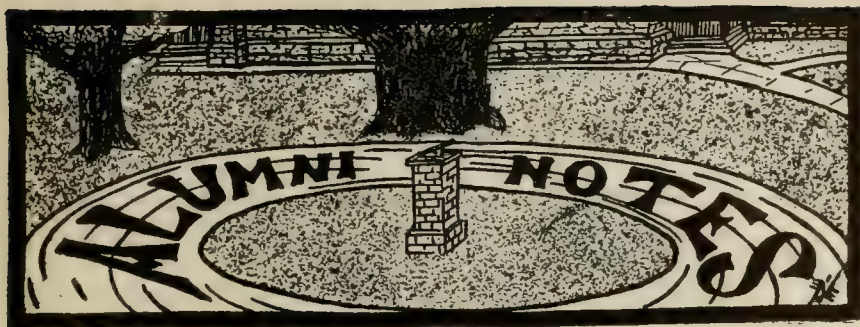
THE COLLEGE WEEKLY.

One year ago the *College Weekly* was instituted as a new experiment at Haverford. Since then the *Weekly* has come to be a recognized feature in college life. We wish to congratulate its editors most sincerely on their successful establishment of the paper upon a firm basis, and on their efficient chronicling of current events in the college.

We announce with pleasure the election of Victor Franz Schoepperle, 1911, as Editor-in-chief of THE HAVERFORDIAN for the ensuing year.

We also announce the election of L. Arnold Post, 1911, to the Editorial Board.





'62 It is with deep regret that we announce the death of William Henry Coates on January 22, 1910.

'72 It is with deep regret that we announce the death of William Jacobs on Dec. 16, 1909, at the age of ninety-five. He was assistant editor of Lippincott's Gazetteer and Biographical Dictionary.

'90 The engagement is announced of J. M. Steere and Miss Florence Trueblood, of Newton Highlands, Mass.

'92 John W. Muir is now with the Clearfield & Cresson Coal & Coke Co., Philadelphia.

'95 A daughter was born on Dec. 27, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Goodwin at their home at 2318 Nelson Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

'96 The Class of 1896 held its annual dinner and reunion at the University Club on Dec. 29, 1909. The following men were present: Wood, Scattergood, Hinchman, Hunsicker, Brecht, Sharpless, Field and Maier.

'99 J. Howard Redfield is a tutor at the Milton Academy, Mass.

'00 Henry S. Drinker, Jr. was admitted on January 1, 1910 to partnership in the law firm of Dickson, Beitler and McCouch, 750 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia.

'00 Capt. J. Addison Logan, Jr. is now the Military Attaché at the United States Embassy, Paris, France.

'00 Frank E. Lutz is now connected with the American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

'00 The engagement is announced of Wm. W. Justice, Jr. to Miss Elizabeth H. Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Taylor, of St. Martin's, Philadelphia.

'00 Frank M. Eshleman has withdrawn from the wool firm of Justice Bateman & Co., and is now with Jeremiah Williams & Co., of Boston.

'03 Dr. George Peirce was married on February 5th, at West Orange, New Jersey, to Miss Ethel M. Girdwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Girdwood.

'04 H. Norman Thorn was married to Miss Ethel Tatnall Megear on February 10th, 1910. Mr. and Mrs. Thorn will live in Ardmore, Pa.

'04 Thomas J. Megear was married at Short Hills, New Jersey, on January 5, 1910, to Miss Virginia R. Atkinson, daughter of Major and Mrs. Benjamin W. Atkinson, U. S. A.

Ex-'10 Eugene R. Spaulding is now connected with the John Wanamaker store.



EXCHANGES



CRITICISM being our true business, we do not promise always to show here a little side burlesque for the uninitiated. Only when the Exchange Editor finds something over which laughing is justifiable, can he hope to amuse the Philistine and keep within the scope of his column. Nothing is funny this month. But if the unsophisticated have courage to read, it will be worth the effort. We have culled a little

"Sonnet to a Cow" which is worth all the art from Back Bay to Texas.

The *Mt. Holyoke* this month presents "The Coming of the Rain," a story in which the *milleur* is particularly well conveyed. It has an environment in the oppressive summer heat of a long dry season which intensifies the dryness of the lives of the characters. Suggestive of Hardy. The story produces the illusion of true art and is convincing. And the quip at the end wakes the reader from a moody charm.

The "Short Sketches" of this magazine are splendid, and we are grateful for the "Sonnet to a Cow." We need more cow and less moon.

Of phantasies, the *Virginia* is printing a series of fairy tales, the "Scarlet Fairy Book," so called. We very carefully read the first installment last month and we wondered then what it was all about. This month we have again put much more into them than we have got out, and we are not keen for any more ennui gymnastics. God only knows what they mean; the author certainly doesn't. It is all fiddle-de-dum, the vagrant peregrination of a distorted imagination. In their cynical mock-sublimity they seem weakly to attempt at satire and moralization. The morose author needs fresh air and a good old cow-cud.

The *Texas* prints the same kind of a fee-faw-fum in "The Valley of Kazib." Kazib with all this indifferent failure at subtlety! It is like impressionistic art, either Supergood or Dambad. This is Dambad.

The best piece of satire (and there is enough of it) is "The Adventure of the Fractured Finger-Nail" in *Texas*. It is a take-off on Sherlock Holmes. Sheerluck takes a hypodermic injection, and acutely traces a murder by means of a piece of clipped finger nail, while the faithful Watchum exclaims "Marvo-lus!" With as marvelous intuition, we wonder if the "Red Mill" hasn't just struck Texas. The five cent Fairy-lands are no more! The piece is interesting because it shows how easily Sherlock Holmes may be burlesqued.

In "Sandy-Andy" of the current *Texas* we trace the influence of that great masterpiece "Auf Wiedersehen." We stake our reputation on the guess that the same master-mind conceived both stories. After what we have said, we hope never to meet the gentleman from Texas face to face. We keep judiciously away from the palaces of pleasure.

"Sandy-Andy" is a story of a gentleman who got bad at college, got worse in the West, but woke up one fine morning in the St. Louis hospital to find his long lost brother a dead man in the next bed. Quickly changing places and identities, he left the hospital in his brother's clothes, and we leave him, reformed and chastened, in the arms of his long lost brother's wife.

Give the cow more rope!

This ingenious yarn is a theme for a novel, and it would be a long, long novel before it would convince the gullible. It is almost as ridiculously impossible as the novel, "The Masquerader" of late memory. Some semblance of probability is rather a good thing to start with.

Two pretty child stories appear, one "A Question of Chivalry" in the *Wellesley*. It opens with fully two pages of preamble, but it has a clever *denouement*, and a good touch at the end. The author is perhaps in the throes of her first enthusiasm for social settlement work. If the incident is autobiographical, she is not over sensitive in the perception of back alley etiquette.

The other is "Cap'n Sarah" in the *Virginia*. In the matter of dialogue, balance, and the selection of dramatic incident, the Wellesley author has much to learn from the Virginian. Children stories are within the pale of ordinary experience and present a field of wide and diverting interest.

The subject induces us to comment upon "The Sequel" in the

Wellesley. Here is a pleasing bit of romance. The plot has nothing particularly original in it, but it is touched with some pretty feminine conceits. One suggestion—the author might better have contrived to write the story in the first person. Some device is lacking here to bring it nearer to the reader.

We wish to congratulate *Williams* upon their acknowledgement of the truth of a satirical remark made in this column some time ago. We have written over their "Sanctum," "You are gentlemen for dissembling."

The *Williams* people have a story "The Weight of Decision," a unique idea, but certainly not intended to convince. In the first place, formal dramatic dialogue is without the sphere of the short story. Even without this fault of manner, the story wouldn't—couldn't create the illusion essential to true artistic work. The reader is always conscious that he is having a story made for him, yet when we emphasize the fault of this obviously improbable coincidence the very theme of the story challenges the accusation.

In the same file "The Fresco" again presents the mental nemesis dogging a murderer. The theme in itself is old, but this story is re-dressed with new touches. The setting is new, and the sin works itself out and expresses itself on the canvas of the artist. We are in favor, however of dropping this kind of thing which requires the most intensive work. The better thing to do is to leave murder stories, which have been made as horrible as they can be, and to get into a field of ordinary human interest.

In this respect the *Amherst* succeeds in "A Thread," in which we get a faithful picture of a New York Street with most delightful local color. The incident in this sketch makes one think more than an article on "Conditions among the Poor." It is a dramatic and swift picture of the social-ogical problem, full of suggestion, and the mark of a keen observer.

Patience, Philistine, the cow is coming.

We come now to the master stories. We choose "The Passer-By" in the *Wellesly*, a fine swift narrative story, which produces the full illusion of good literature. It makes you introspective, and you ask yourself, what is the answer to the far cry between you—and me.

Another splendid story is "The Triumph of Doctor Fitch" in the *Williams*, a story which develops an immediate interest in the character. The Doctor, a great-hearted, generous, unassertive soul, is the point of interest here. The story is full of realism—and romance without a woman in it.

The author of "Madonna Fiametta" in the *Amherst* makes an effort to write a story of wider content than usual. He succeeds excellently. But we rather wonder at the remarkably sudden recuperation of Galeazza. We wonder also whether the local color of Italy is not rather bookish and conventional. The success of the story lies in its intricacy and detail, in the perfection of an involved plot, and the adaptation of the story to the political history of the Fourteenth Century. It is a study of treachery in love and in politics, surely no dearth of *motif*. We congratulate the author.

The Exchange Editor has made an honest effort, but has not succeeded in getting anything said about the verse of the magazines. The *Mount Holyoke* Exchange Editor characterizes most of it perfectly when she says, "Sickly, Sentimental, Pessimistic Thoughts, such as we never had." She anticipated us in commending the Vassar policy of printing no verse because there was none fit to print. That is a good reason. It seems to us, however, that the men are the guilty people in this respect. We have been curious to see if the sex ever had such sickly, sentimental pessimistic thoughts as ever burn the breasts of divinely inspired masculine devotees of the Muse. We can't prove anything yet, but on the authority of the *Mount Holyoke* Exchange Editor, "most college girls enjoy sentimentality."

And now my friends, here is your Cow.

"Why, Cow, how canst thou be so satisfied,
 So well content with all things here below,
 So unobtrusive and so sleepy-eyed,
 So meek, so lazy, and so awful slow?
 Dost thou not know that everything is mixed;
 That nothing's as it should be on this earth;
 That grievously the world needs to be fixed;
 That nothing we can give has any worth;
 That times are hard; that strife is full of care,
 Of sin, of trouble and untowardness;
 That love is folly, friendship but a snare?
 Up, Cow! This is no time for laziness.
 The cud thou chewest is not what it seems.
 Get up and moo! Tear 'round and quit thy dreams!"

P. S. Are you a cow?

THE
HAVERFORDIAN

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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ISAAC SHARPLESS

HAVERFORD IN THE EARLY FORTIES

The present student at Haverford enjoys what would have been considered in the forties very luxurious surroundings. He has little or no idea of that with which a boy had then to be content.

The School, as it was termed, had been in operation some ten years with moderate success. The Faculty, or Council, consisted first, of John Gummere, grandfather of the present Professor Gummere. He was both master of Mathematics and Superintendent of the school. His son, Samuel J. Gummere, master of Latin and Greek, was my favorite—the perfect gentleman. While he could not avoid things that came under his very eye, he was not hunting trouble. Daniel B. Smith taught English Literature, Chemistry and Moral Philosophy. Benjamin V. Marsh was Assistant Superintendent and a teacher in what is now termed the “Freshman” Class. When penmanship was practised he was kept very busy mending the quills, for then steel pens were not known in schools. There were changes in the early forties. John Gummere, in whom age was developing idiosyncracies, retired, and Daniel B. Smith became principal. In after years Benjamin V. Marsh became a member of one of the leading dry goods houses in Philadelphia, and when I used to meet him in social circles we would smile over his youthful energy at Haverford. It was necessary sometimes to go outside the Society for instructors; Henry D. Gregory who had a school of his own was installed, but afterwards held one of the highest positions in the Girard College for Boys. But all connected with Haverford in the forties are gone, years ago.

The School had been modeled much after Westtown and it was the idea to inculcate in the youth simplicity, especially of dress. Westtown had been a success, and perhaps still is to a certain extent, but there the youth are drafted more from rural communities, while at Haverford they are mainly from the cities, and have more the tastes of the “world’s people.” But at the commencement of every term, Wilkins, the tailor at Athens (now Ardmore) had to remove rolling collars and any embellishments, and of course all this made with the very young some heart-breakings. It is very doubtful if our society sympathies were promoted or if the removal of trimmings was calculated to endear simplicity. All the boys of course had some kind of membership with Friends. We attended meeting first and fourth days and had to listen to infractions of the neighbors, which we did not think very edifying. The Society at large still felt itself pretty strong, and was too much inclined to be strict. As Professor Thomas remarks in his excellent “History of Friends in the United States,” after examining the records of Yearly Meetings

and seeing the disownments for marrying "out" or for trivial offenses "The wonder is, that there is any Society left."

The terms were five months each, allowing a month, spring and fall for vacation. The grapes matured during the fall vacation, so we did not get them; but the large green-house at the end of the grape arbor was well stocked and under one of the best gardeners around Philadelphia. Some of the plants belonged to the School, but most were the property of the gardener, William Carvil, who sold in the markets to some extent. We also had the privilege of purchasing plants and of having green-house storage free. The boy's gardens, adjoining, comprised some forty to fifty beds outlined with sod, and with walks between every two beds. These were open to selection under a sort of board of governors, called managers, who kept things in order. Sometimes two boys took a bed in partnership; then we raised from seeds and transplanted anything we owned, that would admit of it, from the green-house. This was a great feature of the summer outdoor life at Haverford; tastes for horticulture were formed that many appreciated in after life. Once I received a premium, *Gray's Botany*, for having the best kept bed. Botany was taught in summer, herbariums were formed and insects collected. Altogether summer was an active season. I never remember any suffering from high temperature. Every day that was suitable we were taken to a pool on the farm, and there never was a boy who did not learn to swim the first summer, for the older fellows would throw the newcomer off the diving board into water beyond his depth. One had to learn to swim in order to get rid of tormentors. Games, of course were in order; there was town ball, a vigorous game about the same as our present baseball. A leader on each side alternately chose his team from bystanders. But my favorite was shinny, a game about as strenuous as baseball. The ball was driven by sticks curved at the end, and though the heavy boots made by Lewis, the local man, prevented serious injury there were sometimes disabled ankles. Modern golf is a very poor imitation indeed. Athletics then kept in their proper place and did not, as now, claim more attention than the studies do. We never left our grounds to compete with others.

In winter we had coasting—most of us owned a sort of jumper sled made by a wheelwright in the neighborhood. If there was skating at Kelly's dam about a mile off, we went there. If it happened to be on some day not recognized by Friends as a holiday, such as Christmas, we would get up petitions without mentioning the day, since that would have defeated the object, for our testimonies had to be kept. But the

farm house kept by Jonathan Barton was our special delight when a relative came out to see us and invited us to a meal.

It was almost impossible to obtain permission to go to town—leave was granted only in case of illness or death in the family. In my four years I was in Philadelphia in term time only twice. Once I wrote my parents that the doctor (who also practised on horses) was making me worse, and a visit to Doctor Evans in Philadelphia soon fixed me up. To us boys it seemed as if Benjamin Marsh's main occupation was policing, and he was held in constant dread. The School bounds comprised the fifty acres adjoining the building, and the slightest overstep without permission entailed a "mark" which meant fifteen minutes confinement after school. In fact, the mark or any number of marks was the penalty for any infraction of the "discipline." I seemed to have a propensity for getting over the bound-fence somehow, and almost all my trouble was in that way. We had walks out of bounds Seventh Day afternoon, when liberty was given, it being required only to state the direction to be taken. Castner, at White Hall, furnished a mince pie that was really fine and of good size, for the modest sum of twelve cents. In my four years at Haverford, I never heard of a student's asking for or obtaining a stimulant at Castner's and I don't believe he could have obtained it if he had asked. Friends used to board there in summers.

We had societies—the *Loganian* may still be in existence—other minor ones did not often survive long after their promoters had left. Some very creditable papers were read and a written copy of what might be termed a miniature "*Haverfordian*" was circulated around one particular society. On First Day evenings John Gummere would read from ancient Friends. One in particular seemed to be a favorite, "The Memoirs of Joseph Pike" and when the collection bell rang, it was the saying, "Here goes for Joe Pike," but some of his selections were interesting. There was a circulating library of novels for subscribers. It was kept in a chest in the loft or eaves of the carpenter shop, for the carpenter was always a feature in play hours. An agent in town sent the trash. If any subscriber was caught, "dipped" was the term used, the book was his own personal property. The library was never discovered while I was there.

At the commencement of every term there was a vigorous search made for contraband, mainly novels and tobacco. Rooms and trunks were examined with the assiduity of a customs inspector, and of course the contraband, found only with newcomers, was promptly confiscated. There was a little quiet smoking, not much, done in the woods as far as possible from the building. The local stores had been enjoined not to

sell contraband to the boys, but Litzenburg, at Athens, sold a brand of cigars.

The number of students, about forty, dwindled during my stay. The closed door was mainly to blame for this; it was a great error of the founders, and it nearly killed the College. In my day I knew of lots of boys whose parents had been disowned for "marrying out," who were as good as any of us and who would have come to Haverford. There were only five of us in the final class of '44, and three of us passed. The examination was quite severe, as it comprehended all the studies of four years. It was written in a sealed room and lasted, I think, some ten days. The week that followed, before the term ended, I have always considered one of the happiest of my life, for we were at perfect liberty to come and go as we pleased.

There have been two memorable days at Haverford since I left. One was when the move to reopen the College was started after it had been closed for awhile. Isaac S. Serrill, of Philadelphia, then delivered an address sparkling with humor, games were played, and there was a good time generally, for most of my contemporaries were living and many were there. The other day was the seventy-fifth anniversary in 1908. A few of my time then living were there. Now I find none, and when I go out on Alumni Day, I find only the exterior of Founders' Hall to remind me of the "forties." The interior is gone; number 10, my old room is no more. The full band on the lawn makes me think of the holy horror Master Daniel would have exhibited. In after years he had left our College of Pharmacy, of which he had long been President, because the boys *would* have their music at Commencement—it was a personal affront, he said.

I cannot but feel pride in my old Alma Mater with her staff of eighteen professors where we had only four in the forties, and in her splendid modern edifices which our friends, whom the Lord has blessed, have erected—Barclay, Chase, Whitall, Roberts, Lloyd, Merion Halls and the Gymnasium. The trees around about were only saplings then, and they have developed into the venerable ones which fill me with admiration, and help dispel the sadness that overtakes me. In my eighty-fourth year, I find myself the sole survivor of my class, the oldest alumnus of Haverford, and I feel that my tenure is not for long.

Evan Tyson Ellis, Class of '44.

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

Before the season has well begun, life at a summer hotel has not many attractions for a man with the slightest bit of romance in his blood. And as the Kineo House had just awakened from its winter's nap, George Remington had been the only guest for several days. He was fairly overwhelmed with the monotonous existence, for he had spent most of his college vacations at Kineo, and had climbed so many mountains and polled so many streams that the last trace of novelty had disappeared. On the particular rainy and gloomy afternoon which interests us he was sitting alone on the long veranda, almost asleep from sheer inertia, his pipe gone out, and his book face down upon the floor. Suddenly a piercing whistle dispelled his somnolent revery, and brought him to his feet with a long, sympathetic yawn, one of that contagious kind which would have undulated from guest to guest entirely around the porch, had it been a month later. But, we are digressing from the whistle, which will never do, for if it had not blown just at that particular instant, this story could not have been written without lugging in considerable shameless fiction, a sin which we are not minded to commit oftener than the propriety and convention of polite society absolutely demand it. Well, the whistle blew again, and still a third time, as the little steamer from the New York train rounded the point and slowly approached the wharf. George scanned her decks with his binoculars, and although he has never told me what he saw, I have a fairly good idea, for he blew a long, surprised whistle of his own, and then ran down to the dock in time to throw the stern rope over a post in response to the captain's request. Now, it happens that there is no 'buss from the boats to the Hotel, as it is but a scant hundred yards climb, and so—well, to break the ice without more ado, as a certain demure little figure ventured down the gangway in the beating rain, George excused his intrusion, and offered her his rubber coat in the most polite manner possible.

"It's very kind of you," she stammered, "but I'm really afraid, you know—"

"Oh, don't think of that," he mercifully interrupted, "especially up here in Maine."

"Very well, then," as he slipped it over her shoulders, "I'll leave it at the office. It's very kind of you." By this time a bell boy had her suit case, and she followed the rest of the arrivals up to the Hotel. Remington walked into the express office and up to the window, following the raincoat with his eyes until it disappeared from view.

"(Whistle) What a Princess," he whispered, then he whistled again, lit his pipe, sat down on a crate of cantaloupes, and built castles in the fragrant, smoky air, until completely exhausted, he finished his interrupted nap. When he awoke the door was locked, but a window is easy from the inside, so he hurried up to the Hotel through the ever increasing rain. At the desk he found his coat and took it up to his room. Of course he examined it carefully, and in the last pocket, found nothing, as in all the others. Then he cursed his boyish folly in expecting anything, and resolved not to presume upon his own little act of courtesy as a pretext for acquaintanceship.

"She hails from New York," he argued, "and it surely is not a part of her creed to discard the conventions of an introduction at the Kineo House, as on an ocean-liner. Besides," he said to himself, but he never told me, so this is strictly confidential, reader, "I like her very much, and must not run any risks whatever."

Then too, she had a maid, and as his knowledge of wealth and luxury came entirely from books, he whistled again, long and low, then rising and falling—you know what I mean.

And the truth of the matter is, that George never regretted his prudent decision, for by the same boat on the very next day, the Princess's brother arrived—he had missed his sister's train in Boston the day before—and as the bad weather continued, he and Remington soon met over a billiard table. George was an expert at the game, and was having things his own way, when his new acquaintance suddenly asked:

"By the way, have you met my sister?"

"No; I haven't had the pleasure," Remington replied, and allowed his winning streak to be broken off, and himself to be led upstairs for the inevitable but very necessary introduction. Not a sign of recognition escaped, as the Princess said, this time without stammering, "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Remington," and I, for one, am sure that brother does not know their little raincoat secret to this day, unless, of course, he has read my very faithful account of it. * * *

For her sake, we shall not give further details, and so I'll simply tell you a few things which George told me in strict confidence. One bright day, finding me alone on the veranda, he greeted me as though a million dollars had just fallen into his hands, and saluted me with a hearty slap on the back. I started in surprise; could this be the gloomy, cynical Remington of last month? He met my question with a laugh and then asked me "What's the matter with *you*, old boy? Why don't you cheer up! Why any man ought to be happy here on Lake Moosehead,

with all these mountains around him! And say," he added in a lower tone, "Miss Evans is awfully nice. We are going canoeing on Sunday." "Same old story," I thought to myself, "another summer girl," but I told him he was progressing finely, congratulated him, and added that I had begun to cherish a hope for his ultimate recovery without medical assistance, and as he sauntered off to the music room, airing that infernal whistle of his as usual, I closed my eyes to dream of my own young and foolish days.

I need scarcely inform the courteous reader that the time passed very slowly nor that the eventful Sunday finally came, which it did in spite of George's fears to the contrary. The day did not dawn bright and clear, neither was it raining nor was the lake rough. But as they had everything ready for an all day trip, and as Remington was an expert with the paddle they decided to go in spite of the clouds. The two had a special early breakfast together at six. Between courses, a horrible thought entered the Princess's mind and she asked, "What if it rains?" We must not forget that this was her first visit to the back woods and when one has been accustomed to sailing down Fifth Avenue in a water-tight limousine, a flimsy open canoe seems but slight protection from the clouds above and the sea beneath.

"What if it rains?" George repeated, "Well, let me see; we both have our khaki suits, then there are a couple of ponchos and rubber coats under which we can store the luncheon. And then—but I really don't think it will rain, Miss Evans. You won't mind if it does, will you?"

"Oh, no! not in the least, especially with you in the canoe," she smiled. And then, breakfast over, they ran down to the beach like a pair of ten year olds. And what a time they had, this law student and the Princess—I always call her that, even now—with sleeves rolled up, no hats, and hair flying in the breeze. They sang and whistled and told stories about all sorts of things; but when they heard the steamer whistle far down the lake, George became serious and harped again on his favorite theme with the girl in the bow of the boat.

"What a different aspect it puts on life when the curtain rises, and a woman comes on the stage!"

"Do you think so?" she half answered, in her tantalizing manner, that made George wish for a moment that they were in one of those limousines instead of a canoe. "How nice of you to come up here, Miss Evans, just when I needed a friend most of all!"

"How nice it is for me to be nice!" she cried over her shoulder in that inimitable way of hers. George perceived the compliment, and was silent. And that was the best of all; they didn't find it necessary to be

singing and talking or doing something all the time, for they enjoyed the quietness together almost more than anything else.

We can not go into every detail of this wonderful day. They soon landed on Sandbar Island, built a camp fire, and had the finest dinner imaginable, just for two. About noon, however, the Princess discovered that a high sea was running.

"O-o-o-oh!" she cried as the waves soaked her tiny feet where she was trying to wash her hands. "George, George, what *shall* we do?" The individual in question, hearing such an urgent and familiar summons dropped a frying pan by the fire, and hurried down to the water. The sight that met his eyes would have told the whole story to anyone with half an eye for the weather in Maine, which, by the way, very few people have. "What is it?" she cried, "and how shall we ever reach home, George?"

This was the second time she had called him "George," and the excitement probably accounted for it, but he was not to be out done at any game, so he answered, "Why it's only a short little squall, Miriam, and we are all safe and sound on Sandbar, where we can stay until it passes by. You're not afraid, are you?"

"Not now," she smiled, wondering how any one could be afraid with a pair of strong arms close by.

"Quick then, come, we must get under shelter, or we'll be drenched," he cried, leading her back to the camp fire. He quickly inverted the canoe, fixing the ponchos for extra protection, just in time for them both to creep under before the first large drops pattered on the canvas. And now, strange to say, he was glad they were not in a limousine!

They had been silent for quite a while listening to the storm when George ventured bolder for the first time in his life: "I used to have an air-castle that has just fallen within a month, Miriam."

"Won't you tell me what it was?" she begged.

"Why yes, I have thought for a long time, that I would like a honeymoon in Europe best, but now I think it would be far nicer in Maine. Won't you try it with me, Miriam?" and he moved a little closer. But I cannot tell you what he said, for he has always kept it a secret.

"No, no," the Princess faltered, "you mustn't talk that way, George. I'm so afraid it will spoil it all; it's so fine just to be good friends and comrades. Besides, but you mustn't tell anyone, mother says that her son-in-law shall be a Lord with the title Sir, at the least, and just at present she insists upon my marrying a horrid old German Count, who has nothing in this world but his title and an unquenchable thirst for

beer." Here she paused, buried her face in her hands, and that is all I could ever glean from either George or the Princess.

The day wore on, and the sea went down as quickly as it had arisen. They paddled home in silence most of the way, arriving at the hotel just before dark. She left him in the lobby where he remained alone for several hours. Toward midnight, a bell boy brought him a note. No, no answer was expected: "Will you put me on the early train for New York to-morrow, George? M."

This was a terrible blow for poor George. He could not understand it in the least. She could not be angry, for her goodnight had seemed unusually friendly. To tell you the facts and not weary you, gentle reader, he smoked and thought and worried most of the night in silence. The next morning, he just made the boat as it was leaving the wharf. He found her alone in the saloon. She gave him details about her tickets and baggage, but never a word of explanation. He fixed her comfortably in the car, and with a lump in his throat sadly said good-bye. As he started to leave the car she gave him a note, and made him promise not to read it until the train was out of sight. George watched it disappear from the platform, and then read:

"I'm going to tell the Count to go back to his Fatherland, and I'm going to explain to mother that I've found an American Lord, a real *Sir* Walter Raleigh. Come and see me *soon*, won't you George?"

Far down in the woods on the shore of the lake, he saw a little curl of smoke, and then, at the most important moment of his life, George Remington forgot to whistle, entirely forgot.

Willard P. Tomlinson, 1910.

WONDERFUL WISE.

I'm in love with wonderful eyes
Wonderful eyes that see
Eyes that see in a wonderful world.
Wonderful things—for me.

I'm in love with a wonderful soul
A wonderful soul—to me,
And the dreams that arise in those wonderful eyes
Are dreams of a soul to be.

—1911

LOOSE LEAVES

MONKTON RIDGE.

The train moved on. John Rogers looked at the sign and learned that he was in Monkton Ridge. He looked at Monkton Ridge and was not encouraged, for there was dust in the atmosphere and a New England village looks forlorn enough through clear air. Meanwhile the station agent, in lieu of other excitement, was looking at John. The latter showed his experience by going to the point:

"Can you tell me where to get board and lodging for to-night?"

"I callate I kin. The's board and lodgin' across the street, but ef you want to sleep and eat, I callate you want to go to the Widder Simmons' on top o' thet hill across the crick. Happens to by my ant, but thet don't spile good vittles."

Jack appreciated the distinction, and two hours later he was coming down from a glimpse of a cool bedroom, refreshed and cheerful; for, though a man may learn to expect the weariness of a country hotel, yet never in youth can he learn to bear dumbly without hope. Since business was poor in Albany, he was utilizing his college experience in canvassing. The work isn't exhilarating, but it develops a certain valuable ability to plod on.

Mrs. Simmons was in the sitting room. Only a strained expression, that would flit across her face, kept her from being pleasant to look upon. She turned and explained: "Supper is ready, Mr. Rogers, and I think the others will be here soon. Solomon is in the kitchen." A door opened and let in a broad-shouldered bronze-faced swain, whose recent labor in the oatfield was indicated plainly enough by the honest sweat which had made the smut and occasional oatberries cling to his cheap blue shirt, till his unkempt coat served rather as a propriety than a comfort. Mrs. Simmons introduced them. "How d'ye do?" said Solomon. Jack was beginning to review the vocabulary of weather and crops when a light step approached. As he turned, a mutual recognition forestalled Mrs. Simmons' introduction.

"I think we are acquainted, Mr. Rogers."

"This pleasure is indeed unexpected, Miss Foster. My little sister was complaining two weeks ago that you hadn't written her for ages and she didn't know where you could be."

"This is a spot delightful enough to tempt anyone to hide for a while."

Jack had just noticed the delightfulness behind the prosaic title **Monkton Ridge**. It was Solomon's suggestion that brought them to the supper table, and Solomon's loquacity during the meal required but little refurbishing of Jack's classified observations. Jack had met Margaret Foster once or twice at the Albany Art School which she and his sister had attended together. It must have been, however, that she required a country village for a background, for she was certainly more charming than Jack had realized.

Solomon's coat was bulging comfortably and Jack was growing optimistic. As they rose from the table Miss Foster spoke with a smile:

"Mr. Rogers, won't you bring your pipe out by the hammock. I want you to tell me all about Florence. There is also a young moon tonight I think, and if you make yourself picturesque enough, I may make you famous in some future masterpiece of mine."

Jack, pipe held to mouth, sat in his chair and watched Margaret through the moonlight. They spoke in low tones with intervals of musing. The world grew brighter to Jack. Mrs. Simmons became a fairy godmother, Solomon was an interesting soul, and Jack without a qualm began to congratulate himself that he could be in a business that let him drink in the rural beauty of Vermont's rocky hills and dusty roads. Few are they from whose life flows the fountain of youth. Miss Foster had never said much when there were others about, but she had her chance now, and Jack's heart was no rock. He went to sleep late that night with a soul as light as Mrs. Simmons' pillows.

"Who's there?" called Jack, an hour later, and the silence that followed was more piercing than the most weird echo. His heart was palpitating to the accompaniment of intense darkness. * * * He had almost dropped off again to sleep when he heard a sound that touched the chords of his heart with a shiver. Drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, marked off an infinity of moments, before he arose impatiently, tortured beyond sleep by that boring monotony. The dripping stopped and he felt like a man who has fallen into infinity. Again he tried to sleep and again that tantalizing, horrible drip, drop, drip, drop, *ad infinitum*.

Just as dusk was replacing darkness, he heard someone shambling downstairs. It must be Solomon going to milk the cows. Jack arose, crept outdoors and strolled about watching the sunrise rather wearily. At six o'clock Solomon came in with the milk pails and Jack found him in the woodshed, loquacious as usual.

"I callate you think yer up airy, but the's been two here this week as could beat you. What dy'think? Two fellers come here, one after tother, and both went to bed in the same room ez you hed, and both was

gone by mornin'! You was the number three and I says to the widder, says I, 'Ef he goes, the north room's hanted, and thet's a fact'."

"Curious," said Jack, thinking hard. "By the way, do you happen to have a road horse you could let me use, if need were?"

"Yes, I callate I ken. Mustn't be in a hurry though," continued Solomon.

Miss Foster wasn't at breakfast. Solomon callated she had been up overly late last night. Jack got his horse and drove on. He sent the horse back by a boy that night. A week later in Albany his sister Florence remarked:

"Oh! Jack, I heard about you to-day. Why didn't you say you saw Margaret? Here is a letter from her."

Jack glanced at the sheet she was holding. "This is just the loveliest little nook imaginable. You know I always did want to get into the real country. I have found lots and lots of glorious scenery. Solomon says he callates the' must be funny people in the world if the Lord made 'em so's to like rocks. Mrs. Simmons, my hostess, is a dear woman and is a perfect wonder at cooking. She fusses over me like a hen with one chick. Just now she is insisting on cleaning and papering my room right in the middle of summer. I accordingly must move to-morrow for the paper hanger. Country people do have queer notions but they are perfectly dear."

Jack tossed the letter back. "I just met her at supper one place I stopped. I'd forgotten all about it by this time." But next evening Jack watched the moonrise from a Vermont hill. Below him rolled the creek and before him was a country farmhouse. Long after the lights had all vanished from the windows, cold and stiff, Jack walked down the hill, crossed the creek, climbed to the house and slyly entered where Mrs. Simmons had forgotten to remove the window screen. Upstairs he went softly picking his way to the old room. Silently he lifted the latch and stepped in.

"Who is it?" called a strained voice, and he saw standing before the window a dim form in indefinite negligee.

Jack was profuse, a thousand apologies, a wretched blunder, would never forgive himself. Tones of recognition called him to a stop: "Is it you, Mr. Rogers? There is an awful dripping here that won't let me sleep, and I was so nervous that I just had to get up."

"Miss Foster, you must take some other room, and I trust no one will be the wiser for this blunder of mine." She crossed the hall, and her good night spoke joyful relief. The drops did not worry Jack the

rest of that night. He wouldn't have slept anyway for recalling again and again Margaret's joyful tones. Unconventional? Horribly.

After a few hours next day behind the horse that mustn't be hurried Jack and Margaret had become used to unconventionality. Solomon said, "I callate the roof's been leakin' so's to drip now'n' then." Jack's happiness would have given the widow a ten dollar bill. She handed it back with a smile, "Keep it for the minister," she said. Jack turned away and Mrs. Simmons swears that at that moment his smile was beatific.

"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE"

In Thomas Hardy's *Wessex Tales*, the background, or the environment enters largely into the development of the major characters. He chooses and defines the environment and then places his men and women in it, leaving to them the working out of their destinies, directed and checked, not only by their temperamental peculiarities, but also largely by the surroundings in which it is their fate to exist. Let us take as a striking example of this his "Return of the Native."

Here the action is developed on a heath, one of those famous English downs, quite as mysterious in its way as a great desert, or the ocean itself. Not only is the place now inhabited by a peculiar people, but in ages past it has borne a population which has left to us some monuments of its existence. The sun, we are told, seems to shine differently on such a place, even the trees and the winds seem to have a language of their own. It is inhabited with strange birds, the great bittern, almost extinct elsewhere, makes his nest here undisturbed. Strange flowers grow there, drawing their moisture from some spring whose margin, perhaps, was curbed with Roman tiles, now lost in the general tangle of root and moss. But the commanding feature of the heath is the great Rain Barrow, a memorial of that race which reared the monoliths of the Stonehenge. The soil on its top is black with the ashes of countless fires, the first was the funeral pyre of the chieftan in whose name the mound was raised. We are permitted to watch a more modern bonfire, given in honor of Master Guy Fawkes, of unsanctified memory. Certainly such a place must have a considerable effect on any one dwelling there. We see its impression on the nature of Eustacia Vye.

Many old customs have been preserved in this heath country, some of them coming down to us from the Bronze Age, such as the annual bonfire on the Barrow, or the charms and incantations used by the hedge

doctors. But a more interesting survival from our point of view is the Christmas play of "Saint George and the Dragon," as told in the story. modernized perhaps, yet retaining much of the spirit of the past. It throws an interesting light on the preparation and rehearsing of the old interludes. We can imagine the Butchers' or the Candlemakers' Company assembled in the Guild Hall, going through the same form of rehearsal as do these furze choppers and villagers in the dusty Wessex barn. At all times the production of these Christmas plays and interludes must have been a matter of duty; something that had been handed down in trust from father to son.

The charm and value of this book to us is not in the action and fortunes of the principal characters, absorbing though they may be, but in the heath and the heath dwellers, the background of the story.

Joseph Haines Price, 1911.

THE WATCH MAKER

My watch had stopped. I shook it, and listened. But try as I would, I couldn't wheedle it back into lively pulsation. The thing simply wouldn't go.

Watchmakers had fixed me and my watch before. So I said to myself, "I'll get along without it—those watchmakers are awful cheats."

It took me only a few days, however, to find that the ticking of the timepiece was almost as closely allied to my existence as the ticking of my heart. I was late for breakfasts, early for appointments, and then late again for classes. It was galling. Sometimes I would have ten minutes in which to swear at leisure, sometimes I would concentrate my vehemence in one blue streak as I tore across the campus. I decided that a watch was even more essential than a wife.

So I fished my Swiss ticker from the drawer, and walked meekly into a jewelry store. The little black-bearded man behind the cage was peering down into the intricate mechanism of a tiny woman's watch, and muttering something about this d— society business. His big regulator ticked three minutes before he looked up. I handed him my wayward watch. He stuck a black telescope on his eyelid, and I knew from his ogle that he would say "Three Dollars." I was losing my voice and affecting a very meek countenance.

"H'm," he said. "I guess you forgot to wind it up."

EDITORIAL.

The ancient and honorable Editorial Staff of '09-'10, having brilliantly eluded curtain calls in their Editorial entitled "The Curtain Falls," have left to the new born board the painful duty of raising it again. We feel like an unbaptized new year, and our art editor (who is still a potentiality) might have drawn for us the conventional allegory of old Father Time presenting to the cheering world an unsmacked cupid labelled '10-'11. Or we could have been represented as a launching ship with our former editor breaking a bottle of Pureoxia on our nose—to the delectation of a jeering world. To let fancy roam further afield the modern mode for such an allegory would be for us to drop out of the airship "Pegasus" like *deus ex machina* into a soft Haverfordian blanket held by the leering world. But

*"The Eternal Saki from that bowl hath poured
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour."*

So forgive the frivolity of our infant state. With one jerk the curtains are up again, and while blisters rise on our hands we will get said quick the few words to our Alumni.

It is our plan this year to extend the Alumni Department, and increase the interest of the paper generally for the Alumni. We hope to do so by a series of articles about our loyal and interesting Haverfordians, and we shall try to have letters (like Mr. Ellis') from our older men, telling of the fascinating old days here, when people ate much mince pie, but never drank liquor. If the Alumni are interested in antiquaries we shall try to provide them, if they prefer personalities we have a proud number, and if they are curious about themselves we will publish anything not improper. The only *but* in the whole business is to impress upon them the necessity for co-operation. We have no Alumni Notes unless they send them, and we can not afford to buy their pictures unless they subscribe.

To the numerous embryo Haverfordians who scan these pages merely out of deference to the difficulty of Mathematics and Greek, we might sing with siren voice the joys of working for THE HAVERFORDIAN. The Editors are denied by churlish fate the conspicuous privilege of parading an "H" before an occasional incursion of the feminine. But once a hostler to the hackneyed nag, yours are

*"Sensations sweet
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,"*

—and the “H” on your heart is one you don’t take off at night, like the “H” on your ugly red sweater—and not so conspicuous.

Yet, if one wants to make himself *conspicuous* and politely, let him appear in the HAVERFORDIAN nine times each year. Football and cricket are great games, and in them strong men learn to know each other. But HAVERFORDIAN work means knowing yourself—sometimes a very unpleasant acquaintance.

The HAVERFORDIAN proposes to increase in wisdom, and to bring together the men in the college who have a genuine interest in literary composition, and a genuine interest in the best things for the college. Next year it will occupy new and glorified quarters in Haverford Union, and if everybody climbs up on the band wagon and yells, the whole crowd will be down to see what’s the matter. There are four seats vacant, and not a man from the Freshman or Sophomore Classes on the board. If you ever in your life wrote a line of decent English, for your own sake, let’s have your contribution.

A SUGGESTION.

With an observatory a step away and a hundred romantic youths roaming the Campus every night, a look at the moon as it really is would be interesting,—and perhaps would so disillusionize the youth as to send them back post haste to their Greek. A glance at Halley’s Comet ought to dynamize students infected with Spring Fever.

In fact, it would be “thoroughly nice” if some sympathetic member of the faculty would occasionally shine up the telescope for the enlightenment of the uninitiated, and dissertate to the earthworms on the Crab, the Bear, and the Dipper. And the Comet is too rare an occasion to miss.

We wish to excuse our aggressiveness in changing the style of the HAVERFORDIAN, on the ground that the present cover is with very slight exception a reversion to the old type. The typographical changes aim at simplicity, with the hope of establishing as permanent a magazine in style as in sentiment of Haverfordians.

I. ISAAC SHARPLESS.

Although President Sharpless holds no Haverford degree, no living alumnus of the college more thoroughly embodies the college spirit than he. Of conservative Pennsylvania Quaker stock, educated at Westtown and Harvard, inherited tendencies, environment and education, all combined to produce a man at once loyal to old ideals and imbued with the progressive spirit of the modern world.

A member of the class of '73 at Harvard, he came to Haverford two years later. At first the teaching of various subjects such as History and Chemistry fell to his lot, but he soon found his chosen field in Mathematics. This chair he held till called to the Presidency of the College. During this period his interests were by no means confined to the subjects treated in the class room. As a member of the Loganian Society he mingled freely with the students in literary work, took a prominent part in their debates, developing his own happy power of extemporaneous speaking, and by example and catholicity of interest inspiring the students to strive for broad and effective culture.

It is as President of the College, however, that Dr. Sharpless has done his great work. The Haverford of to-day is a very different place from the Haverford of twenty-five years ago. Then it had but eighty students and was struggling to **keep the wolf from the door**, now its endowments insure its present prosperity and future growth, and the number of students has doubled. The efforts of many and the beneficence of others have in part contributed to this end, but the wise leadership, steady loyalty to principle, sweetly reasonable liberality, and sturdy manliness of President Sharpless have been the determining factors in it all.

In addition to his work in the college he has proven himself a most exemplary citizen. The township of Haverford, Delaware County, and the State of Pennsylvania have all felt the influence of his pure minded and public spirited devotion to civic duty. The esteem in which he is held as an educator and a citizen is indicated by the fact that he holds honorary degrees from the University of Pennsylvania, Swarthmore College and Hobart College.

Three elements in his personality have contributed to the success of President Sharpless and have endeared him to Haverfordians.

1. First among these stands his uncompromising loyalty to the true in morals and scholarship. No sham in college work or in character fails to **evoke his frank condemnation**. **Free from all pretence or make-believe himself, he has done much to make the Haverfordians of the last**

thirty-five years despise the man who displays in his windows goods which he does not keep inside.

2. Along with this intolerance of sham, President Sharpless has always displayed the greatest kindness for the individual. Some people as Rendel Harris once remarked, are so anxious to remove the mote from the eye that they tear the eye out with it. There is no student who has been reproved by the present head of Haverford College, who has not felt the power of the manly kindness with which he has been treated immediately afterward—a kindness that was winning and healing.

3. The third quality is President Sharpless's appreciation of humor, and his skillful use of it. Humor is at once one of the most useful and most dangerous of gifts. One may be so carried away with it as to be ever striving after that which is amusing, and so become mawkish; or he may use it as a dagger to wound and deface. But when it is used to illumine with an occasional flash the dreary paths of drudgery or of logic, to fasten in the mind and imprint upon the conscience some valuable truth or duty, or to reveal in a worthy way the deep sympathies of a manly heart, it is one of heaven's choicest gifts.

George A. Barton, 1882.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

ALUMNI NOTES

EX-'92

Maxfield Parrish is exhibiting a painting at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

'98

Frederic Stadelman was married February 8th in New York, to Mrs. Florence Lansing Osgood.

On February second was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. Strawbridge a daughter, Elizabeth Hacker Strawbridge.

R. N. Wilson gave his classmates the pleasure of seeing him at the alumni dinner. He came up from Guilford, N. C.

'99.

A. Clement Wild, who is with the legal department of the Chicago City Railway, is now living at 5343 Jefferson Ave., Chicago.

'00

R. J. Burdette, Jr. is with the Hartford Life Insurance Co., Oklahoma City.

C. H. Carter's engagement has been announced to Mary Jessie Gidley of North Dartmouth, Mass. They plan to live in Syracuse after next summer.

Henry Hallett, of Pittsburg, announces his engagement to Miss Lois Ellen Roberts, of Wellsville, N. Y.

W. W. White is in Missoula, Mont., as Supervisor of the Bitter Root National Forest.

'01

Theodore J. Grayson has formed a law partnership with F. G. Taylor, '06, with offices 804-806 Betz Building, Philadelphia.

'02

Parke Lewis Woodward announces his marriage to Miss Hannah Mathisen, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Woodward is practising law at 66 Liberty Street, New York City, and resides at 560 East Ninth Street, Brooklyn.

'06

Jesse D. Phillips, who is with the Bell Telephone Co., is living at 216 E. State St., Trenton.

James Monroe, having completed his mechanical engineering course at Cornell, is now in the Engineering Department of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey at Newark.

R. L. Cary is occupying a fellowship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

R. J. Shortlidge has accepted a position at the Cascadilla School, Ithaca, N. Y.

R. Scott is Assistant Professor of English at Earlham College.

E. B. Richards has returned from the Philippines and is living at his home in Merion, Pa.

F. S. Breyfogel, T. K. Brown and G. H. Graves are engaged in higher study at the universities of Pennsylvania, Harvard and Columbia, respectively.

The following members of the class are practising law: F. Taylor and J. Tunney in Philadelphia, J. T. Fales in Chicago, W. K. Miller in Allentown, S. G. Nauman in Lancaster, and T. P. Harvey in Indianapolis.

On Thursday evening, December 23d, the class of 1906 held their annual supper and business meeting in Lloyd Hall. Plans were made for a second instalment of the class publication and for the five years reunion of the class. Those present were: Brown, Dickson, Kennard, Morris,

Philips, Pleasants, Reid, Richards, Sands, Scott, Shortlidge, Smiley, Taylor.

'07

E. Jones and W. Stokes, '09, are studying in the Yale School of Forestry.

C. Hoover and H. M. Watson, '09 are at Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa, Professors respectively of Chemistry and Classical Languages.

Ex.-'09

C. E. Marsh is the best paid reporter on the Oklahoma City News.

'09

C. C. Killen has accepted a position as instructor at Cedarcroft School.

F. C. Hamilton is with the Lehigh Valley R. R., in Philadelphia.

P. B. Fay is doing graduate work in Romance Languages at Johns Hopkins.

Andreas Bryne is joint proprietor with his brother of a nursery business in Stavanger, Norway. He also has private pupils in French, English and German.

H. A. Doak is Superintendent of Schools in Farmington, N. C.

G. S. Bard is with the Forrest Insurance Co., New York.

G. H. Deacon is with the Hires Root Beer Co.

R. N. Brey is with his father in Philadelphia in the milling business.

TO THE ALUMNI.

In an effort to get in touch with as many Alumni as possible, letters have recently been written to Secretaries of the organized classes, asking for a monthly report on the movements among the classes. Some of the responses indicate a favorable attitude towards the extension and improvement of this column. The Secretaries say, however, that often they are less in touch with affairs in their classes than other men better situated geographically. As the success and interest of this column depends entirely on the Alumni, we can not emphasize too earnestly the necessity for their co-operation, and we shall be glad to hear by the twenty-sixth of each month any news items of interest to Haverfordians.

EXCHANGES

A wise and humorous article, discursively written, appears in the February *Harvard Monthly*, entitled "The College Magazine and the Literary Life." It is written by Robert Herrick, a man who speaks with authority, and who is generous enough to say that "never before in the history of civilized times could the young man embark more safely upon the literary life than to-day, never could draw the pad towards him with more confidence of being well paid for his day's work, if he has anything resembling ideas in his head. For it is a large and broadening market to which he offers his wares.

But there are a few who are ready to starve for their work. They are the few who speak with the indubitable assurance of human authority."

In the face of the comment of the Exchange Editor (who himself confesses here more desire to please the rabble than the militant green-eyed litterateur) and in the face of the finances of most college magazines, it is difficult to suspect budding authors of any baser motive than art for art's sake. Oblivion to all else except "ideal success" is a delightfully youthful characteristic. But if you lift up the edges of the few lines quoted from Mr. Herrick you will find underneath a test for the sincerity of our geniuses who nurse the authorship bug. It is so hard to be an honest anything—even an honest Exchange Editor.

In trying to decide where to begin, the cruel critic of these pages yawns and writes poetry:

My back-bone is a wishbone
My will a choc'late pie
If heaven's sleep and eating
I'll hurry up and die.

While the above verse is not so majestically sublime as the flights usually quoted here, it nevertheless creates the mood for this maudlin page. The February prose is so unfledged. *Texas* has nothing exciting, and the *Vassar Miscellany* has been lost—probably stolen. We have been reading "For Love of Constance" in the *Mount Holyoke*. The author in describing a girl says "She wore a gown of some cream colored stuff, and a large black hat with sable plumes." The description is unsuggestive to masculine mind, but she must have looked "awful nice." Aberrations of this kind and a wearisome insistence on the undertone

make the story drag. By Chapter III. it crawls. Most of its listlessness we attribute to the dialogue, and dialogue is difficult always. In "The Transit of Mars," it is stuffy, and crowds out any psychological reflection upon the characters. As a story "The Truant" is much prettier, and in the matter of dialogue the early part of "The Show and Grandmother" can teach them all.

A story of interesting romance technically perfect, it seems to us, and fascinating in dialect and dialogue is the "Two Harps" in the *Randolph-Macon*. It has clear and lucid treatment, not an extraneous thing added, no digression, it holds to the point and ends beautifully. A story not so pretty but with the same richness of color is the "Onlucky in Love" in the *Smith Magazine*. In the *Amherst* "A Man" succeeds because it defines two characters—the girl is interesting—perhaps a crystallization of the feminine type—a really catty woman, whatever that is. "What Lack I Yet" gets a fine tonality, effective in spite of brevity. "The Return of Pete" in the *Williams* we suppose is indifferently good, and "Olin" perhaps indifferently bad. Like all spiritualism stories "Olin" ends in smoke. When the story is well written the reader is horribly gulled. So that a disgusted "Huh!" at the end is probably complimentary.

We can hardly say "Huh!" at the end of "The Flaw in the Premise" in the *Texas*. "The Flaw" doesn't produce the illusion of good art, and it is another of that series of aberrations—this one more of the Rider Haggard type. How Jillson ever fixed up a machine which would scientifically read the future for us, our Texas author is careful not to suggest. Jillson had mankind reduced to a perfectly commensurable condition. One could tell just what he would be doing in thirty years. Wouldn't that be unpleasant? Somehow the machine failed to predict that Jillson would be killed before the article was patented. But we consider that the Texas author does a great service to curious humanity by killing Jillson on the last page. If, in thirty years your wife will be chasing you around the house with a club you can't find it out, since Jillson died. Alas, life is again as uncertain as ever.

The most fascinating bits of description appear in two Harvard magazines. "Oxford Impressions" in the *Advocate*, a series of charming sketches have a distinct flavor. There is much color and a rare subtlety which gives a touch of delightful humour to every page. "In the Rip" in *Harvard Monthly* is a vivid and brilliantly done description, no subtlety, but cheerful, thank goodness. The author of *that* piece has the seeing eye, a sensitive sense of selection.

Having got thus far without culling a savory bit of supercallowfied

prose for the Philistines we again search our poets for a bit of verse clever enough to justify the business of criticism in their eyes. There is not a good cow in sight, but a *Smith* girl has recently been disturbed by "A Mouse." The sonnet is suggestive of the good old days in Barclay Hall when the inmates there used to train the cock-roaches to wind their watches and hang up their clothes. One night years ago when all was still, a bad man came home late and saw his most faithful cock-roach standing before the mirror in *his* pajamas and combing his hair with *his* comb. After that cock-roaches were dismissed.

Often in our Exchanges we have been restrained by the wise hand of our Editor-in-Chief from saying too much. We remember distinctly that we intended to praise the verse of the *Smith*. "The Gift of Toil" in their December file, and other verses by the same author were perfect for their sincerity and accuracy. In the January files, the *Williams* prints "First Love" by an author whom we should take care not to spoil by too favorable criticism. "The Goblin King" in the same file is a subjective poem, not a ballad by any kind of conjecture except in metre and incremental repetition. It is the presentation of a mood, not a narrative poem. The imagery is gnomic and beautiful.

The *Virginia* a month ago printed the best twilight verse of the year, a verse of genuine poetic impulse, perfect and careful imagery.

An artistic love poem, not the sickly sentimental kind either, is "Penelope" in January *Mount Holyoke*. It is a fine bit of projected emotion, and the poem is the weary dirge of the toilworn, hopeless lover. It is a remarkable piece of work, considering that the poetry of youth generally has the fierce, passionate lyric cry.

Of serious verse this month, the *Texas* publishes a nameless verse in a side alley of their magazine which has genuine poetic feeling.

Sleep, thy tired hands on thy breast!
 Sleep, with thy weary limbs at rest!
 This sleep ne'er shall know a waking;
 It will quiet thy heart's breaking;
 Sweeter far, to thy tired eyes,
 Brown earth, than grey winter skies.
 I who love thee shall not weep
 For thy dreamless, endless sleep.

This is suffered the indignity of appearing beneath a long didactic "Fiat Justitia" which says in its second line:

"The world was full of wickedness, of sorrow, and of woe!"
 Ugh!

The *Harvard Monthly* with its usual taste in selection prints in "The

Vision" a poem which seems to breathe a rarefied atmosphere. In the first three stanzas, however, the impression is of a goddess allegorical, in the fourth she seems to become personal. But it is very suggestive, nevertheless.

The *Smith* people are very clever—and their verse is pretty well down on the earth. It is difficult to select from so many, pieces of real poetic sensitiveness. The girl who wrote "Groggles" got very close to the frog's viewpoint, and the "At Night" verse is delicate and childish. We quote "A Tri-al-ette"—it is short, and will sympathize with some of our operetta singers.

Second trials are out
 And they haven't asked me—
 What can they be about?
 Second trials are out!
 For I know, without doubt,
 I can act, and yet—see—
 Second trials are out,
 And they haven't asked me!

The *Williams* prints an amusing article on "Mortal Verse," but the author talks of such *mortally* mortal verse that the essay is not a help in selection. He quotes from "Sweet Singer of Michigan, who says more or less that "the reader must take the production with its stamp of originality, which is the plainer synonym for afflatus or inspiration." Here is one of the verses:

"In the Eighth Michigan Cavalry
 This boy did enlist;
 His life was almost despaired of,
 On account of his numerous fits,
 Caused by drinking water poisoned—
 The effect cannot outgrow;
 In Northern Alabama, I hear,
 Came this dreadful blow."

"And now kind friends, what I have wrote,
 I hope you will pass o'er,
 And not criticise as some have done,
 Hitherto herebefore."

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VICTOR SCHOEPPERLE, 1911, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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L. ARNOLD POST, 1911

FRANK ROLAND CONKLIN, 1911

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

WILMER J. YOUNG, 1911 (MGR.):

WALTER H. STEERE, 1912 (ASST. MGR.)

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A LETTER FROM DAVID STROUD BURSON, Ex-'85



APPRECIATE very much your desire to have an article from my pen, and I am greatly pleased to comply with your request in spite of my advanced age, and of the fact that my eye-sight is not of the best; for my right eye sees double. My general health is prime. If I live till the 18th of next month (March 1910), I shall be 94 years of age. Yet the scenes at Haverford are very vividly stereo-

typed in my memory.

As the poet Tom Moore has it:

"When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!"

I remember very realistically the time when Joseph Walton, Thomas F. Cook, and myself constituted the Latin and Greek classes. The teachers were Professor John Gummere, D. B. Smith, and William Dennis; the last I easily outranked in Latin, for I had been well soaked in Latin at Westtown Boarding School, where I was a scholar for nearly six years continuously, as my memory has it, with only a vacation of not over a week.

I suppose Haverford proper is now far removed from the railroad, since straightening the road. In my time, the thirties, whenever we heard the whistle blow, we dropped our play and ran to the walking bridge across the railroad track.

There were no religious exercises in the college buildings while I was there.

At Westtown I happened to be a favorite with Enoch Lewis, who taught mathematics. My memory is that at one time he taught John Gummere, who afterwards taught me mathematics at Haverford. I still have John Gummere's Astronomy and his volume on Surveying. I believe John Gummere's parents, Samuel and Rachel, once lived in West Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, my native place. I suppose any Gummere now connected with the college must be the grandson of my preceptor John Gummere, a most estimable man in all respects.

But all this is ancient history. It is like the chronicles. Yet they are all vividly in my memory.

At Westtown we read the "Historia Sacra" and the whole of Virgil from the first Pastoral through the Georgics and all through the Aeneid. It lasted five months and twenty-three days. I became soaked in Greek as well as in Latin. Latin is stereotyped in my brain. I try to write English in vernacular—with doubtful success.

Very probably my Latin would not be classical. I remember very distinctly many passages in Virgil as well as in Horace. There is one line in all Virgil's works in which the feet, in scanning, alternate—in the first Pastoral. I remember the line in the 9th book of the Aeneid in reference to the son of Aeneas, Iulus:

"Macte nova virtute puer; sic itur ad astra,"

and also the line near the end of the 8th book:

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

There is this passage, too, from dear old Horace, writing to an intimate friend:

"Vive, vale: si quid novisti rectius istis,

Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

I read also every line in Homer's Iliad. There were two large volumes and at the end of them the Greek was translated into Latin to keep us from being "stumped" in the Greek. These volumes I presented very foolishly to the college near Richmond. My Virgil was begged for by a gentleman who was a teacher in some capacity in the university at Colorado Springs.

For more than half a century there has been in our present residence a copy of the prayer of Mary Queen of Scots, who was born, as I remember, in 1542 and decapitated in 1587.—the crime of the human (?) hyena—what a brute was Queen Elizabeth!

Mary Queen of Scots was highly educated for her time. She was taught Latin and rhyming by the experts of that era. Our English ancestors were not far removed from brutes, however.

Much of my Latin I never shall forget; but how, where and when I found that copy of the prayer of Mary Queen of Scots is among the secrets of the unremembered past.

The Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots:

"O Domine Deus, speravi in te,

O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me,—

In dura catena, in misera poena,

Desidero te.

Lugendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro ut liberes me!"
Pleasant is my memory of dear ancient Haverford.

Your friend,
DAVID STROUD BURSON, EX-'35.

*David Stroud Burson is the oldest living matriculate of Haverford, and one of the first men to come here. The above article is a combination of two letters written "To the Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN."

TO THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC



UT a little thing
Is it to sing,
To raise the weary mind.
Mid bitter life
And heartless strife,
O, melody is kind.
So, low, low,
Draw the bow
Over the trembling string,
That my bosom filled
With the dream you build
May cease from its shuddering,
That eyes that weep
And never sleep
For a hope that is doomed to die,
May close at last
When the dream is past,
With the strains of your melody.

H. S. H., 1910

THE DETECTIVE'S UMBRELLA



HE 7.24 was slowing up for Hainesport and as the last car shuddered to a stop, Stevenson from the station platform saw his friend, Harry Pew, rise from his seat in the train and get out of the car. As Stevenson made a move to get aboard he suddenly felt a thrill of emotion as he rubbed elbows with the demure little Widow Perkins who was also on the way to Philadelphia. He had felt no such thrill ever since the night when this same charming woman, then unmarried and besieged, had gently but firmly insisted that it could not be and that he had no grounds for such a hope. Why had this same old feeling so strangely returned to-day? But a railway station is no place to ponder such mysteries of the heart, and so Stevenson climbed aboard and took the seat that his friend Pew had just left vacant.

After a few seconds the brakeman shouted "Right here!" there was a hissing pull on the cord and the train was off. Meanwhile Stevenson was settling himself in his seat, spreading out his coat and getting generally comfortable when suddenly he felt an umbrella tucked away between the end of the seat and the side of the car. Through the open window he could see Pew a few yards away walking up the street, so he threw out the umbrella and shouted,

"Hey there, Harry! Here's your umbrella."

He watched Pew pick it up and then the train whisked around a curve.

Stevenson's neighbours all said he meant well. His enemies remembered that intentions form the sidewalks of a place where wood-blocks won't do. This morning he felt very much pleased with his good intention, and turned to the sporting page with a sense of righteous satisfaction.

"Hey, you! Did you see an umbrella in this seat?"

Stevenson left Ty Cobb still at the bat with two strikes and three men on bases, and looked up to see who was interrupting his game. A big burly fellow with a ruddy face, side whiskers and a leering expression that owed a lot to a hare-lip, was leaning over him.

"Say, did you see my umbrella?"

"Why—er—yes, I did. But I threw it out——"

"Threw it out!" broke in the stranger. "What in the Sam Hill did you do that for? Didn't you know it was mine?"

"Never saw you before. I thought it belonged to a friend of mine, so I threw it to him."

"No you don't! You don't work that gag on me! See here Johnny, there's no green in my eye. See that badge—well, I'm a detective. So you'd better pony up that umbrella and be quick about it."

Now no respectable father of a family travelling on his regular morning train appreciates being called "Johnny," especially when the call comes from some officious and unknown bully. The fact that the dainty widow Perkins was sitting immediately back of him didn't help Stevenson any, either. She was quite prettily amused as she watched the blush of confusion slowly rise up the back of his neck.

Stevenson felt this gaze, calmy folded his paper, laid it beside him and faced his enemy.

"See here," he said. "You may be a detective all right, but you don't scare me. I've ridden up and down this road every day for fifteen years and what I say is true. I thought I saw a friend get out of this seat and so when I saw the umbrella here I threw it out to him. If it isn't his, I'll get it back to-night and send it to you to-morrow if you give me your name and address." Stevenson was sticking to his guns pretty well, and the widow thought he had improved a great deal since a certain night ten years ago.

"Say, what do you think I am?" asked the suspicious detective. "That bluff's been worked before. Either that umbrella, or you make it good."

"Tickets please," called the conductor.

"Here's a friend," thought Stevenson without looking. "Conductor," he said, "will you please tell this man——" But it wasn't Anker who had the 7.24 this morning and Stevenson didn't know this conductor.

"How's that?" snapped the nervous official.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," stammered Stevenson. "I thought you were Anker. He generally takes this train down, you know."

"Yes, but he's on his vacation now. Tickets please." And he held out an expectant hand.

"Why—er," said Stevenson, pressing his hand to chest to feel for his wallet, "I travel on an employee's pass but I seem to have left it——"

"Say, you're a crook. That's what you are," broke in the sleuth.

"Leave me to deal with this conductor and mind your own business, will you?" Stevenson was getting mad. It certainly did "look bad" to have everything go wrong this way, but he'd got to get out of it some how.

"As I was saying, conductor, I seem to have left my pass at home, but just give me a 'one-way' to Philadelphia." He produced the necessary fare and the conductor moved on.

The widow noticed the adroit way Stevenson got out of this latest hole and that gentleman went up another peg in her estimation.

"Now, Mr. Detective, listen here. I'm sick of this. I'm an honest man and you don't bulldoze me this way. I've lived in Hainesport all my life and I guess I've got some friends aboard this train right now who can identify me."

"Aw forget it! I don't want any identification. I want the money, if you haven't got the umbreila."

"Well, you don't get it. Give me your card and you'll have your umbrella to-morrow."

"Say, how do I know you're on the square? I've been fooled before, old man."

"Well, just excuse me a moment while I find someone who will vouch for me and prove that what I say is straight."

The suspicious fifth-wheel of the law sat down reluctantly and watched Stevenson go ahead to seek a friend. But, great Scott! It was the Fourth of July and all his friends were home. He didn't know a solitary soul on all the three cars. Except—the widow Perkins! Perhaps, after all, she might be willing. There was nothing else for it. But-toning his coat and swallowing hard he approached her diffidently.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Perkins, but perhaps you may have heard the scrape I'm in. Yes—well, would you please mind telling this gentleman who I am. I'd be much obliged."

"With pleasure." She looked the detective in the eye. "What Mr. Stevenson has said is true. I saw his friend get up as the train stopped, but he had been occupying *this* seat, not the one Mr. Stevenson took. Mr. Stevenson is a gentleman and I am sure you will come to no loss. You shouldn't be so suspicious."

Nobody could resist the pretty widow. She had a frank, fearless way of speaking, which, without detracting from her charming womanliness, meant business. The ugly detective eyed her a moment as though in doubt. Then trying to act the generous part, he said,—

"Just as you say, madam. But you'll excuse me, madam, for being so persistent; but I'm a detective you see," and a dirty finger-nail rattled on a silver star that stood out against a background of greasy waistcoat, "and we've got to be mighty careful. Here's my card, sir. Any time will do." And he made his way back to the smoking car.

"I'm very much obliged," said Stevenson when the door closed on his persecutor. "It wasn't really serious of course, but it was getting unpleasant."

Unconsciously Mrs. Perkins drew her skirts toward her and moved

nearer the window. Not quite so unconsciously Stevenson slipped into the seat thus prepared.

Somehow it seemed quite natural to be riding this way, side by side with Mary Townsend—Perkins. Memories of past days and of similar rides together floated in both their minds. Stevenson was the father of family, as we said, but he was also a widower, and of course, later on—

E. H. S. '11.

A MATCH IN NEW YORK



EW YORK is no place for a Philadelphian. But the Cricket Club Team had a game scheduled with the Staten Island Eleven Thursday, and they telephoned for me at the last minute. I left home with about three dollars and a mileage book in my pocket, and I still had two-fifty when we got to Staten. We drew, but the match was in our favor, forty runs to get, and five wickets down.

About half way through the game Margery and Priscilla turned up with a fellow they called Harry. I never did get his last name. Priscilla is the girl who used to wear those pretty little gauze effects in the evenings at the Langmere last September, when everybody else was rigged in greens and yellows and purples. In fact she is the girl who told Margery that I might be all right if I weren't so much of a hayseed. Well, Priscilla never knew, but that *did* cut.

This Harry—he was a New Yorker. Necktie pin, spats, chamois gloves and pipe-stem cane—he was perfect. And a good looker too. In a caustic metropolitan style he remarked often that cricket as a game should be relegated to old women's homes and blind asylums. When it was finally over he turned to me and said blandly:

"By the way, we are going to get supper in New York, just a modest little bite. I know a quiet little restaurant and we'd be pleased to have you tag along." I don't know how you'd take an invitation like that, but I didn't like it, and was just about to say I had to go home when Priscilla gave me one of those liquid looks that would decompose marble. That decided it. I wasn't exactly dressed up for going out. I hadn't any gloves. I had an old scuffed suit case, my trousers bagged at the knees, and I hadn't shaved for two days. But all this and more doesn't make any difference when Priscilla looks that way. I was quite convinced she really wanted me to go. I went. My pride was nevertheless hurt by that "tag along" business, and so on the ferry I said to Harry: "Oh! by the way I want you let me do half of this." "All right," he

answered, "say, see if you can find a couple of empty chairs floating around here. I went and got chairs. The ferry ride lasted quite a while, and when we landed we made a rush for the elevated. Harry was used to it, I wasn't. He seized Margery with one hand and Priscilla with the other, shouted hastily over his shoulder to me to follow, and disappeared in the jam. I barely caught the same train as he did, handicapped as I was with that old valise. Then we rode. I stood; the others sat down. I watched the tall buildings as we went past. The ride seemed almost unending. Finally at about 42nd Street I think we got out. It may have been 60th but I am just a little hazy about it. We walked about a block and then swung around the corner into a brightly lit café.

As to just what it looked like from outside I can't say. My memory fails. All I can remember is a neat little frosted border running around a huge plate glass window, which was decorated most elaborately with salads, meats, and oysters all grouped around a huge red lobster. I have a faint recollection of champagne bottles. I was no sooner in the room than my suit case and hat were pounced upon by two different waiters and whisked out of sight into a small lobby effect. I watched them out of sight, and then turned to find my party had disappeared. I soon saw them, though. Harry was beckoning from across the room. I proceeded leisurely across the room to the table. As I sat down I noticed with increasing awe that the waiter had gold cuff links and patent leather pumps. I hastily projected *my* feet as far as I could under the table cloth and kicked Harry in the shins. I blushed, apologized and began to look around me. The name of the place as given by the menu was Café Beaux Arts or something to that tune. The electric fans were made expressly to match the general get-up of the room. There was a young orchestra near us and a long haired dago was rendering some selections from grand opera. I began to feel more and more like a fish out of water. "What," I thought, "in heaven's name have I gotten into?" Harry's face showed no sign of suppressed emotion. Neither did either of the girls. In fact they all looked quite at home. There were just three menus, so I went without one, and while they were studying them I coughed, adjusted my cuffs, tightened my necktie, brushed off my left sleeve, pulled down my vest, and did other things to show how much at home I felt. Finally I got a menu. It came through the air from Harry, landed on my napkin and was followed with "How does that table d' hôte suit you?" I caught sight of the top line and shuddered. It read, "Table d' hôte \$1.75." I mentally divided \$1.75 into \$2.50 and found it would not go twice. I hastily turned the bill of fare over and blushed a deep

crimson. I can still feel that blush creeping up my neck. I felt it pass my ears and I felt my hair rise slightly when it had reached it. I began to realize that I would have to do something. I thought rapidly. I might make a bolt for the door if I had my suit case and hat. I considered offering my watch to the head waiter on the sly; I thought of playing sick and not eating anything myself. I thought of throwing a fit on the floor; I thought of doing Heaven only knows what, when I became conscious of a black-clothed waiter, standing spectre-like beside me with his idiotic head cocked on one side like a last year's scare-crow and his pencil fidgeting over a blank tablet, which I remember distinctly had a gold monogram on it. My whole being became centered on the top end of that pencil and my eyes followed it up and down, fascinated by its wierd gyrations. It almost looked like a mechanical toy. I had seen Punch wave his club around in much the same fashion. The eraser was making a figure eight and then a long quick horizontal stroke followed by a slow zig-zag. The pencil approached the paper, poised itself above it like a hawk ready to swoop on its prey and then rose again and began its circles and curves in an uncertain fashion. Then it took up triangles and squares, and would no doubt have ended somewhere up in the fourth dimension had not Harry butted in. This time he just said, "Well?" I started and redirected my eyes to the bill of fare. I was holding it upside down. I righted it, turned purple, and made the following edifying remark:

"Oh, I don't know: I don't know!" at the same time scratching my chin. This served to remind me that I wanted a shave and I lowered my hands again, fumbling at the table cloth. I don't know how long it might have kept up if I hadn't managed somehow or other to blurt out that I had been expecting something a little more reasonable, and that really I couldn't afford the table d' hôte. Harry smiled a far-off smile and said "Is that all that is the matter? I thought you had been taken with scarlet fever," which was unkind to say the least. He paid for four dinners with a twenty-dollar bill.

I stayed at Priscilla's over night and she told me how much she sympathized with me, and not to mind, and she thought Harry had been "perfectly horrid," which went a good way toward cheering me up.

When I came home they gave me the most awful blowing up for not getting home Thursday night. Just as if I hadn't had enough to worry me without bothering with telegrams. But I have just had a wire from Priscilla.

"I want you to come up to my house party Wednesday," she says. "I am inviting you instead of the dude." A. L. B. JR., '12.

A SERPENT'S TOOTH



VINCENT DOUGLAS smiled rather more cordially than usual to the members of the company still loitering around the stage door. It made him feel more able to keep his nerve for the performance when he felt satisfied that he was "making his front" to the crowd. As soon as the door of his dressing room was closed behind him, his face relaxed to the infinitely weary one he seldom allowed

himself to show.

"Oh! I'm so tired, so disgustingly tired and nervous. Ugh! Ugh! This is a fine way to get into the skin of 'Clyde Lessinger,' tiresome ass that he is!" Douglas went to the mirror and studied his face searchingly. "Yes, the lines are showing! and the hair—oh heavens! Why does a sane, hard-working man have to think of his looks when he should like to think only of his work! And yet when the box-parties begin to thin out and the matinee girl letters become less frequent, it means a man's getting old. Old! Thirty-two, and I feel like a hundred! That shows what the strain does for a fellow."

Vincent Douglas gave this soliloquy in a sort of half-mumble that was a habit of his; it made him feel so much less alone in the barn-like dressing-room reserved for his use. He again studied his face in the mirror.

"If I get to looking as cynical as I feel, what's going to become of me?"

His watch warned him that it was 7.30. Douglas began deftly to put on the preliminary grease-paint and tried his "famous Vincent Douglas smile," about which his press-agent had so much to say.

He felt that that night he could never do his character-study of Clyde Lessinger, the cold, cynical, and yet fascinating murderer. It was the part in which he had made himself known in a single night. It is true that Marie Page was the name on the electric signs, but no one realized better than Miss Page herself how much she needed good support to keep her hold on the public. With unusual foresightedness and generosity she did not allow her jealousy to prevent her manager from retaining the services of Vincent Douglas. It was he with whom every night at the end of the great trial scene she stood bowing and smiling for the six or eight curtain calls she inevitably received, even on nights when she was so tired that she could hardly force the smile to her lips.

Vincent Douglas knew by a subtle law of paradox that, when feeling

in a cynical nervous mood, he never acted Lessinger to his own satisfaction. He knew he could "make his front" in a comedy part with less effort; in an attack of nerves, laughs can be forced more easily than the appearance of composure. All at once his eyes began to swim, and everything began to look black. He gripped the dresser and finally recovered himself. He knew he was too sick to play. Perhaps his understudy might still be available. He hurried out, half-stumbling, to see if he had gone. "Mr. Johnson has reported and left, sir," said the stage-door-keeper. "Good Lord! I'm too sick to play!" he muttered to himself. He knocked at Marie Page's dressing room. He explained his condition.

"Oh! please, Mr. Douglas, don't give out now! I've never turned away an audience yet! You know we're all about ready to drop after a season of one-night stands. Think of New York next week! 'In Old New York, in old New York!'" she hummed longingly. "I can hardly control my cough, even during the performance," she added, piteously. Her voice broke, but her brave little mouth set more firmly; Marie Page carried much of her charm into private life.

"I'm a brute," Douglas managed to stammer. "You've got enough to worry you. All right! Sure I can go on." He tightened his lips, looked at her steadily, and left.

For three seasons Douglas had worshipped Marie Page with a dog-like devotion of which he himself was hardly conscious. He only knew that he could get through the evening so that she need not disappoint her audience.

"Five minutes, Mr. Douglas," said the call-boy.

All right then, he would make one last demand on the nerve upon which he had been living for the last month. As he left his dressing-room, to make his way toward the wings, he whistled, "In Old New York," softly to himself. He hoped Marie Page would hear him, and feeling sure of him, would feel better nerved for her own performance.

He stood at the wings. Oh! there was his cue and he was on! A little burst of applause gave its accustomed stimulus to his weakened nerves. He was in his part, but he heard as if it were someone else speaking. At the end of the act, he felt the reaction coming on so fast that he was afraid. As he took the call, Miss Page looked gratefully at him. He noticed how infinitely weary she herself looked. But the curtain was down.

Vincent Douglas never knew how he got through the intervening scenes; all he knew was that at the beginning of the famous trial scene, at the close of which came his sensational fall, he was groping for his lines.

Was he saying them all right? Everything looked natural. The audience was applauding at the right places, and his fellow players seemed to be at ease. He supposed he must be getting through mechanically, without anyone's knowing the difference.

With a start he heard thundered at him, "As there's a power above that knows of good and evil, you, Clyde Lessinger, are the man!" It was his cue, and mechanically he fell.

That was all he knew until, at the end of the act, he heard Seeley saying, "Douglas, quick, old man, your curtain!" and then, speaking to somebody else, "He's fainted." Douglas tried to rise. He saw the anxious faces around him and particularly one face that brought him to himself.

"Give me a little whiskey and some cold water!" he ordered. He dashed the cold water in his face, took a gulp of whiskey, and stood up.

"Go ahead, I'm all right," he said laughing, and the curtain went up on the last act. When that horrible nightmare was over, and as soon as the final curtain was down, Marie Page turned to Douglas and said, "I think you've been playing possum all evening. You never seemed to get really beneath the surface of the part more than you did to-night."

"Thank you," he said, with a laugh which he tried to keep from sounding cynical.

And the girl in the right hand box said, "There's one thing I like about Vincent Douglas,—you always feel that he's enjoying his work."

* * * * *

And the next month, in June, when the theatrical season was over, two tired but devoted show people boarded a Cunarder at Hoboken. A refreshing breeze blew in from the sea, and the great ship and her passengers lost sight of "little" old New York.

I. C. P. '12.



A TRADITION OF "VREDENS HOF"

The long low stone mansion stands on a hilltop about two miles west of Newtown in Bucks County. It is built in Colonial style, plain, substantial—an old house beaten by the storms of almost two centuries, until its somewhat severe lines have become softened, and it seems a natural part of the landscape. The lawn with its maple trees slopes down in wide terraces until it merges into fields that stretch away on every side. This is "Vredens Hof"; so it must have looked on the twenty-eighth day of December, 1776, when a young Continental Captain spurred his horse up the snowy lane that led in from the road. He had been wounded at Trenton, and General Washington had given him a letter to Judge Wynkoop, the owner of Vredens Hof, asking that the Captain and a young English lieutenant should receive shelter until they recovered from their wounds. They had to ride horseback from Newtown on account of the height of the drifts, and at the foot of the hill, the Captain left the Lieutenant, almost exhausted, with an orderly. As he clattered upon the cleared cobblestones beside the house he thought he saw a girl's face at the window; then a door opened and the Judge stepped out. The Captain dismounted, and saluting somewhat stiffly:

"Sir, my comrade is dangerously wounded and has stopped at the foot of the hill. Will you send help? I have a letter from the General. He—"

Then everything was dark, he seemed falling; he knew nothing more until he was aroused by voices.

"Is he dead, father?" This was a very tremulous voice.

"No, my child, only badly wounded and tired out." Then, as if to himself, "A mere boy!"

The Captain opened his eyes. The Judge was standing, and beside him a beautiful girl, tall, graceful, her dark hair half-hidden by a quaint Dutch cap. Her eyes were deep blue, and at that moment looked very serious. The Captain did not speak.

"Christine," said her father, "go call Isabel, and then to your spinning."

The girl obeyed; the Captain closed his eyes again.

For days the men lingered between life and death, then by the careful nursing of old black Isabel and the little maid—for the Judge's wife was dead—they began to recover. Lieutenant Wilmont, the Englishman, was unable to leave his room for almost two months, but in three weeks the Captain was sitting up, and in four, he was able to be more with the family. Sometimes he and the Judge talked politics for hours while Christine was spinning or knitting by the window. In the long winter evenings when they gathered around in the glow of a roaring fire

the Captain would tell of his home in Virginia, of the last campaign, or of the battle at Trenton in which he had been wounded. As he talked, Christine leaned forward, her dark eyes opened wide in admiration; when he paused she told him of her "hero," the boy in the British prison at Flatbush. How brave he was! How big and handsome! Yet he never forgot to send a little message to her every time he wrote to her father. Had she known him long? Oh, yes, ever so long—as long as she could remember, and she was fourteen. Some day he would come back, and she could hardly wait for him to come.

Somehow, the boy Captain—he was only eighteen—felt jealous of this unknown "hero" of whom the little girl spoke so often; he hardly thought of her as a little girl, for she was almost as tall as he. "She's a-gettin' jes as purty as the Missus uster be," old Isabel would say, "and she was a sho' nuf angel."

Soon came the spring, and with it long walks and rides over the hills that brought back health to the soldiers. Christine showed them everything on the place; where the Indians had lived, the old forge, and even the dents in the door made by the Hessians when they came to capture her father. She liked the Captain much better than Wilmot, for the Englishman was older, and, though she would not have admitted it, Christine could not forget that he had been an enemy. Then came the parting. The Captain had to rejoin the army, yet he longed to stay at Vredens Hof, for he found that it was well named, "The abode of peaceful rest." Still, he could not wish for the impossible. The Englishman had been exchanged and was to return to England; the American promised to come back every year. He kept his promise, and once he brought with him Washington and Lafayette. Sometimes he came in the spring, sometimes in the hot summer—and each time he found Christine more beautiful than before—but each time she talked more of her "hero." For her "hero" had come back again and came often to Vredens Hof, and the "hero" had become a "lover." The Captain heard the frequent references to his rival, and he could not help doubting the outcome of his love. One morning in June, when the apple trees were a mass of bloom, he and Christine walked out through the fragrant orchard, and along a little stream that wandered away through the meadows, and as they walked, he asked her to be his wife.

History sometimes spoils romance; Christine loved the Captain, but she loved her "hero" more. Many years afterward, when the "hero" told this story to his grandchildren, the Captain was President of the United States, for the Captain was James Monroe.

EDITORIAL

WHO IS THE GENTLEMAN?



ENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered

as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; * * * The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; * * * "

Cardinal Newman in this one paragraph says as much religion as the ordinary college man can grasp—often more.

At Haverford there is no need for whispering that we have two types juxtaposed—everybody feels it. The faults are in the blood, and we could not try to propose a remedy.

One type is the puritanic—not necessarily a Quaker—but a puritan. In fact, in the crystallization of his type—a Roundhead. He is a man of worthy ideals, peculiar devotion to an imaginary abstract of duty, religious, and generally much absorbed, even to bigotry, in the narrow devoutness superimposed by a severe and fearsome family. He is admirable beyond words, fit for some other sphere—the sad part of it is that we are all still on earth.

The anti-type is our Cavalier,—the man who is only here "to have some fun." We get the essence of his element in that "gentleman" who rightly assumes his prerogative of thinking for himself, but immediately proceeds not to think at all. Sometimes the militant agnostic so well struck off in these columns only recently by a child of his own satire. Admirable too, no doubt.

In action our Roundhead calculates to enjoy life by a certain luxury of self-restraint with the joyful anticipation of an opalescent halo and a gilt-stringed harp.

Our Cavalier does not calculate—nor restrain. He enjoys exuberantly, and his only pain is in trying to think. It hurts.

Manners ought, but they seldom do reflect the heart. They rather gloss harsh realism. But when people live long together, they begin to

strip off superficialities, and see each without the glamour. This is why the Puritan comes to look askance at the fascinating, unrestrained, but beautifully human Cavalier. But the budding young not-heed looks at the scowling Puritan in amazement, wonders at his austerity, deprecates his Christianity, and marking inconsistencies between his manners and ideals, sets him down as a hypocrite. Nauseated by the intolerance of the Roundhead, he proceeds to arrive at an equally intolerant lack of sympathy for Pilgrim's Progress. The Pilgrim prays, whereupon the Cavalier swears heartily. The Cavalier swears sacrilegiously, whereupon the Pilgrim prays profoundly. Each drives the other to the opposite gutter.

It is difficult, even impossible, to strike that golden mean which everybody will approve of. Elbert Hubbard gets out of it by saying: "To avoid criticism, say nothing, be nothing, do nothing." We do not lay it down as a theorem that everybody in the college can be assigned a place in our arbitrarily defined groups,—and if some supersensitive crystallization of either type were to come into the Editorial Room with fire in his eyes, we should want to crawl badly and say, "In this college there are but two thoroughly respectable people, and they are you—and us."

We are all neither good nor bad. We are only *different*, and the distinction is one that only a gentleman can appreciate. So try to remember this when the man beside you swears—or prays. The religion of kindly appreciating another's view-point is elementary perhaps, and crude. Yet if you insist that it is, you are also admitting that Haverford is a colony of barbarians.

EDITOR'S LOOSE LEAVES

A CHAT ON BOOTLICKING.

We are in favor of bootlicking. We like to be wheedled. Schneider (who used to hold down the position of feline in our apology department), Schneider, we repeat, is wholly undesirable. He is dirty, and overslept, and careless, and otherwise exasperating. Yet when Schneider, Schneider with all his faults, would come wiping his nose on our best trousers, sticking his claws into our delicate flesh, we always let him get up nearer where he could slobber on our necktie. It was when he would smile his sickly grin and lie down to purr with hoarse chuckles that we forgave his tipping over the cream dish. Schneider however is merely an introduction to this tale, a sort of allegorical show-window. We couldn't say much more about Schneider, if we wanted to, for

Schneider's untimely end long since relegated him to the biology department, where wheedling is practiced differently. So much for Schneider.

As we may have mentioned, we like to have the boys come round and spend a half hour drinking our nectar and laughing at our risqué stories. We like to see their adoring smile, and we like to feel the radiant glow of honest egoism emanating through every pore under their wheedling. We like it, and, though our hearts may be hardened by sad experience to closing the portals of our sacred paper to the bally rot of such adventurers, yet we shall never fail to appreciate their services. There are few current prevarications that have not served their term many times, to the end that our wheedlers might be paid in their own golden coin. Truly we are able to find sermons in stones, and tongues in trees, if only we feel ourselves first appreciated as we have come to think we should be. Charity never faileth!

How strange it is, isn't it, that it is a mud ball of the slimiest, stickiest variety to call a man a bootlicker! We can't understand. We bootlick every day; we get bootlicked every day, and hardly can we look across the campus on a beautiful morning in spring without feeling that the whole world is a world of bootlickers, and without feeling thankful that this is so. There is no doubt that a goodly share of our little stock of joys comes from consistent obsequiousness, and still less is there any doubt that the blessedness of the giver is, when we feel it, likely to be a solution of modest self-appreciation in a solvent of that light which our satellites are so ready to reflect for us. Thus we feel that our small world is largely bound about with those gentle golden chains of appreciativeness, and that without them we should presently fly off tangentially into the desert places of the ether of stern uprightness.

We might mention the fact that there is crude bootlicking and there is refined bootlicking. And it seems to us that it is the crude variety that is the object of so much protestation. We know many neophytes the crudeness of whose obsequy we excuse only because it gives promise of a much more glorious and life-giving future. Yet how unjust it is to judge a class by a single specimen. To every unskilful bootlicker there are ten who are pastmasters of the art, and who carry on the operation so artlessly and confidently that probably you have some of them for your best friends. Let us not condemn where a few well-placed efforts toward uplift might turn a reproach into a virtue that is the lodestone of every boon. We must revise our estimates, see new light, forgive mistakes for the sake of the motive, and let not the rough outside of the nut keep us from enjoying the toothsome kernel.

L. A. P. '11.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

II. DOCTOR JAMES TYSON, '60.



AMONG the many distinguished graduates of Haverford College few are more widely known among literary and scientific circles than Dr. James Tyson, a member of the class of 1860. He entered Haverford at an early age in the Sophomore class, and during his course there, close application to his work and a facility of comprehending the scope and character of his studies, enabled him to graduate with high honors, and gave early evidence of those qualities of mind which have since made him pre-eminent in his chosen profession.

After his graduation he entered the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, where by the same energy and traits evidenced at Haverford he completed his course, and obtained his degree as a Doctor of Medicine in 1863 when twenty-one years of age.

After receiving his degree in medicine he offered his services to the Medical Department of the United States Army, and served in hospitals and on the field from 1862 to 1865, first as Acting Medical Cadet, and later as Acting Assistant Surgeon.

Since that time his life and work has been more intimately connected with the University of Pennsylvania than with Haverford, though this has not in any way lessened his interest in its success, or his appreciation of its achievements and principles.

In 1870 he accepted the position of Professor of Physiology in the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, and has since been Professor of General Pathology and Morbid Anatomy, later Professor of Clinical Medicine, and finally Professor of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, which last chair he has occupied for the past eleven years. During four years of this long service of forty years, he acted also as Dean of the Medical School. He has been popular with his students and has endeavored to instill into them, in addition to a thorough knowledge of whatever branch he was teaching, loyalty to the profession, purity of thought and practice, and a high ideal of the ethics which the profession of physician requires. To do this he is eminently fitted, as no one has a higher conception of these than he. During this connection with the University of Pennsylvania, over seven thousand students have had the benefit of his instruction, and the opportunity of intimate acquaintance so hospitably

and freely extended has endeared him to all, and planted more deeply those traits of character of which he is so true an example.

Dr. Tyson is a physician of the older school, of quiet manner and interested more in his profession and its accompanying duties than in outside affairs and ever ready and willing to assist and encourage those who are younger and starting in their career; living as Abraham Lincoln admonished "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

In recognition of his talents and attainments the managers of Haverford College at the celebration of its seventy-fifth anniversary selected him as one of the few graduates worthy of especial commendation, and conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

While his duties in connection with his work at the University have required much time and labor, these have not prevented him from devoting a generous share of his time to work both in the Pennsylvania and University Hospitals, and also to the erection and maintainance of the Rush Hospital for Consumptives, which while still incomplete offers opportunities for the treatment of consumption afforded by none of the others.

Perhaps it is as a writer on medical subjects he is best known to the profession at large, outside of his immediate associates. His "Practical Examination of the Urine," which has been translated into many languages, and his "Textbook on the Practice of Medicine" are his best known publications, though the "Treatise on Bright's Disease" and the "Handbook of Physical Diagnosis" are recognized as authorities.

His love of literature and science led him many years ago to join the Philosophical Society and he is still an active and interested member in all its proceedings as well as in those of the College of Physicians, of which he was President for four years, and has just retired from office. It was under his administration that the imposing new building of the Society opened last fall was built.

Dr. Tyson is a fluent speaker and entertaining writer and believes that while close application to work is essential to success in everything, it must be supplemented by study of the best in literature and art as well as travel, when possible as a recreation. A few years ago in an address to the graduating class at Haverford, he expressed his ideas on these subjects, and a few quotations will serve to illustrate them.

He said, "Of the various aids to success, three commend themselves, of which one at least is indispensable, the second nearly so, while the third, although not essential, is a most useful handmaid. They are work, reading, and travel. The first of these is a thread on which hang all others and which also runs through everything that is worth accom-

plishing. Everything that we have comes by work and nothing good comes without it; the measure of the results of work is its thoroughness. Reading develops the memory and stores the mind with interesting and useful facts, which furnish food for thought, and topics of conversation with others, while travel exercises the perceptive faculty, develops the appreciation of grandeur and beauty in nature, and stimulates the aesthetic senses generally and the imagination." This conduct of life will develop one true to the Haverford motto

"Non doctior sed meliora doctrina imbutus."

Old Alumnus.

'44

Evan Tyson Ellis, Sr., whose article "Haverford in the Early Forties," appeared in the March issue, requests us to say that he was wrong in considering himself the oldest living graduate. He finds that Anthony M. Kimber, '40, and Robert B. Howland, '43, are still living.

Ex-'56

Died: George Valentine, recently at his home in Bellefont, Pa.

'67

Richard Mott Jones on the second of February last completed the thirty-fifth year of his headmastership at Penn Charter School, Philadelphia. On that day he was presented with a splendid testimonial in the form of a richly-bound handsomely-illuminated book, containing among other numerous tributes of esteem and affection, forty-two pages of letters from prominent college presidents.

'76

Francis G. Allinson, Professor of Greek at Brown University, has recently published a book, "Greek Lands and Letters." See foot-note.

"GREEK LANDS AND LETTERS."

One of the best things about "Greek Lands and Letters," a recent book by Francis G. and Anne C. E. Allinson, is that it reminds us of the eternal youth and buoyancy of the Greeks. It is no mean praise of a book on literature to say that it fills the reader with a desire to go to that literature and rediscover its beauties for himself. And that is just the desire this new contribution to the literature about Hellas is sure to give. The purpose of the book is to interpret Greek lands by literature and Greek literature by local association and physical environment. The printed page brings before the mind the Greece of long ago: a splendid collection of illustrations presents *la Grece actuelle*. The Acropolis, Eleusis of the Mysteries, Megara, Corinth, Holy Delphi and Olympia are some of the places visited. An intimate knowledge of land and literature is shown throughout. In style, the authors have neither catered to the tastes of the "*mobile vulgus*," nor have they written solely for the scholar. Although some of each class may find here a basis of criticism, our judgment is that of the great critic: "*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*"

W. L. G. W.

'94

John Allen DeCou died at his home in Moorestown, N. J., after a long illness.

'00

A daughter was born March 10th to Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy Moorhouse at their home in Bristol, Pa.

The engagement has been announced of Frank M. Eshleman of Boston, Mass., to Miss Helen Annabel Esler of Torresdale, Pa., daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Esler.

W. S. Hinchman last December delivered the address at the opening of the new library at Groton School, Groton, Mass.

'01

Frederick W. Sharp was married Saturday, April 9th, to Miss Frida Grelle, daughter of Mrs. Frederick W. Grelle, at the Church of the Holy Communion, South Orange, N. J.

The class of 1901 held its reunion on Friday evening, March eighteenth, at the Central Y. M. C. A. After dinner a class meeting was held and messages were read from several scattered members. Later there was some good bowling. Those present were Brown, J. W. Cadbury, Jr., W. E. Cadbury, G. B. Mellor, W. Mellor, Rossmassler, and Dearsley.

'03

Mr. and Mrs. George Peirce sailed February 19th for England en route to Germany where they expect to spend two years studying. They will spend most of their time in Berlin.

Willard E. Swift has charge of the equipment and installation of machinery at the new plant of the United States Envelope Company, San Francisco, Cal.

'08

C. K. Drinker on the tenth of February went to Texas to stay until May.

M. A. Linton is giving a series of illustrated lectures on his experiences in Switzerland last winter. Meanwhile he is studying to pass the state actuarial examinations at the main office of the Provident Life and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

C. T. Brown is working enthusiastically on the class letter. It is hoped that members of the class will send him all information requested.

E. A. Edwards has gone to New Orleans to supervise a large contract job awarded to L. S. Edwards and Company.

C. F. Scott is living at his home, 49 Arthur Street, Yonkers, N. Y., having been advanced to the New York office of the Sprague Electric Company.

THE MONTH

At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers it was announced that about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been subscribed for a pension fund for Haverford professors. This amount will be sufficient to pay our professors who have passed the age limit or who become physically disabled, and widows of professors, pensions equal in amount to those paid by the Carnegie Foundation. This insures for Haverford an equal chance with any of the other colleges in the employment of first class men for its faculty.

Thirty-five thousand dollars have been subscribed toward the erection of a new science building for the Chemistry department. The total cost of building and furnishing will be fifty thousand dollars. As soon as forty thousand dollars has been contributed, building operations will be begun.

A gift of five thousand dollars to the library was also announced.

The *Haverford Union* will be in use before Commencement. This has been assured by the generosity of some of the alumni, particularly Messrs. Fred Strawbridge, George Vaux, Jr., and John M. Whitall, who are bearing practically all the expenses of furnishing and lighting the building.

The prospectus of the Haverford Summer School for Religious Study has recently been issued.

Professor Steiner of Grinnell College lectured in Roberts Hall on March 23rd, on "New Americans and New Problems," treating the immigration problem in an exceedingly interesting and instructive manner.

The gymnasium team finished a very successful season on March 5th, by tying Rutgers in a dual meet at Haverford. The other dual meets, one with Amherst at Haverford and one with Lehigh at South Bethlehem, resulted in victories for Haverford.

The results of the intercollegiate soccer games so far have been: University of Pennsylvania, 1; Haverford, 0; Columbia, 3, Haverford, 1; Haverford, 4, Harvard, 0; Haverford, 3, Cornell, 0. The first three games were played at Haverford, the last at Ithaca. The two defeats took away Haverford's chances for the cup.

Dr. Jones was a member of the Committee of Five of the Federation of Churches to try to effect arbitration between the parties in the recent Philadelphia strike.

The Cope Fellowship at Harvard for next year has been awarded to Willard P. Tomlinson, the Teaching Fellowships to Horace R. Townsend and John P. Phillips.

EXCHANGES



O really understand our Exchange column, our good friends must assume that everything we criticize is worth criticizing. To be left out of the "dear little HAVERFORDIAN" (as they call us now), is a worse shame than to be unmercifully bantered within it. We have often thought how "perfectly lovely" it would be if all good exchange editors could get together under some greenwood tree, and hug each other. No other expression of sympathy could so well fit the occasion. But the conclave would have to be exclusive, and we should in the qualifying round bar out that numerous group of exchange editors who take a superficial glance at "Contents" and then descant on the *general tenor* of the magazines of the month. That kind of exchange editor can't hug us. Neither can the mollusk who picks up three or four files at random and reviews them mechanically with bald and suffocating remarks. We believe that exchange work—good exchange work—is no matter of subtlety, but rather indicates something obverse to pure laziness. And the best way to get under our greenwood tree is to read everything and to recognize values when they appear, even if you have to work a bit yourself, and every month hand bouquets to the same box party.

We note that Constance's father died, and we are glad to see that our *Mt. Holyoke* novelist has done *something*. Still it is "to be continued." *Mt. Holyoke* says in "The Story Tellers' League" that it is only recently that people have awakened to the fact that " * * * story telling is becoming a lost art " We could have told them that five months ago.

But in "A Marred Inheritance," the *Mt. Holyoke* prints a good story full of true local color, the dialogue characteristic, and the happy marriage is the last line not handed out in a package.

The "general tone" of "A Marred Inheritance" makes us want to compare with it "The Metamorphosis of the Minister" in the *Wellesley*. Here is a situation just as rich in possibilities as "A Marred Inheritance," although essentially a description of a subjective change. But it fails because it lacks emphasis. Nothing strikes. We read it twice before we decided it wasn't dishwater. But it seems to prefer to travel rather than to arrive.

We hate to think also that the "cultured and refined" environs of Back Bay could commit so sad a sin as "His Brother's Keeper." Alas,

what cares the Wellesley Arcadian for life-histories, twins, business worries, hearts of hearts, all the things she packs into her six pages? Drink and the devil, speculation and delirium, all these from our earthly paradise! Boston, once shining in glory as the center of civilization, has degenerated into a "paper-back" grist mill.

The *Smith* has a pleasantly realistic story of the unpleasantly realistic entertainment of "Miss Millan." There is action in it, and accuracy, but it is too true to life—that is, it has too many non-essentials. "The Color of the Geranium" is a very subtle—or, that is, it is, the psychology of some interesting feminine vanity. But of all feminine vanity there's none like that displayed by the *Vassar*, when it awards a first prize to a story of clothes and second to a story of pathetic human happiness. To the masculine mind, "In Early Spring" is a better story than dear, elusive "Robin Goodfellow." Wobbin Doodfellow is very fascinating and he strums heartily on the feminine instincts for gowns,—so he wins because he knows his audience. But "In Early Spring" has substance—something to chew at—more human interest. There is the same kind of thing in "The Lights" in *Harvard Monthly*, but the *Harvard* story is obscure.

The *Williams* prints two farcical stories, and like good farces, they subside very tamely. There isn't a good thrill in "The Invaders" and "Almost a Hero" is too pictorial. Sideny Sirup is a rather thin-blooded aristocrat, even if he does hail from Williams.

It is pleasant to find in the *Randolph-Macon* as good stories as our friends out-Boston-way can write. In "A Man—A memory" there is a brave man in a tragic situation with all the elements for subjective conflict and defeat. "A Message from Eternity" in the same file is a most ingenious bit of projected fancy. But "Billy Brint in the Trails,"—here is a story which only an overworked editor can appreciate. The sad part of it is that it's a story—and no faculty cares what happens to the magazine as long as you don't do *their* work first.

So there is an end of stories. There is one sketch—"The Lure of the Pines" in the *Smith*—the only one which visualizes very well. It must have been written in the woods, for it kodaks too much, and doesn't spiritualize enough—nor get a dominant tone. It is conscious and labored description, but all very good.

Of essays and critical articles there are both good and bad. The *Harvard Monthly* is obsessed in talk of the drama. "The Witch" and "The Faith Healer" are two pieces of like standard, not criticisms so much as critical paraphrases, with very reasonable success at interpretation. A long article, "The Dramatic Picture versus the Pictorial Drama,"

is particularly able and interesting, and presents the inevitable fate of the comic opera in a most hopeful light. We trust that the author's insight makes him a seer. His predictions would decree that the *femme-de-chorus* no longer wash down her Lobster Newberg with *Moet and Chandon*. Let the dodo-bird go back to her boiled ham and cabbage. Why does civilization so deprave one's tastes?

The tendency to turn to the drama as one of the most significant modes of literary expression is an interesting one. The *Trinity* prints a conscientious criticism of Ibsen's "Wild Duck." It is an article with ideas in it, one of the best pieces of appreciative literary criticism of the year. We doubt, however, if Ibsen's characters are so symbolic—whether they are such decided types. *Peer Gynt* seems to be such a hopeless bundle of possibilities, none of them tangible—not even his half-wayness. Is not Ibsen more interested in the problem than in the type?

In the *Trinity* the essay on "Social Life in Japan" can be profitably compared, curiously enough, with a Japanese girl's essay and criticism of "Romeo and Juliet" in the *Smith*. The criticism of "Romeo and Juliet" says, in applying the Japanese viewpoint to the Shakesperean tragedy, exactly the same things and more impressively than they are said in the *Trinity* article. The value of the *Smith* criticism is slight if we look for new ideas on the play. But it does point out the differences in ethical codes and the relations of men and women in Japan. We wonder whether the author has not overstated one point. At least we take exception to her one remark, and contend that the love of Romeo and Juliet is pure love. It is emotional love, although not intellectual or rational.

Wellesley publishes sentimental reminiscences about "The Seine"—personal, discursive, historical and chatty. It rhapsodizes, meanders, soliloquizes, talks, and Baedekers. Of course it is all very nice.

Vassar in "Mrs. Proude of Barchester" dissects the character and descants freely, illuminating the essay with well chosen selections from Trollope. And Mrs. Proude's isn't the only case of "*qui sibi fidet dux reget examen*," especially among women.

To end this Philomelic monody, we must comment with enthusiasm upon the art criticism, "Two Masperpieces of Painting," in the *Columbia*. It is criticism which seems to arrive at true values. The author clearly shows proof of his prejudices in favor of Israel's "Bashful Suitor" in preference to Sorolla's "After the Bath." We Anglo-Saxons, he says, have too temperamental a predilection for the soft, mystical mood, to appreciate fully the brilliant romanticism of Sorolla.

So fee-faw-fum, and God rest you merry till "winking mary-birds ope their golden eyes"

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IF LIFE IS LESS THAN A DAY



If life is less than a day

And love is a thing to be won
With a lute and a laugh and a lay
In the fields and the highways of May
When the earth is warm in the sun.

If life is less than a day

Let me leave the puppets that preach
And the proper who hear with dismay
The scandalous things that I say
For a heart-easing wind-swept reach.

If life is less than a day

I must choose a fitting abode
And a comrade heart that is gay
Who will sing when the piper will play
On the sea or the sunny road.

If life is less than a day

And love can remain but an hour
Shall I grovel and weep and pray
To a god of my fancy or clay
Or rejoice in the sun like a flower?

If life is less than a day

Shall I fetter my soul with a law
And cast all its beauty away
For things the respectable say
And bow to convention in awe.

If life is less than a day

She is sweet to her lovers I know
Who dress in a fool's array
But reckon the price that they pay
And whole hearted pay it and go.

H. S. H.

REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT B. HOWLAND, '43

To the Alumni, friends and undergraduates of Haverford, Greetings;



THE Editor-in-Chief of the *Haverfordian* has pressed me for a very free talk on my reminiscences, experiences, theories and conclusions in any direction that bears upon the life, past, present and future of the dear Alma Mater. With him rests the responsibility of opening so wide a field. I will avoid all apologies and gladly avail of his risky offer.

Dickens somewhere says "Checkered sign-boards, checkered human life" and such have I found it. My comments will range from the grave to the gay, from fun to philosophy. The way has been opened for me to run the whole scale from the lightest note to the heavy bass.

To put matters on a just basis I shall be obliged to enter a little into the personal; I inherited from my father a strong will and plenty of Roman pride and ambition; from my mother, a love of the mystic and of poetry. For sixty-five years I wrestled with these elements of my inheritance. Thus handicapped it seemed impossible to make a full surrender of my being to the Christ. My manhood could not be developed without this surrender, and still it seemed an impossibility—the full abandon.

During the last half of my life, up to a recent date, I enjoyed the companionship and correspondence of Dr. Zaccheus Test of the class of '51. He was a ripe scholar, a close student in biblical criticism and a deep thinker. We were for that period a committee in "psychical research" and research in any and every realm of thought, idea and fact. We came to accept fully that the other world of being, especially the rebels, were all about us, and that that class was hungry to mix in mundane affairs along its old lines, mischievous or what not. Not yet being myself a thoroughly loyal subject of the kingdom of heaven, I was on its plane and subject to its attacks. At times, they managed so that what I would not, that I did, and what I would, that I did not. I was led to do *outré* things, and the worst of it was that I would not have been believed, if I had said that it was a power not myself that controlled me. So the consequences, however awkward, of their mischievous possession fell on me and handicap me even now.

In 1891, the good powers that had all along sought my spiritual welfare resorted to the necessarily severe, but all in love. I was stripped of my home and fine domain and left financially a total wreck. This

had the effect of subduing my will and crushing my pride and ambition. I made a full surrender and came up into the realm of the righteous. I escaped from the thralldom of the past and am happy in a life of Faith. Ever since, my life has abounded in blessings and I miss no good thing or privilege worth having. This gives an idea of the integral *ME*.

You say that you are in a "frenzy" over your cricket team and want to know all I can tell you about William Carvill. I am sure that he introduced the game. He was a typical Anglo-Saxon, a blond, with an English complexion and light hair, an able man in his line. I was told that he said of himself that he "worked in Hengland for the Hearl of Halbemarle, whose lawn was hornamented with hevergreen hoaks and various hother kinds of *hoaxes*." We enjoyed under his dynasty a fine green-house and display of camelias, daphnes, azalias and roses. I think he was brought into his position by Isaac Collins, a manager. I suppose that the expensive and extensive labors on the lawn were of his development. The strict plain lines of the main building were well balanced by the geometric lines in the broad lawn, extensive shrubberies, noble walks, parterre and terraces. The green-house and stately arched avenue of the grapery have I believe all vanished. Carvill certainly was a character, one of us who were of the times before the flood of 1845.

I have a sunshine remembrance of my first introduction to old Haverford. William E. Hacker of your city brought George H. Chase and myself out there in a carriage over the turnpike. It was one of those rare days in October with the mellow light and hues of the decadence. I knew that I was to pass a year in the preparatory school and then have four collegiate years. At twelve and a half years that length of time appeared to be an eternity. I looked up to the Seniors as demi-gods; why, one of them could jump 22 feet and I saw another kick a crude old foot-ball over the cupola of the institution, so as to land on the other side of the building. I little suspected then that a photo of to-day would recall "Rob Howland, the foot-ball runner."

I remember a typical negro, our general fireman; he would imitate his superiors and use the *thee* and *thou* "Any of *thee* boys know whar dat poker am?"

It was a delight of a summer afternoon to watch from the piazza the play of lightning in storms and enjoy the peal of heaven's artillery. In winter there was a daily procession of crows flying to their roost on an island in the Delaware.

In my first winter there was a trio of lawless spirits that called themselves "the mystic Brotherhood," who were the eternal bother of the superintendent and his assistant. We small boys looked on with admir-

ation and awe. Besides the Loganian we had the Penn Literary Society. We published a paper called the *Collegian*. About the summer of 1840, it was decided to wind up with a feast in a retired class room. In the midst of the festivities the assistant Superintendent got on track of mischief and came to the barricaded door, giving it a decided push; as quick as a flash Ik Sharpless shouted out: "All in favor of that say 'Aye'," and the "Aye's" came out in full chorus. The crack of the door only permitted a view of a dark corner and immediately we heard the response from outside: "Oh! it's a literary society," and so we escaped and finished our water-melon, et cetera.

Our gymnasium was on the edge of the grove and consisted of a horizontal bar, parallel bars, a raised ladder and a smooth pole. In addition all kinds of feats were executed on the iron columns of the common school room. The library was over the Seniors' room in the southwest corner. I never saw its mysterious treasures. I never heard a complaint about the table or our thin mattresses and washing area under the west piazza, with its brick floor and gutter in the middle. We each had a cupboard for our basin, towel, soap, et cetera.

Our examination for the diploma was on the courses of the whole four years and involved a review of over 50 volumes. Our classical ancestor, D. S. Burson, does not state the low condition of the Classical teaching up to the fall of 1843. It could not be otherwise, for the traditions of the Friends called for "a guarded education" in Friends' schools. They had a fear of an aristocracy of intellect prejudicial to our testimonies. History repeats itself; Origen and Christian philosophers of the 2d and 3d centuries met the same. The founders of Haverford condescended to it, when they took the modest name of School. There was practically no real classical erudition to be had; and, besides, all the officers must be "plain, consistent members" of the Friends. The same thing occurred at the Friends' Boarding School of Providence, R. I. Some time before Haverford was started, my father with William Jenkins and some others sought an advanced teaching for some lads. John Griscom, a very eminent teacher and lecturer, was at the front in New York city, and a Friend was available. A proper building was added, with laboratory and lecture room, fully fitted for advanced teaching. But "No!" said the Yearly Meeting, "no such extravagance in salaries, et cetera, can be permitted." When I was a scholar there in 1836 the building stood unoccupied—ahead of the times.

It was a grief to my father to have Haverford closed, and the next spring he attended the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia. A consultation was held and George Howland offered \$10,000 toward a \$50,000 Fund,

the sum then thought adequate to help open the College; \$25,000 was added and things came to a long stand-still, until Daniel B. Smith and the alumni took it up. Thomas Kimber came to New Bedford and we canvassed New England. Here we received about \$2,500 of which my father gave \$1,500. The remaining \$1,000 was given by two brothers that were in business with their father. The Fund was soon completed and after two years of recess the College was reopened. It was Charles Yarnall who put aside the strict rule as to the professors and introduced Prof. Gregory in 1843.

In 1863, I secured an opening for the trial of my theories in education. The Howland School at Union Springs, N. Y., was my field. There I had free scope from 1863 to 1876, and spent \$100,000 of the money my father left for a girls' school; we had a good college course. The first thing was to secure an able set of officers, and we spared no expense in that line. The next was to create an atmosphere among the students of dignified self-control and industry. In the discipline of spoiled girls we found the drill of the gymnasium with its marching and movements an accessory that forced the will into obedience to the music—a decided indirect power, sometimes by the way, the most direct as to results. Great care was taken, on the other hand, that the conscientious were not overworked, that the teachers worked together, that none used up more than their share of the students' capacity for work. Short sketches in biography and history are good stimulants. Friday evening was the time in the Gymnasium for the overflow of exuberant spirits, what Prof. Gummere used to call "the natural hilarity of Youth."

With a bow profound I take my exit.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. HOWLAND, '43.



PRIMITIVE SURVIVALS IN THE DRAMA



THE drama as we now have it is the outgrowth of the primitive dance and song. But long after every one had forgotten its origin, there remained traces of its ancient communal beginnings. The farther we go back in the study of the drama, the less we have of the audience, until, in the early light of history, we find actors and spectators together merged in the dancing crowd. Then there is no appeal to reason, there is no audience, it is all emotional excitement. One member of the primitive community had as much a part in the dance as another. They gathered together on the sands of the shore or perhaps under the sacred oak to express a common emotion, and it was expressed as much by the rhythm of the dance as by the song.

We take a step away from these primitive conditions with the institution of the priest and the chorus. To these the community delegated the major part of the worship of the gods; that is to say, the priest and the chorus became the main figures of the dramatic action. But the throng was not yet to attend the ceremonies merely as an audience. It supplied not only the primitive responses, but under the leadership of the central figures, took a part in the dance. This was not a matter of arrangement but of emotion. The priest or the chorus need only awaken this emotion and the unwieldy mass became a unit, echoing in a greater or less degree the action and rhythm of their leaders.

Many a century has passed since our ancestors paid worship in this way to their gods in the Teutonic forests, and yet traces of this emotional throng have remained, not only in the development of our religion, but even in the English drama, late as it came.

English life in the Middle Ages was still communal and emotional. The guild, the parish, the manor and the clan were partly a result of this and partly themselves compelled a community of interests. There was no very great difference in the manner of living of peasant and lord except in the degree of personal freedom. They worked and fought side by side. Not only that, but they took their pleasure together. Those were the palmy days of castle hall and village green. The whole parish or shire danced the Morris or went to the French wars together. There was a common, a truly Catholic church. This community of interests produced such monuments as the ballads, and it was but a short step from these to the drama.

English drama, as everyone knows, began with the medieval mira-

cle play, quite independent of any classical influence. Here again it still is the vehicle for religion. Though the earlier miracle plays were presented by the Church, it is altogether likely that the abbot or bishop in charge was wise enough to grant a few of the minor roles at least to laymen. A century or so later and we find that they are acted altogether by the Guilds or parishes with only the superintendence of the priests. Whatever might have been the result of the preaching of the Church, there is no question about the effect of this method on the medieval mind. Indeed one cannot read one of these old plays, say the "Crucifixion" even in a more or less modernized form without catching the swing of the crude rhythm which must have held the audience enchanted while it watched the ghastly spectacle. To perform in or to attend one of these pageants might have been a perfunctory duty, yet so great was the power of the teaching of the Church and so potent the sway of the rhythm that actors and audience alike were raised to a high pitch of emotion and sustained in a sort of a trance which lasted until the end of the performance. There was no chorus in which they all might join, indeed, for the purpose at hand there was no need of one. The strain was wisely relieved by such a one as the sheep stealing scene in the "Interlude of Mac," or the incident of Noah's wife refusing to enter the Ark without her "gossips" and her tavern companions.

Then as time went on English drama separated itself from the Church and looked to Art for a reason for its existence. Aside from its emotional qualities there were other evidences of its communal origin which survived the attacks of time almost to our own day.

Most of these plays had a prologue, which usually gave some hints of the plot. In the earlier plays it was an effort made to get the audience into the spirit of the action. There is no stilted artificiality then; in most cases the author probably did not write the prologue, it was made up and delivered by one of the company of players. One of this kind has been preserved for us in the rollicking comedy of "Grim the Collier of Croyden." Here the speaker says that it is his purpose to prepare his hearers for any unpleasant surprise which they might have on seeing the devil come out on the stage. Since he is announcing a comedy he doesn't hesitate to crack a joke or two with some member of the audience. This is not emotional but it is certainly primitive. Though in the case of English drama the Prologue may be borrowed from the classics, yet back of this it must be one phase of the dancing throng when actors and audience were one. Perhaps just before the ceremonies began the priest would come forward and in a few words explain the purpose of the sacrifice. The more the drama developed the less impor-

tant this prologue becomes, until after degenerating into a mere author's apology for his play, it disappears altogether. The audiences became less emotional and the use for it vanished forever.

There is another thread which may be traced even up to Shakespeare's time. Very often in these old plays we find lines which are spoken directly to the audience. An instance or two from the "Collier of Croyden" may be noted: St. Dunstan alone on the stage, has been reciting his marvelous biography, then he turns to the audience and says:

"But on a sudden I'm o'ercome with sleep!
If aught ensue, *watch you, for Dunstan dreams.*"

In his dream he discovers the Devil's plot, and when he wakes he again speaks directly to the gallery, saying:

"Women, beware, and make your bargains well,
The devil, to choose a wife, is come from hell."

A number of such lines might be quoted from the older Morality Plays, where the speaker usually addresses his audience as "my masters." The later dramatists were not guilty of this impropriety. With the passing of this element the drama became merely a spectacle; the audience shared only in the emotion, not in the acting or speaking. And of late it has become "bad form" to betray any unusual amount of emotion; the most tragic parts of "Lear" or "Othello" are witnessed by tearless eyes.

It is a far cry from the Miracle Play to the Vaudeville, but in this modern fancy and in the cheap melodrama these old communal elements of the dancing throng find their last hold on the drama. The popular "star" sings her song and the gallery howls back the chorus. The ballet dances to a soul stirring waltz and the gallery marks the time with its stamping feet. Or the rubber-heeled villain carries off the fair heroine and the gallery rises as one man and hurls its curses at him as he takes his refuge in the wings. Here emotion rules with somewhat of her ancient sway; indeed the more emotion of a favorable kind produced, the more successful the performance.

It is easy to overestimate the importance of these things, but they seem to be evidences of the primitive origin of the drama which survived the attacks of time and the crystalizing influences of the classicists.

J. H. P.



"GET THEE BEHIND ME—"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hans, a travelling musician.

Carolina, a nun of the Convent of St. Agnes.

Scene: A dusty road in Germany. On one side the convent; on the other a greensward.

Time: Many, many years ago.

[*Enter Hans, clad in brown homespun. He is handsome in figure and has a pretty face.*]

Hans (sitting down wearily on the roadside bank): Fifteen miles this long, hot day—to what end? To the end that I am now fifteen miles further on my road—to nowhere; that I am fifteen hours older and fifteen pfennig richer. For over an hour have I played my best tunes to that surly innkeeper, have sung him my best songs, but never a morsel did he hand me, never a drop to quench my belly's thirst. "Undank ist immer der Welt Lohn." Even a dog is more fortunate, for he can sneak around to the back door and lap up the swill that the scullion has cast out. He is ugly and little noticed; but I—whenever I essay a food hunt—am growled at and set upon by those dogs of innkeepers, who verily take my pretty face as personal offence. Mercy of the gods! why cannot I change the handsomeness of my face for that of a golden ducat. But why should I complain? The right to dream is still my own, the right to live and soon to die. O right to dream, come soothe me now.

[*Taking out his oboe, he plays "Die Lorelei" upon it with expression. After the first verse he sings a bar or two and then sinks back against the tree trunk and is lost in revery. During the song, the figure of a handsome woman appears at the window of the convent opposite. It is Carolina. She remains motionless for a moment and then, as the music dies away, she rests her arm against the sill and her head sinks upon it.*]

Carolina (sobbing): O curse of mankind that I should be thus imprisoned in this tomb of a convent, where personality is lost and I am but the machine of my God. My God? Can that be God which holds me here against my will. Surely not God and yet not the devil; for to some, God is here,—but to me He is out there with that humble minstrel. His song is God because it stirs me, it calls out to my deepest soul and bids me worship at its shrine.

[*She rises and disappears, to be seen a moment later at the door below. With a stealthy glance, she goes out and crosses to where Hans*

is lying, now fast asleep. He starts up as he hears her approach and fumbles for his instrument.]

Hans: O sweet dream! Hans, thou art indeed fortunate to have thy maddened brain thus fed with the sweetbreads of passion. Was ever form so slender, so graceful, so divine? Art human? Surely thou art Venus come to tempt me to thy Venusberg, or else thou art my Lorelei. Speak and tell me that I dream not. And say—why wearest thou those humble garments, so simple yet so damnable, because they hide the tissues of thy body, the pureness of thy skin? O maiden come nearer to me and press thy lips upon my fevered brow, nay, upon my parched mouth, for I am amorous of thy body.

[He rises and staggers toward her. She shrinks back.]

Carolina: Poor man, thy words do lead thy brain astray. They are the words of a dreamer and so harm not my innocence. Thou art tired of body and soul. Here take this crust of bread and wash it down with this cup of wine. Then forget thy foolish pratings and play again upon thine instrument.

Hans: Thanks for thy paltry offering but I will none of it. Not ten minutes since I was nigh dead with starvation, but now I am as well fed and as well drunk as the fattest pony in thy stable. Thy form has been my sustenance. Of thy eyes have I drunk my fill upon thy lips I would feast. O maiden, for just one single moment, one paltry instant, give me the right to live, let me taste of thy lips—thy red lips, quivering with life and passion—let me press my own to them.

Carolina: Thou impudent cur. Dost dare insult a maiden? I will flee and leave my curse upon thee. And yet I will not; for though I hate thee and loath thy pretty face, thy music hath charmed me and I would hear more of it. If thou lovest me, play thy instrument again and sing to me, for I love thy voice. Thy body is vile.

Hans (to his oboe): At last, my instrument, thou standest in good stead. If ever dog obeyed his master, if ever slave hath served his lord, serve thou me now. Win for me the grace of this fair damsel, that I may clasp her pure white breast to mine and feel her heart a-throbbing. Reward? I have none for thee; but if thou servest not well I will crush thee neath my heel or tear thee, soul from body.

[Putting his lips to the oboe, he plays a sweet melody and, leaving o:] after the first verse, takes up the air with his voice. Carolina is now seated on the green turf of the road bank. As the song dies away, Hans rushes toward her to enclose her in his arms.]

Hans: Now, fair one, thou art mine. My voice has won thy body.

and claims its rewards. Thy eyes, thy lips, thy breast,—they are mine
O right to die, appear, for I am now content.

[He encircles her with his arms and is about to embrace her passionately when she comes out of her stupor and repulses him. Snatching herself away, she jumps up and stands above him with cheeks aflame and hands clenched.]

Carolina: Aye, well mayst thou cower in the dust, thou hound.
Like a snake of Egypt's wilderness has thy voice charmed my soul.
The spell is broken. Flee from me ere I do thee hurt. Thou art the
Devil, and I spit upon thee, for it is not through the devil that God is
found. The God I sought is in myself and he has claimed his own.

[With a sob she flies into the convent.]

J. D. K.

SONG, ON RECEIVING A LETTER



know, I know

When there's frost and snow,
And the flakes fly fast in the weather,
And the sun's abed,
And the flower's dead,
And the blossom's asleep in the heather.

I know, I know

When the sun's aglow,
And the heifer tugs at her tether,
And the glebe is dry,
And there's gold in the sky,
And the sun-kissed leaves 'gin to flether.

I know, I know,

For she says it is so,
And it flutters my heart like a feather;
And this note from my Jo
Says her soul's all aglow
For the days when we'll be together.

EDITORIAL

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: VITAL TO EVERY UNDERGRADUATE



HE problem of Student Government is one that has been solved only in Wellesley College. Other women's colleges, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith, have introduced modified forms. Our Advisory Board is a modified form. No men's college appears ever to have made an experiment.

President Sharpless in some remarks to the students last month emphasized the moral value of placing responsibility upon the students. He said that the success of the Honor System of Examinations was proof that students at Haverford are worthy of that responsibility.

He then showed that Haverford as the smallest college of first rank in the East has unique advantages in experimenting. Haverford is so small that an idea can be easily innovated and tested for practical results. If experiments at Haverford fail, matters can be quickly readjusted, and failure can die out without obloquy.

Therefore President Sharpless argues that Student Government, if possible anywhere, is possible at Haverford. And it is quite obvious that he believes that Haverford not only for her own good, but for the value of the experiment to other men's colleges, ought to try Student Government.

At present it would be presumption on the part of THE HAVERFORDIAN to attempt to express the feeling of the college upon the practicability of Student Government. When more discussion is aroused, and the students are impressed with the seriousness of such a venture in self control, it will be possible to learn their decision. The President insisted, in closing his remarks, that the success or failure of Student Government would depend upon the character of the men at the head of the Association. But Student Government is a matter for *everybody* to think about. The best men in college would never make student Government effective unless the whole college body were permeated with enthusiasm, determination and desire to *make* it effective.

The Wellesley Student Government Association is the best worked-out system as well as the best working system. We print the Constitution and By-Laws intact:

CONSTITUTION.

"Whereas, We, the students of Wellesley College, desire to assume individual and community responsibility in the life and conduct of the College, and thus to

develop self-control, and to promote loyalty, we do hereby, in accordance with the "Agreement between the Faculty and Students," organize ourselves into an association.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

This Association shall be called the Wellesley Student-Government Association.

ARTICLE II.

PURPOSE.

The purpose of this Association shall be to control the management of all matters concerning the conduct of students in their college life that are not strictly academic, or that are not reserved to the jurisdiction of the Faculty by the terms of the Agreement.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERS.

SECTION 1. All students of Wellesley College are subject to the operation of this constitution, and are therefore members of this Association.

SECTION II. One-third of the members of the Association shall constitute a quorum in all cases not otherwise provided for.

ARTICLE IV.

LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT.

The legislative power shall be vested in the Association as a whole.

ARTICLE V.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

SECTION I. 1. The executive power shall be vested in an Executive Board, which shall consist of the President, the two Vice-Presidents, the Secretary, the Treasurer, and one member each from the Junior and Sophomore classes.

2. The President and Vice-presidents shall be elected from the incoming Senior class, and the Secretary and Treasurer from the incoming Junior class.

SECTION II. The President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected by ballot by the Association, and the remaining officers by ballot by the classes which they represent. The President shall be elected not later than June 1, and before the election of the Senior President; and the remaining officers within two weeks after the election of the President.

The term of office shall be one college year.

SECTION III. 1. The President shall call together and preside over all meetings of the Association and the Executive Board.

2. The Vice-Presidents shall assume the duties of the President in the absence or at the request of the President, and together shall act as House Presidents of those village houses which are not controlled by the college.

3. The Secretary shall keep the minutes of the Association and a list of its members, post notices of meetings, attend to the correspondence of the Association, and act as Secretary of the Executive Board, keeping records of all its meetings.

4. The Treasurer shall care for the Finances of the Association. All expenditures shall be subject to the approval of the President.

5. The Executive Board shall act in all matters not provided for by the Association.

SECTION IV. Vacancies occurring in any office of this Association, in the Executive Board or in the Advisory Committee, shall be filled by special election. The President may appoint officers to fill such vacancies temporarily.

ARTICLE VI.

JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.

SECTION I. The judicial power of this Association shall be vested in:

1. The Association, which shall constitute a Higher Court, and which shall

be a court of appeal from the decision of the Executive Board. When the Association is acting in its judicial capacity, two-thirds of the membership shall constitute a quorum.

2. The Executive Board, which shall constitute the Lower Court, and from which alone an appeal to the whole Association may be made.

ARTICLE VII.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

SECTION I. There shall be an Advisory Committee composed of ten members of the Association, two members from each class and two from the Association at large, whose duties shall be to advise with the Executive Board.

SECTION II. The Advisory Committee shall be annually elected by ballot, within four weeks after the beginning of the college year, by the organizations which they represent. The Committee shall remain in office until the election of the new Committee.

ARTICLE VIII.

The three student members of the Joint Committee, provided for in Article IV of the Agreement, shall consist of the President of the Association, and two members elected from the Association at large.

The election shall take place within two weeks after the election of the President

ARTICLE IX.

MEETINGS.

SECTION I. Meetings may be called by the President at any time, or by fifteen members on written request made to any officer of the Association.

SECTION II. An annual meeting shall be held within a week after the close of the fall registration, at which the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association shall be read.

ARTICLE X.

AMENDMENTS.

Any amendment to this Constitution must be proposed by at least fifty members of the Association. This amendment must be submitted to the Secretary in writing, and be signed by the members proposing it. The proposed amendment shall be posted at least two weeks before it is presented for discussion, and the vote shall not be taken till at least four weeks after its first discussion.

A two-thirds majority vote of all the members of the Association and the approval by the Faculty shall be required for its adoption.

BY-LAWS.

I.

All questions of order shall be decided by Roberts "Rules of Order."

II.

A voluntary contribution of twenty-five (25) cents shall be requested annually of each member.

III.

Except in cases of special emergency, notice of any proposed meeting shall be posted on the Association bulletin board at least three days before the time appointed for the meeting.

IV.

1. Nominations for President shall be made by informal ballot at least three days before election. The three nominees receiving the highest number of votes shall be considered candidates for the office of President. In case of tie, the decision between the two nominees shall be made by lot.

2. Nominations for Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer shall be made at least three days before election. The three nominees for each office having the highest number of votes shall be considered candidates for that office. In case of tie, the decision between the two nominees shall be made by lot.

3. A plurality of votes cast shall elect all officers of the Association.

We make the following comments:

Art. II. The Faculty in surrendering all matters of government not strictly academic ("ragging" a professor in class rooms is not academic) rids itself of disciplinary necessity. Nothing ought to be more effective in removing constraint between professor and student.

Art. V. Sec 2. Elections come in June, a time when the Freshmen are well enough acquainted with candidates as not to be "swung" by a stroke in politics.

Art. VI. It is more embarrassing to be criticized by one's own associates than by the man up in the office.

Art. VII. Our turbid Advisory Board could be damned to oblivion and at the same time placated by this new honor. Let the Advisory Board have its honors. Student Government demands HONOR. As long as the personnel of the Advisory Board depends upon personally prejudiced class voting it should occupy a place in which there is *nothing to do* (which it is now doing). The classes have never realized what the Advisory Board ought to be. Therein lies the fault.

Art. VIII. The Joint Committee consists of three student members and three faculty members. It watches over the "Agreement between the Faculty and the Students." Since no violation of this agreement is ever made, the committee is nominal.

By-Laws VI. Rules for Government would have to be drawn up by the Association. These rules would be made by the students without the approval of the faculty. In Student Government, the students only agree to obey rules which they have made themselves. Necessity for faculty approval or restriction betrays a lack of good faith on the part of the faculty. This would be met by a corresponding lack of good faith among the students. To be effective, Student Government must be government by the students. The Student Government Association must not be a mere vicarious form of faculty supervision over student morals.

THE HAVERFORDIAN favors Student Government because:

1. It can reach flagrant cases otherwise unnoticed.
2. It can give us an Advisory Board with a backbone.
3. It can stop cheating in make-up examinations.
4. It can prevent landslides of honors and offices towards able or popular individuals who become eventually overburdened, and it can distribute those offices.
5. It can foster loyalty, responsibility and spirit.

THE HAVERFORDIAN urges every undergraduate to decide for himself whether he will be governed or whether he considers himself capable of governing himself.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

PROMINENT HAVERFORDIANS

III. DOCTOR J. RENDEL HARRIS.



LONG column in *Who's Who* gives much encyclopedic information, but it does not convey a glimpse into the fascinating character of James Rendel Harris. Haverford has been favored this year by a visit from her old friend. And to those older friends of Rendel Harris' here, his presence has been full of the tang of days agone.

We do not know when Rendel Harris was born, nor where, but we guess sometime somewhere in England. And we are glad that he is alive—very much alive. This “note on the margin” begins with some reminiscences of Professor William H. Jackson who studied at Clare College, Cambridge, while Rendel Harris was a Fellow there. From the start Doctor Harris had distinguished himself. Of Quaker testimonies he would not conform to the English rule, so that he was the first Non-Conformist to enter an English University. The breaker of centuries' precedent in 1874 became Third Wrangler of the Mathematical Tripos. The following year he was appointed a Fellowship and it was at about this time that Mr. Jackson found Rendel Harris the presiding member of a *breakfast cult*. His activities as Fellow did not, however, confine themselves to the exercise of the epiglottis. Mr. Jackson records that after the meetings of the Cambridge Quakers in which Doctor Harris was the leading spirit, he would take them all over to the Fellows' Gardens. This, says Mr. Jackson with a true English appreciation for conventions, is accounted a *great* privilege.

In 1882 Doctor Harris came to America and taught for three years in Johns Hopkins University. Curiously enough, we reversed the old order of things, and this time Haverford took one of the best men from Hopkins. The *Who's Who* then says that he was “University Lecturer in Palaeography, Cambridge (1893–1903). Professor of Theology, University of Leyden (1903–1904).” In fact in 1903 he received from the Queen of Holland the appointment to the Chair at Leyden, a distinguished post, once held by Erasmus. This he declined and accepted the position as Director of Studies at the Friends' Settlement for Social and Religious Study, Woodbrooke, England. Much of his time has been spent in extensive travelling in the East in search of manuscripts. Probably it

was on one of these travels he found "in the antique dust of an ancient monastery" his new "Christian Psalter" which only last year as he says, "came down off the shelf, put its arms around me, and said, 'Why don't you translate me?'"

Doctor Rufus Jones, who has travelled with Doctor Harris on the Continent, tells several stories all of which are worth knowing. They give a better insight into the character of Rendel Harris than a whole category of abstract virtues.

They were going once in a through train from the Hook of Holland to Switzerland. A dirty and disgustingly drunken man entered their compartment and lay lolling about on the opposite seat. At one of the stations Dr. Harris and Dr. Jones bought basket lunch. They were spreading out their food when the drunken man came over to Harris and said,

"I'll eat with you."

"Yes, do," said Harris, and the two sat together like old cronies and ate luncheon from the same basket.

On another occasion, at Constance, this pair of Dioscuri had time for but a short stay. Dr. Jones was eager to see the Huss monument marking the spot where the martyr was burned. Harris was not keen about it. But they trotted out. On arriving, Dr. Jones took his note book and ran around the monument copying the inscriptions. When he came to his starting point he found Dr. Harris kneeling with bowed head. He had not even looked at the monument. "I was trying to get near his spirit," he said.

While Dr. Jones visited the monuments, Rendel Harris sat on the park benches feeding urchins from a pocketful of sweet chocolate.

The best story is the one about their trip along Lake Como. They were enjoying the scenery from the cool awnings of the upper deck one sunny afternoon. The majesty of the Italian landscape had exalted both minds into mute rapture. A breezy young female scion of the Chicago *nouveau riche* suddenly plumped into the chair beside Dr. Harris and exclaimed,

"Isn't that the *d—dest* house?"

"'Tis pretty bad, that's a fact," agreed Dr. Harris.

It is difficult to talk of character in abstracts, but to quote Doctor Francis B. Gummere, "Mental agility and alertness, spiritual and intellectual audacity are what I should consider the characteristic qualities of Rendel Harris." A story of Dr. Gummere's illustrates this point.

Dr. Harris hates to be interrupted. He is a great lover of Shakespeare. He was reading Hamlet with a group of his friends, to each of

whom he had assigned a part. They were just fairly started when some one said,

"Who'll do the ghost, Dr. Harris? You haven't appointed a ghost."

Dr. Harris flashed back,

"By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me."

His mental agility is otherwise illustrated by the way in which he turned from mathematics to become an authority in Biblical Investigation and Research, a work which requires the accuracy of the mathematician and the erudition of a paleographer.

His publications are legion, and those who heard him lecture at Haverford heard only a small part of Rendel Harris. His private mathematical books and treatises are now in Haverford College Library. His publications in Biblical Research and Criticism are everywhere in the world.

Rendel Harris is a scholar—and something more. Besides the flash and vigor of his wide learning, he possesses a humor that is subtle, piquant, charming. And he has courage. During his stay among the Armenians at the time of the Turkish oppression he did not hesitate, though in a precarious position, to insist that people have a right to do their own thinking. As President of the Free Church Council in England he does not hesitate to issue pamphlets advising the Non-Conformists to refuse to pay taxes on the Ecclesiastical Schools. This in the face of prison. So that he is a man who thinks for himself and has the courage of his convictions, whether in scholarship religion or politics.

Haverford is proud to call Rendel Harris a Haverfordian,

*"ad unguem
Factus homo."*

ALUMNI NOTES

'80.

Dr. James Tyson has tendered his resignation as Professor of the Practice of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania to take effect at the end of this collegiate year.

'00.

H. M. Hallet, 123 Negley Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., is the Pittsburg representative of the Shepard Electric Crane Co.

'03.

J. B. Drinker is with the Dravo Construction Company of Pittsburg, Pa., and resides at Sewickly, a suburb of that city.

Ex-'03.

D. B. Miller is engaged in work in connection with the Pure Food Commission at Pittsburg, Pa.

'04.

H. M. Schabacker is teaching in the high school at Erie, Pa., He lives at 362 W. 10th Street.

W. T. Hilles recently sailed for the Philippine Islands by way of China, in the service of the educational department of the American government.

'05.

F. W. Ohl, Louisa Avenue, Greenville, Pa., is teaching languages at Thiel College, Greenville.

C. A. Alexander is with the Cambria Steel Company of Johnstown. He lives at 2d Avenue and Tioga Street, Johnstown, Pa.

At a class meeting held in Lloyd Hall, April ninth, the following were present: H. H. Cookman, T. S. Downing, B. Eshleman, E. M. Evans, C. W. Fisher, A. H. Hopkins, C. S. Lee, J. H. Morris, R. L. Pearson, E. C. Peirce, A. G. Priestman, J. L. Scull, S. G. Spaeth, H. P. Thomas.

'06.

G. H. Graves has been awarded a university fellowship in mathematics for the year 1910-11 at Columbia University.

W. G. Lindsay is working in New Orleans, La.

'07.

G. H. Wood on the fifteenth of March became connected with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company of Pittsburg, Pa., He is in the Industrial and Power Department of the sales organization.

'08.

W. W. Whitson is connected with the Associated Charities of Pittsburg. His address is Cliff House, 710 Grandview Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

MARYLAND ALUMNI.

The fifth annual meeting of the Haverford Society of Maryland was held April 19, 1910, at the home of Mr. Richard J. White. After dinner Prof. Henry Wood, '69. now of Johns Hopkins University, presided at a formal meeting. He in behalf of the society thanked the host of the evening and then spoke candidly of the repressive spirit that Haverford sometimes implants, mentioning however the changes now occur-

ring there, Dr. R. M. Gummere, '02, gave a bird's-eye-view of existing conditions at college, mentioning the Science Hall, the Haverford Union, the Pension Fund and cricket prospects. He deplored the frequent ideal among students of a "gentlemanly C." Dr. J. Rendel Harris and Dr. W. P. Mustard formerly of Haverford spoke interestingly and to the promotion of good fellowship. Greetings were sent to President Sharpless and to Dr. A. Marshall Elliott. There are twenty-eight active members of the society. The officers for next year will be: President, A. Morris Carey; Vice-president, Richard J. White; Secretary, W. R. Dunton, Jr.

After sending a note of encouragement to the cricket team, the Society adjourned for social diversion. Those present were: '60, J. S. Hopkins; '61, J. C. Thomas; '69, Prof. Henry Wood; '71, Dr. Randolph Winslow, C. Y. Thomas; '72, Jas. Carey, Jr.; '75, Miles White, Jr.; '76, R. H. Holme; '81, A. M. Carey; '83, H. M. Thomas; '84, Francis A. White; '87, Richard J. White, J. H. Janney; '89, W. R. Dunton, Jr.; '90, T. S. Janney; '96, C. R. Hinchman; '99, R. J. Davis; '01, J. L. Winslow; '02, R. M. Gummere; Ex-'05, E. F. Winslow; '08, W. H. Morriss; '09, C. B. Thompson, P. B. Fay; besides Prof. Frank Morley of Johns Hopkins, Prof. J. Rendel Harris of Cambridge, and Dr. Wilfred P. Mustard of Johns Hopkins.

NEW YORK ALUMNI.

The New York Branch of the Haverford College Alumni had its eleventh annual dinner at the Hotel Manhattan, April 22, 1910. The toastmaster was Samuel Parsons, '62. Those responding were: W. H. Taylor, '76, "Schools on the Continent and in America"; Prof. A. T. Murray, '85, "The Advantages of a Smaller Institution"; James Wood, '58, "What Has Been Done by the Managers?"; A. G. H. Spiers, '02, "The Haverford Union—Its Purposes"; R. M. Gummere, '02, "College Happenings"; S. G. Spaeth, '05, and D. S. Hinshaw, '11. There was singing of college songs, and general optimism prevailed. Arrangements were set on foot to get better advertising for Haverford in New York papers and magazines. Officers were elected: President, Jas. Wood, '58; Vice-president, Alfred Busselle, '94; Secretary-Treasurer, F. A. Swan, '98; Dinner Committee, J. S. Auchincloss, '90; A. S. Cookman, '02; J. B. Haviland, '02. Others present were: '78, Daniel Smiley; '83, S. W. Collins; '89, F. B. Kirkbride; '92, M. P. Collins; '94, F. C. Rex; Alfred Busselle; '95, W. C. Webster; '96, L. H. Wood; '97, W. H. MacAfee; '02, S. M. Whitely, J. B. Haviland, E. H. Boles; '03, W. P. Phillips; Ex-'08, Hugh Smiley; '08, C. F. Scott; '09, G. S. Bard, R. L. M. Underhill.

THE MONTH

Haverford's outlook for the Cricket team's English trip is encouraging. There are no brilliant individual stars on the team, but as a whole it is well balanced. A meeting was held in the interest of the trip on April 11th at the college with a goodly number of alumni and undergraduates present. The attitude of the speakers was one of hopefulness. The team has been practicing hard, and very efficient help in coaching has been given by a number of the alumni, among whom were John Lester, '96, W. S. Hinchman, '00, Dr. Fred Sharpless, '00, and Dr. R. M. Gummere, '02. Henry Cope, '69. is in Europe now and will be with the team during its stay in England. The manager for the trip is W. S. Hinchman.

We have the following communication from the *College Weekly*
"The feasibility of getting out four or five numbers of the *College Weekly* while the Cricket team is abroad is being considered.

"The proposition we offer is: *College Weekly* will appear four or five times this summer, on the regular days of publication, and will contain full write-ups of each game played the week previous, with additional notes on the players. To do this we ask the Alumni to get us fifty new subscribers. We only want the names, as the collecting can be done later. The present mailing subscribers will not be charged any extra subscription money, as they will have done their part in getting the new names. The paper can be mailed to any home or foreign address.

"The proposition will go through if we get the fifty subscriptions, as that will show that the Alumni are in favor of it. We would like to hear from them on this, and would like to find subscriptions accompanying their messages."

This year in place of the Junior Play an opera entitled "The Big Match," by C. Linn Seiler, '02, was rendered by the students on "Junior Night," April 15th. Besides the performance in Roberts Hall on that date it was presented every evening but one of the week of Spring Vacation, at Manheim Cricket Club, West Chester, Merion Cricket Club, Wilmington and Baltimore, being favorably received everywhere.

Work on the new Science Hall has been started, as a sufficient sum of money has been raised. It's situation is directly west of the gymnasium. The money for furnishings and equipment has not yet been collected.

ELECTIONS.

We announce with pleasure the election of the following Associate Editors: Joseph Haines Price, '11, Albert Lang Baily, Jr., '12, Irvin Corson Poley, '12, and Joseph Moorhead Beatty, Jr., '13.

EXCHANGES



HIS is a secret, but the Editor is going to announce at the next HAVERFORDIAN feed that he can no longer be Exchange Editor too. We shall have a new Exchange Editor, clever, vagarious, subtle and keen, with all the "old boys" of Literature under his thumb. So the Exchange Editor for the last time mumbles his weary dirge, and promises incisive and more trenchant criticism from our new vicarious wizard of the jibing pen. The Exchange Editor is a little tired of his own scintillations and suffocated with drudgeries of Editorship.

It was interesting, but vitiating to plunge with one big splash into the nervous sea of April magazines, and to come out exhausted, but manuscript in hand. Once in a while we strike something funny. There is a man who writes things in the *Redwood* who suffixes to his name the impressive abbreviations. "*Spec Eng.*" And here is some of the stuff he writes:

"When dimples are wrinkles
And tresses grow hoar,
Their hearts will thrill buoyant
The same as of yore."

"The great red sun rose remorseless and stern. The night fled and it was day. The lurid ball of fire rose grimly to torture the man and beast as it has done the day before, and to torture them as it had a thousand others before them. It sat high in the heavens beckoning, chanting its wild song of death—the awful death of the desert that men answer." He is a *Spec. Eng.* Ain't it grand?

All our specialists in English must read the "Confessions of a Wordsmith" in *The Tufstonian*,—a confession of a clever sciolist who is beginning to find out that he has to have something to write about. One of the peculiar things about *Spec. Eng.* is that they don't care what they say so much as *how* they say it. "I would read a passage in Shakespeare," confesses the Wordsmith, "and wink wisely to myself with the inward comment, 'That fellow was playing the same game which I play, only he played it vastly better'." *Spec. Eng.*s are queer bugs, generally long haired, supersensitive, never piquant as you might expect. There is a mysterious exhalation of infinity pervading that sublime aura in which they thrive. If you are at all suggestible, that uncanny

air gives you an impression of massive genius buried beneath a mountain of reserve. Get a specimen off by himself and let him tell you about his "art."

We have observed that they generally get over these periods of lugubrious genius and somehow get disillusioned. We know a *Spec Eng* who is now doing a real man's work as Editor-in-Chief and drinking lager beer instead of the Olympian nectar. But we know of another aerophyte who is still answering his invitations in *vers de societe*. So so. Well, it is not hard to believe it.

In its fiction number, the *Texas* submits "The Power of What is Beyond", a morose mind in a morbid dream. The author, perhaps charily solicitous about a story in which he has worked so hard and well, forestalls all criticism in a caustic footnote:

"In order to spare various keen and diligent critics a great deal of distress, the writer wishes to make profound and graceful acknowledgment for anything in this essay that may seem similar to Poe, or borrowed from him. Otherwise, he would think no apology necessary."

If we may presumptuously assume that he anticipated another berating from THE HAVERFORDIAN, we must remark with amused condescension that we have no prejudices, and that we marvel at the perfection of his story in mood, imagination, and psychology. The author has conceived two delirious and highly suggestible characters and hypnotized them in an eerie situation. Between shivers I have written Fine! Fine! in the margins. The story *careens*, thank you for the word.

But I do not think that the poetry of D'Elormie is congruous with the tone of the story, or with one's impressions of D'Elormie. Neither is "butts his head" a good philosophical term, nor consentient when the reader is so absorbed in careening.

Pegasus does not seem to have caught spring fever for Spring has brought many romantic stories, some more than respectable. A well developed plot story in the manner of Stevenson appears in the *Vassar*. "The House on Pickerin." It has excitement, thrill, humor and pathos, —fully matured work. "The Unexpected" is a rather forced situation, but the dramatic form gets it over with quickly. "Convalescence" draggles. The Catholic in it is accurate, and if the author is trying to make the point that catholicism is only another way of doing the same thing, the emphasis is bad, though the method excellent. The *Vassar* ought to run an *Exchange* instead of its *At Random*.

We are always sure to find, either in *Texas* or *Randolph-Macon* a poor, lonesome, melancholy, depressed, and morbidly blue man sitting in front of his fire place with knit brows. The embers always fitfully

mock him, the flames like some demon spirits of another sphere. And I always say to myself *cherchez la femme*. Sure enough! Always the inevitable "one woman for whom his soul had thirsted." This consistent moping in the first paragraph doesn't hurt a story, but it is hackneyed. "The Derelict" and "Tommy's Recovery" in the *Texas* and "The Maid and the Motor Cycle" in the *Smith* are all of the same type. "The Derelict" is the strongest story but it has been done before. It is dramatic and well written. "Tommy's Recovery" is more realistic because Tommy ends up in the packing department, and he probably heaves boxes before he wins the girl. "The Maid and the Motor Cycle" has the most originality and ginger, but it ends too happily. One good trick isn't enough to win a good wife. The "going in and winning" must be more concatenated to be meritable. Much like it is "An Interrupted Elopement" in the *Virginia*. To our Quaker blood these marriages are frivolous. But once people fall in love, everything seems to accelerate matters for them.

The *Texas* Fiction Number is a success. In "The Heart of Alicia" politics, love and war are all delightfully mixed. It is the best piece of romance of the month. "The Duel in the Wilderness" in the *Virginia* is a war sketch with a good tone. It is a little awkward though and not made as awful as it really is.

"A Toast" in the *Randolph-Macon*, as well as "The Master Touch"—both have the *she* in them. "A Toast" is a crazy piece of bad impressionism. It jars. Stories of college men who "go to the bad" are great favorites with our moralists. Somewhere Stevenson says, "Those who go to the devil in youth with anything like a fair chance were probably little worth saving from the first; they must have been feeble fellows—creatures made of putty and pack-thread without steel or fire, anger or true joyfulness in their composition." So please let's not talk about it. "The Master Touch" is the old old story of "desperate slavery to alcohol," the musician who has gone to the devil, comes back in rags, plays masterfully and expires. I would like to find the classical example of this thing and make everybody read it. But the *Randolph-Macon* author does it well. It is a story that always stirs the blood—it is pathetic. Billy Brint always gets himself into a nest of impossible complications, suited to the slapstick slangified style. It is pretty good twaddle. "A Story of To-day" in the *Redwood* is bad twaddle. The characters have remarkable intuition (sometimes) and the story jigsaws now ahead, now behind itself. Much stuff is handed out in the dialogue. Ned writes to Jack "We both went to the same school, chummed together——" The writer rather bluntly assumes that the reader can't

understand. Jack says to his wife in the last happy paragraph "By the aid of Ned I have been able to start a book store, and we have been doing fine." How Isabel could be with Jack for three months without knowing that her husband was in a book store is rather surprising. It is all very amateurish. The "Lure of Gold" in the *Redwood* and the "City of Brass" in the *Texas* are alike in theme, dream pictures, but the latter far finer in its imagination. The dream of the sarcophagus is, however, an old gag. The *Redwood* author allows his misanthrope to die, a very ordinary method of departure.

The April fiction spreads gold lavishly. Jack has lost sacks of it before he started his bookstore, the *Spec Eng* left the gold grabber buried under his heap like old Timon, and on the whole everybody is well supplied. But the title "Gold is not All" in the *Randolph-Macon* makes it appear that there may be something else. The yarn opens with John Gray a "financial ruin." It was "win or die for her sake." In the same paragraph John squanders three years, but comes out in the last sentence rich and "frenzied with joyful expectancy." "He had not realized that human affections however true, often change." In the meantime another man "had unfolded to her his greatest life's desire" (It is dramatic enough, but it makes you dizzy. The printer at this point caught the vertigo, and in a mad frenzy printed some of the lines upside down). And now "Nearly four years have rolled by since John Gray bade the city of his childhood a second and final farewell. His numerous friends in Ætna have often wondered what unknown grief this young man had passed through. As one of Ætna's wealthiest, most esteemed, and influential citizens, it was often asked why he never married; why he so pointedly shunned society. But no one knew." "He had accidentally learned however, from the *Chicago Journal*, that Mr. Craig and his daughter were just returning from a trip abroad." And you know the rest. This seven years of love agony concentrated into a direct narrative of six pages convinces us that "Gold is not All."

A gruesome mediaeval story, gothic and morbid is published by the *Williams*, "In the Donjon Keep." The story is admirably well carried out in setting, incident and characters. It contains a well arranged conflict, and its horrible. "Tilford" in the *Virginia* is another horrible story too, the story of brute love. The whole story seems to us to have been suggested by the painting, "The Gulf Stream" in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. "Neighbors" in the *Williams* is a cheering relief, the humor of exaggerated details. A vital story appears in the *Harvard Monthly*, "The New Edition." It shows the pernicious influence of the newspaper, especially in connection with Harvard's bug-a-boo, the drama.

In reading this and "The Stage in the South" in the *Trinity*, it occurs to us that the real cause of the whole bunion in newspapers and drama lies in a pathological public.

There is much else to say of verse and essay. There is a certain fineness and delicacy in the *Smith* verse. "The Crow" a well sustained piece, with "blue tinged stretches of the snow" taken from a canvas rather than from nature. "To Phylis" is a strikingly good Elizabethan sonnet. The *Vassar* verse is scroll work compared to it. "My Camelot" lacks emphasis. The *Texas* verse is good when they don't suspect it, and the *Williams* is perfect.

The most interesting essay is one on "Two American Illustrators" in the *Williams*. It throws new lights on two interesting men, Howard Pyle and Maxfield Parrish. The author states a truth which every college man ought to realize: "Much to help or hurt the artistic education of the public is done to-day through the medium of magazine illustration; on one side stands the cheap, insipid, and often vulgar work of such men as Howard Chandler Christy, Harrison Fisher, Henry Hutt, and so on *ad nauseam*; against it is ranged that of Howard Pyle, Maxfield Parrish, Jules Guerin, and others. The first generally enjoy but a short popularity for their type of pretty girl, and then fade away; the latter go on growing ever in power and in their grip on the discriminating public."

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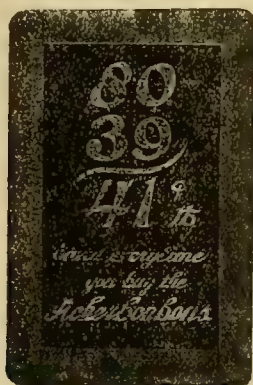
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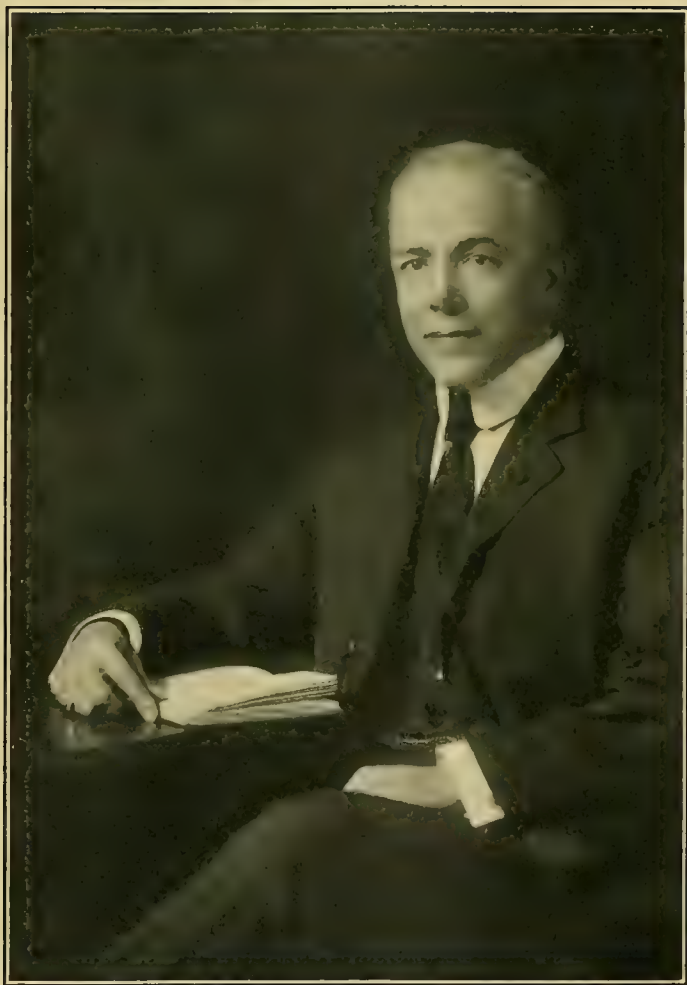
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OLD CANTERBURY



As we stand upon the summit of Bell Harry Tower of Canterbury Cathedral, looking down upon city and countryside, much of the history of England lies spread beneath our feet. The Britons were at work here before the Romans came marching with their stolid legions; here to Ethelbert, Saxon king of Kent, St. Augustine preached the gospel of Christ; in the church below, Becket was murdered and the Black Prince buried; to this city, to the shrine of St. Thomas, came innumerable pilgrims, one of them our first great English poet; then the crash of the Reformation swept away shrines and pilgrims, the mirk and romance of mediaevalism vanished into the mists of history, and the city to-day lives chiefly in the past.

Away to the east and south are the narrow seas, crossed by conquering Romans and Normans, crossed for centuries by a constant stream of travellers from all ends of the earth, citizens of every clime, to some of whom the sight of the English coast was the first glimpse of home, to others the first view of a strange land. Away to the north and west are the Midway and the Thames, Rochester and London. From no other tower, perhaps, can so wide a bird's eye view of our history be obtained. Canterbury is so situated that this city is always a centre of the nation's life.

At first entrance to it, Canterbury does not impress with its antiquity; there are, indeed, the ancient Cathedral, ancient gates and ancient houses. But as the sights of the city grow familiar, as its atmosphere enters into our souls, as its story becomes known, gradually and surely we realize that most of what we see now is but youthful compared with the great age of the place, and we feel that when all this of the present day has mouldered to dust, here will be another city, perhaps even fairer than the one we are looking on, and that the men of those days to come will wonder and speculate as to the likeness of us of to-day. Canterbury is ancient and beautiful; no place for the mere tourist who fancies that in an hour or two of sight-seeing he can learn to know and love her; she is like a "beautiful woman, whose charms never stale; like a good woman, ever showing to those who love her some fresh enchantment."

But it is not history—not the story of dead events—that chiefly fascinates in Canterbury, or, indeed, in any such city; it is the lives of the men who made that history, who took part in those events. Here, as we walk the streets, we think of Augustine, of Thomas, of the Black

Prince, of many another; and of many great men of letters—Chaucer, Erasmus, Marlowe, Thackeray, Dickens, Stanley; the first painting for us the Canterbury of his own days, the last that of past times. To understand fully the beauty of such a place, we must allow not only its spirit to enter into us, but we must in our mind's eyes people its ways with those who have walked there aforetime, with the shadows not of the great only, but of the humble, who all in their degree helped to the making of history and of this historic city.

We all know of Chaucer's connection with Canterbury. Dickens too knew the place well. Do you remember how Mr. Micawber came "to see the Cathedral. Firstly on account of its being so well worth seeing—and secondly, on account of the great probability of something turning up in a Cathedral town"? Then we may sit, if we list, with little David in the Cathedral any Sunday morning, the resounding of the organ and the sinless air affecting us as they did him.

As to a certain white-haired, bespectacled giant-man-of-letters, I once read a letter signed "W. M. T." which went: "I passed an hour in the Cathedral, which seemed all beautiful to me; the 15th century part, the 13th century part, and the crypt above all, which they say is older than the conquest Fancy the church quite full; the altar lined with pontifical gentlemen bobbing up and down; the dear little boys in white and red flinging about the incense pots; the music roaring out from the organs; all the monks and clergy in their stalls, and the archbishop on his throne—oh, how fine! And then think of the Cross, of our Lord speaking quite simply to simple Syrian people, a child or two maybe at his knees, as he taught them that love was the truth."

Thus spake Thackeray the cynic.

In the days of Elizabeth—to be exact, in the year 1561, on May 22—John Marlowe was married to Catherine Arthur in the Church of St. George the Martyr, the said John being a man of some standing and a member later of the Guild of Shoemakers and Tanners. Then in the same church, in the year 1564, on February 26, was christened Christopher, the eldest son of the above. The boy went to the King's School there and won a scholarship. Kit then went to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; thence he went to London and wrote *Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Hero and Leander* and others, and sang

"Come live with me and be my love."

Poor old Kit! There is a foolish monument to him, where once stood the butter market, outside of Christ Church gate. Of the man's manner and appearance we know not anything; his works live, but the man is dead even to the mind's eye. Yet those there be who would rather meet

his shadow here than even those of Chaucer and of Dickens; perchance because they know him not.

And here, from want of time,—not material, endeth this article, a small token of admiration and affection from a lover of the ancient city of Canterbury.

E. P. A. '10

THE MODERN ARENA

EDITORS NOTE.—This oration won the Alumni Oratorical Prize in 1909. It was not printed at that time. It is customary to preserve these orations in the HAVERFORDIAN.



OSTERITY admires the awful remains of the amphitheatre which so well deserved the epithet of colossal. Five acres of ground, enclosed within the oval of an outer wall, with tiers of granite arches one upon the other, rising to a majestic height; with a multitude of chambers, passages, vaults and galleries between this outer and the inner wall of softer travertine stone, enclosing a sand covered arena,—this, at the end of nineteen centuries represents one of the grandest and most renowned wonders of the world.

The Coliseum was built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome: Here these vain and extravagant emperors pampered the tastes of a discontented people; and answering in part their cry for "*panem et circensis*," captive Jews, under the lash of Roman supremacy, spent laborious days in erecting this monument to the indulgence of the once great Roman people.

In the sight of eighty-seven thousand spectators, magnificent exhibitions, beyond description and suitable to a people who styled themselves "the masters of the world," were enacted when the Emperor had seated himself and the signal was given. The actors were the rulers of the forest,—trained bears dressed in royal robes or comic costumes, or lions with jeweled crowns and gilded claws. or elephants trained to dance or sit at banquet tables. Then tigers, bulls, leopards and wild boars were let loose upon one another, while the people with savage curiosity watched to see the kinds of attack and defense, until with shouts of triumph one bleeding, victorious beast would prowl around the arena amid the carcasses of the slain victims.

But nobler game than this only would suffice a hunger now provoked to be satisfied anon with contests between man and beast and

finally between man and man. It was not only skill and agility but blood and death that would satisfy this Roman mob. The lions before their eye were to feed upon human flesh. And among those condemned was many a Christian martyr, who made good confession before a savage-eyed multitude, and "met the lion's gory mane" with a calm resolution and hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. But as it was strange and unaccountable, so was it to them the most choice sight to see a Christian die with upward gaze and hymns of joy upon his lips.

Even when the barbarians were closing in on the empire, hosts of men still were forced into this slavish mimic warfare, sport to the beholders, but of sad earnest to the participant. Proud emperors, fat, good humored senators, sacred vestals, and tender mothers alike thought it fair play, and were equally pitiless in the strange frenzy for exciting scenes when they mounted the stone stairs of the Coliseum.

Christianity soon shifted the scenes and persecution came to an end. No more martyrs fed the beasts in the Coliseum. Christian liberty had cut the bonds of barbaric savagery. The import of the philosophy of an Epictetus, the convictions of a Paul, the meditations of a Marcus Aurelius, were not to be resisted even by the most thoughtless. These together with many other influences as living seed were sown in the minds of men, budding but showing no fruit until the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when the amphitheatre was no longer bounded by four walls or covered with the rich purple canopies from Arabia. The arena was extended over hills and valleys, the courses of conquest led up and down mountains and through cities and villages. With God's heaven above him and the whole continent of Europe beneath his feet, the chivalrous knight of the twelfth century steps upon the stage and appeals even to-day to every thoughtful person as the personification of a singular combination of reckless heroism and religious humility, of brutal strength and a tenderness for the weak hardly equaled since that day, and a sense of honor and manly sentiment that was inviolate.

The spirit of an exalted freedom permeates the proud submission the knight made to the existing order of things. His obedience was not formal or of the superficial type of only abiding by the letter of the law. His servitude was dignified by a proud submission of spirit and subordination of heart. His king was his brother; his mother was his sister; his servants were his children.

We emphasize, in passing, this unequaled conception of woman which seems to have been at the bottom of this development. In the abstract it was a sacred trust in the midst of a society built upon the idea of violence as its very foundation stone. Reverence for rank and

women was the motive force in the arena of the twelfth century that re-deemed that society from barbarism.

The question confronts us to-day, is the spirit of chivalry on the decline? Do we feel that the green bay-tree of honest rivalry, competition and emulation is only a growth of the past?

We say, we have transcended the customs of the ages, but we notice on the other hand the extraordinary truth of how in spirit and instinct, the race still remains on the dead level of its natural tendencies. The terms of expression have only been transferred. The Romans had their gladiatorial combats; the knights of the twelfth century their daily tournaments. Even the man of a century ago entered the struggle for existence in walks of life signally different from the man of to-day. His walks were, literally speaking, journeys from town to town of days' and weeks' duration. Our first political leaders and the founders of our constitution, in the saddle and on foot, came upon the scene of action from the Carolinas, the Virginias and the New England colonies. The modern man rushes madly into the arena by railway, trolley and motor car. The mechanic of a century ago worked a loom by hand and wielded the cobbler's hammer. The industrious housewife sat by her spinning wheel and plied her clumsy needle. To-day, the mechanic feeds a machine or directs pneumatic tools, while his muscles fall into a stupor.

In short, the struggle for existence, which is in reality the foster-father of progress, is no longer waged by muscle and sinew. These have exchanged places with intelligence and nervous energy. The Christian era has witnessed the slow but certain ascendancy of mind over matter.

Flesh was once in the ascendancy. If the gladiator got his man down, the people shouted: "*recipe ferrum!*"—the victor was granted life only as long as a stronger than he was not at hand. But, have we not transcended this vulgar, degrading and inhuman practice? Do we not stand for the spiritual attitude that ennobles both winning and losing, the preparation and the fight? Of what use is it to be strong and steadfast unless the spirit like the flesh rises superior to the conflict? How ignoble to desire success unless we can be serene in defeat!

A Roosevelt spends a strenuous seven years in the presidential chair. He labors like Hercules and in the end is seemingly defeated by a lot of professional political leaders, and is censured by his opponents with scant courtesy. How easy to make public protest, but how undesirable!

But, the modern gladiator smiles, with the profound conviction that "right means might," that the ethical standard in the political as

well as in the social life of a nation is a matter of mind and heart, justice and sympathy.

So, in the worlds of finance, of learning, of religion. "To him that overcometh" is the prize offered.

While we must find our real and deep interests in actual life, and will to prefer the struggle to the easy gained victory, the practice to the theory, we must as well learn to distinguish between the real amenities of life and the factitious successes of outward achievement.

A Caesar, an Alexander, a Napoleon have each entered the arena and by the plaudits of the crowd have been raised to everlasting fame. Patrick Henrys and Daniel Websters have swayed their hearers with subtle arguments and keen intellects. We see apparent victory all about us. But we look to-day with continued and profound admiration to the One who placed the arena not in the physical or mental world, but in the sphere of the moral consciousness. Who, even while possessing power to still the waves and feed the hungry multitudes, saw the victory in swaying men's hearts and gaining their souls.

O! there is no failure to the man who nobly and truly does his quiet duty; whose fight is with himself; whose fame is in the invisible influence of character; whose heaven is in apparent failure; who is

"Too great for haste
Too high for rivalry."

W. C. S. '09.

AN INTERPRETATION OF GRIEG'S "SPRING"



LOW, low, she caresses the keys,

Lingeringly, longingly sighing to you,
Oh, lad, beware of her melody please.
Maybe her fingers are lying to you!

No! You are sure that her passion is real!

She and her melody blending in one
Turn to your heart with their shuddering appeal,
Answer, oh, answer her when she is done!

Ah, lad, she knows the resolve you have made.

Exultant, triumphant the music has grown.
O for a lute to bring to your aid,
That you might sing her a song of your own!

H. S. H. '10.

THE SUPREMACY OF LAW

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This oration won the Alumni Prize for 1910. Criticism of these orations should include a consideration of their forensic power as well as of matter and style.



THE profoundest question of the day is the Supremacy of Law. Law is sacred. Obedience to law is the cardinal virtue of citizenship. The individual, the community and the state to exist in peace, harmony, and justice, must recognize the majesty of law. Out of savagery into civilization man came through law, and the moment he defies that law he turns his face backward toward Old Chaos and

Black Night. The law must be held in sanctity; otherwise our political institutions perish.

Our forefathers who framed the Constitution saw clearly that the stability of the Nation was correlative with a Supreme Law. Their experience under the Articles of Confederation had taught this lesson. Jealousy, then, had kindled the flames of controversy between big state leaders and little state leaders. State rights were magnified and the New Republic seemed on the verge of dissolution. But fortunately, there was a change of action. The noble men of the Convention of 1787 brought law out of lawlessness. They replaced a chaotic state rights government by a unified central government. In place of thirteen factious states, there came forth one nation, with one Constitution, one Supreme Law.

The Supreme Law has been challenged and thoroughly tested. Time and time again the nation-old doctrine of "State Rights" has asserted itself. "State Rights" was the creed of the Kentucky and Virginia Resolution of 1798 and 1799. "State Rights" occasioned the great controversy of Hayne and Webster in 1830. Belief in "State Rights" put John Calhoun at the head of South Carolina and the opposition in the South which, after his voice was stilled, burst forth in division and war. The War of Secession was the final test of the Supreme Law. Then was it settled forever that no commonwealth, no section could defy the Supreme Law of the land.

The great fight to keep the *national* law supreme brought victory. But to-day all law is being tested. A greater struggle is on. A more subtle enemy than State Rights is to be faced. City, state, and national law, common law, statute law and constitutional law are being defied by individuals, associations and corporations. On every hand we see evidence. We see it in the rule of machine politics where public officials

are entrenched behind the menacing power of the corrupted ballot. They snap their fingers at any law which would set itself above them. They form political oligarchies to nominate and elect men who will agree to help them rob the city and state. Their representatives are found among police officials, aldermen, mayors of cities, state legislators, governors of states, and in the United States Senate. These subtle politicians largely dominate our political world; they pervert and befoul the sources of law; they defy the Supreme Law.

We see defiance of law in the business world. Men scorn laws which interfere with their money getting. Captains of industry by hiring clever lawyers evade the law. Dishonest promoters of great corporations sell watered stock and reap unlawful profits. Street railway magnates practice the art of bribery and steal franchises overnight. The sugar monopolists systematically rob the United States Treasury. Bankers steal a million dollars and buy acquittal with a hundred thousand. And more momentous and significant than these is the vice of the common citizen who daily infringes upon the law. He ignores and abuses the muniments thrown about life, property, marriage and the home.

We see defiance of law by the mob. The lynching party seeks to punish crime with the noose and the fire-brand. The warring factions in the class struggle set the law at naught. For instance the Night Riders of Kentucky destroy property and commit murder to check the power of the tobacco trust. A rakish stone-throwing mob in Philadelphia wrecks street railway property and defies an army of officials. Such class struggle gives birth to dangerous offspring; an offspring of bitter hatred, lawlessness, anarchy. These foster crime and revolution. Behold reactionary Russia! But we need not go to a foreign land for an example,—the spirit of anarchy, of defiance of law, blotted out the lives of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley. Anarchy will claim other victims. Such open defiance to the authority of government corrupts the whole nation and explains why our laws are not adequate in practice. They are not enforced; they are not made the final arbiter of all disputes, the guardian of all rights.

What is to be the remedy? What will make our law supreme in practice as well as in theory. As long as men are men we will discover no panacea, for human nature is imperfect. Nevertheless there are courses of action which will exalt the law to its proper place and clothe it with its proper dignity.

The law can be preserved and made supreme by an everlasting crusade against lawlessness. We must catch the spirit of the Crusaders of the 11th Century who swept over Europe and wrested the Holy Sepul-

chre from the Turkish Infidels. Men everywhere became "Knights of the Cross." *We must become "Knights of the Law."* Its fabric must be rescued and restored to the disciples of order. The times demand the correlated action of all good citizens. We must combine in enforcing the law rather than in making more law. We must decry every form of crime whether respectable or disreputable; whether clothed in gold or in rags. The sins of all sorts and conditions of men must be visited with swift, sure, and condign punishment. There must be a revival of the belief in law. Into the heart of every American must come a deep and abiding respect for the law, for the security of our institutions lies in the controlling power of public opinion. In it we may find a remedy for prevailing lawlessness, and by it the law can be made supreme. To make the Crusade against lawlessness a victory, the home, the school, the public press, and the Church must devote themselves to teaching the law of God and man.

America is threatened by no external danger; no foreign foe musters its war bands on her borders. Within her own proud confines lies the danger. The monster lawlessness everywhere lifts its hydra-head in defiance. Life, liberty, the nation, and the law are endangered. To the Manhood of America there is a call to duty; a call to fight "The Savage Wars of Peace." At the polls Americans must fight the rule of corrupt politics. In the business world they must condemn the man who thinks more of wealth than public obligation. At the bar of justice they must throttle the ignorance and selfishness that express themselves in dynamite and the mob. There is no choice of alternatives for true Americans. They must buckle on the sword of the law; they must discipline themselves to eternal enmity of corporate and individual lawlessness; they must inspire men with a law abiding and law respecting spirit; they must swear everlasting fealty to law and its observance; they must create the conviction in the minds of all Americans, that in order to realize the highest political and moral life, *there must be a firmer allegiance*, a deeper reverence, a truer devotion to the foundation principle of American democracy, The Supremacy of Law.

R. R. E. '10.



"A PLEA FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE"

EDITORS NOTE.—This speech won the Annual Contest for 1910 in Extemporaneous Speaking for the Everett Society Medal presented by Alfred Percival Smith.



ONE of the burning questions that confront the United States and England to-day is the question of woman's suffrage. Owing to the fanaticism of some of the adherents to this cause in England, a certain amount of discredit has been placed upon this cause; yet, as we consider the birth of any great reform, we will find that there has been a certain amount of fanaticism there. Not more than fifty years ago William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown were considered just as fanatical as the present agitators of the cause of woman's suffrage; and yet within a few years the cause for which they plead had millions of adherents.

The trend of history for the last two thousand years has been to grant political privileges to classes heretofore denied those privileges. An example of this is found in ancient Greece and Rome. There, formerly, only the patricians had the right to vote. Gradually, however, other classes were granted this freedom; until finally even the conquered nations were granted the privilege of the ballot. In England prior to 1832 only the nobles and the rich landed class had the privilege of the ballot; but by the great Reform Bill of that year more classes were granted this freedom; and still later, in 1867, more classes were given this privilege.

In our own country, in the time of our forefathers, only those men who belonged to a certain religious sect, who held a certain amount of land, or who had a certain amount of education, were permitted to vote. But, gradually, all these barriers were swept away; and to-day every male of twenty-one years is privileged to vote. Thus we see that the trend of history and democracy has been to grant political freedom to classes heretofore denied this privilege.

Let us look, for a moment, at the corresponding advance of the women intellectually, socially and economically.

Socially, formerly, woman was considered the slave of man. Gradually, however, she rose in the social scale; until to-day she is considered the equal if not the superior to man. The recognition of her intellectual equality came later; but fifty years ago, agitators for higher education for women were considered most fanatic; and yet, to-day, we have such institutions as Bryn Mawr attesting to the intellectual equality of woman with man. The recognition of her economic equality came still later. Within the last decade or two, innumerable business

propositions have been opened to woman. Occasionally we hear of a woman doctor or lawyer; and all of us know of numberless cases of women's successful competition with men. There is the natural conclusion from the trend of history and democracy in granting political privileges to classes heretofore denied these privileges, through the recognition of woman's intellectual, social and economic equality with men, must come the recognition of her political equality with man.

Certainly the woman is qualified to vote. Morally she is the equal if not the superior of man; and it is from this very thing that much of the opposition to woman's suffrage arises; because the liquor interests and the political bosses who depend upon the corrupt vote for their power, fear that if woman's suffrage should be permitted, they would lose their power. Intellectually woman is qualified to vote; because surely, she is the equal of the millions of negroes and foreigners who come to our shores, and they are granted the privilege of the ballot.

Another reason why woman should be privileged to vote is because that where it has been tried, woman's suffrage has been a distinct success, whether it be in local government, questions of school board, municipal elections, or even state and national affairs; and where women have voted, they have not lost any of their womanly characteristics, nor has the domestic happiness of the home been impaired; and, moreover, woman's influence on politics has been such that the politics in which she has shared have been vastly bettered. Therefore, we feel assured in predicting that within the next decade or two woman's suffrage will become an assured fact.

O. M. P. '13.

CARMEN AMATAE PERDITAE



Y heart's in a shrine
On the castled Rhine,
Where a form that was mine
Lies still evermore.

That sweetheart of mine
In a lonely shrine
On the banks of the Rhine,
Will rise nevermore.

The Souris is fair,
But my heart is not there!
A shrine on the Rhine
Holds a form that was mine!

W. L. G. W. '10.

WATER BABIES



ON'T you sit down?" I suggested, noting that such an idea had entered her mind. We had strolled some distance by the beach, beyond the limits of boardwalk and bathers, and the huge drift-log cast far up on the shore by some over-ambitious sea offered its broad smooth back as an inviting resting-place.

"Does look rather comfortable," replied Elizabeth. "All right, let's commune with the deep for a while, and have a short look into the infinite."

"You've been reading Byron," I ventured, and took my seat beside her.

"Maybe I did read him once in school, long ago, but those are the words of a song I heard in the theatorium down the boardwalk last night."

"In wrong," I apologized, "but isn't the water great to-day?"

"Oh I love it!" she cried with enthusiasm, "let's look into the waves and imagine things."

"And write a story," I added, and searched my pockets for something to write on. I found an account book, its pages marred by but one entry and that two years before. This would serve the purpose.

"Write a story?" she said, "oh—well—all right, but you have to start it."

"Agreed," said I—, "How many characters?"

"Two, that's enough."

"Good! I name the girl Elsie."

"And I name the man Charlie."

"That's settled then," I said. "Now here are the circumstances. They are both good swimmers, and are in the habit of swimming way out into the sea together. They always start from opposite a large log that lies way up the beach. Charlie also is a great tease,—perhaps because Elsie is easily teased."

"Not at all probable," interrupted Elizabeth.

"To continue, this teasing usually ends in a sand fight, and then a long journey out in the ocean to cool off. Now Elizabeth, in a minute I'll give you a chance. One day, Charlie's teasing had really exasperated Elsie."

"'You look awfully pretty when you are mad,' he said."

"All right, then Elsie throws more sand at him," said Elizabeth.

" 'Ouch, that hurt,' said Charlie, 'my eye is full. Now kiss it and make it well'."

"A cloud of sand from Elsie."

" 'Gee but you are beautiful now, even if I can only see you with one eye!'"

" 'Oh, you horrid thing! I'll—I'll swim way out in the ocean and get rid of you.'"

" 'Oh Elsie, I double dare you'."

"In a flash she took the plunge and began savagely to duck the breakers as she made her way out."

"In an instant Charlie was after her. But at the water's edge he hesitated a minute, hurried over to the log, picked something up from behind it and started in pursuit of the irate maiden. When he had passed the breakers, he saw Elsie swimming doggedly along toward the open sea. In a quarter of a mile he had caught up with her. " 'Good afternoon my pretty mermaid,' he said, and marvelled, as oft before, at the beauty of her head against the wild background of foam and wave. Do you know, Elizabeth, the ultimate test of a woman's beauty is to put her hair up in a bathing cap and then to judge of her after a dive? However, on with the story."

"Elsie disdainfully swam on;" this from Elizabeth.

"Charlie ventured the additional remark, that the water was fine for swimming, and then kept silently along at her side. They swam out further than he had ever been before. He could no longer see the beach because of the curve of the earth. But as the sky remained clear and the water fairly calm, and as Elsie seemed to be swimming easily, on he went. There is a strange charm that the open ocean casts over the swimmer, as he rises and falls on its waves and Charlie subtly felt that Elsie was now under such an influence as well as he."

"Please let's have nothing silly in the story," said Elizabeth.

"Agreed," said I, "so Charlie took advantage of this influence to play upon her sense of fear."

" 'Oh Elsie,' he said, do you know we are out about two miles from shore, and the sharks come in to within two miles and a quarter'."

" 'That means you will be afraid to follow me further than four hundred and forty yards more, and then I *will* be rid of you'."

" 'But Elsie, there is going to be a ball on board the Delaware down in the harbor to-night, and remember what a hit you were going to make with the officers'."

"At this Elsie turned her head and looked squarely at him. 'Charlie I am tired out,' she said, 'I guess I'll drown'."

" 'The very accident against which I provided' said Charlie; 'can you last five minutes more?' "

" 'Yes,' doubtfully."

" 'Well then look!' He reached somewhere beneath the surface of the water, drew forth and held before her dejected face, the humiliating sight of a pair of water wings, and proceeded to blow them up from cheeks inflated with triumphant laughter."

" 'You win,' said Elsie, absolutely subdued, and they took up their long journey shoreward."

"An hour or two later a couple of tired figures, barely able to drag one limb after another, emerged from the breakers and fell exhausted on the beach."

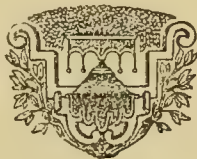
" 'You must let me end the story,' interrupted Elizabeth for I see that your imagination is about to run away with you. "The two were picked up by an anxious search party of Papas and others. Charlie was kind enough to hide the water wings, and neither one of them mentioned the incident again. But Charlie absolutely stopped teasing Elsie, and she in turn threw no more sand."

"Now Elizabeth I bet if you were writing this story alone, that wouldn't be the ending at all. Listen to this: 'A couple of hours later Charlie carried a drooping figure out on to the beach just as the full moon was rising over the eastern rim of the ocean. He wrapped her in the great coat which she always brought along, and they sat on a large drift-log to rest. The soft night breeze dried her hair and restored the native verve to her countenance. They remained silent for a time, communing with the deep, and then Charlie turned to her'."

"Heavens," broke in Elizabeth, "it must be late. There's the moon up already, and I have a date for dinner. Please take me back to town."

And so I didn't ever finish my version of the story.

C. M. F. '10



A UNION SUITED UNIVERSE

(With apologies to Carlyle.)



WHEN my unions itched a bit the other day, I was speculating, over a quiet cigar, on morals and manners, and I fell straight to wondering why I wore the things at all. At once I blushed at the audacity of the thought. Imagine going without! and yet again and again the idea would return to me. I scratched my back ferociously once or twice and tried to bethink me whether or no some other mortals in times gone by had not found their woollens a bit irksome; and if any of these sensitive thin-skinned prodigies like myself had dared to walk abroad in the nakedness of their condition. The thought appalled me at first, for those few that came to my mind had been burned at the stake, languished in dungeons or had died enemies of the world. All had lost for the time the respect of their fellow men. But, I thought, they would have writhed to death any way if their skins were like mine. The world did not know. It took them for fools, but assuredly they were very wise men to throw off such uncomfortable clothing.

Some there be who will not content themselves with twiddling their toes at the universe. The soft azure underwear of a mental mill-hand was sackcloth to the hairy bosom of Carlyle. It rashed his sides, checked his breathing, irritated his temper, and he could have no peace till he had done with it. Of course the world cried "shocking!" and called him a queer rude fellow, and cut him because he cast aside the raiment of conformity. But he knew. He was sure of his temper and heeded not the protests of these union-suited, linen-collared scoffers. He was confident that if people would become accustomed to his nakedness they would find livid pinks and browns even more agreeable than faded blues and grays, and, *mirabile dictu!* many of them did.

I philosophized further. Surely there were many who had become used to their unspeakables and who had never been so much as caught scratching. But how did they do it? I marvelled. They surely deserve great respect to bear this yoke of union-suited decency with such a blandness of countenance. But—the thought made me shudder—maybe their bodies are covered with hideous scabs, and perhaps, who knows, they rub their backs slyly now and then when they go to bed at night. Such stoicism surely deserved admiration.

My speculation had now grown to dangerous dimensions. I believe I was thoroughly frightened. But two ways seemed open to me. To

begin with I have a prodigiously sensitive skin—there is no doubt about that. The first way was to discard my union suit and seek a new covering for my distempered body. This meant that I should be shunned generally by respectable people for the sake of escaping the seventy years itch. The other way was to turn stoic and bear the rash, letting my woolens sap the best of my life's blood. I should carry my scabs to the grave, but who should know of them? But neither of these alternatives were very pleasing. Surely there must be others of my union-suited kin in distress who find some better means of relief. There is Moredull who wears a fine smile and winks to himself whenever I squirm. What does he do? I resolved to play the detective. After several unsuccessful attacks on his wardrobe I found that he had lined the universal raiment with silk. It made me think of the sly monks who wore linen under their haircloth. The discovery filled me with unspeakable joy. I was as dissatisfied as ever with the color and cut of the underwear but now at least I could wear it to escape society's "Oh! Oh!" Accordingly I fitted myself out immediately in the hypocritical wear, but, to my disappointment I got no comfort. My friends were all now to me merely respecting, respectful acquaintances and I wanted something more.

So for eternity have I laid aside the garments of conformity. So also have I rejected forever the silk-lined garb of Moredull, that monumental figure of ease and contentment. Whether an Apollo or a Thersites I must appear hereafter as I am. My raiment is scanty and insufficient, but it must do me until I find more.

H. S. H.

TO COLLETTE



BRAVELY face the lonely wind
And laugh and say forget,
But though the rain is very kind
Your kiss is on me yet.

I try to sing a lilting song
Although my face is wet;
Alas the road is far too long
With your kiss on me yet.

And sometimes it may hap I burn
For other cheeks, Collette,

In some mad moment. When I turn
Your kiss is on me yet. H. S. H. '10

EDITORIAL



THE Editorial on Student Government in the May HAVERFORDIAN can hardly justify the remark of *College Weekly*, "Heaven bless the idealist, we honor and love him, but respect his judgment not."

A more than cursory perusal of that Editorial will discover to the protagonists of Advisory Board reform that the HAVERFORDIAN submitted a plan. It submitted the plan because President Sharpless discussed it favorably, because the plan *works*, and because the HAVERFORDIAN believes that there will be a College here some day with moral backbone enough to make Student Government a go.

The plan was proposed in order to sound the sentiment of the College.

The discussion which the Editorial aroused made it generally evident that the College as a body cannot, since every man as an individual *will not*, assume the responsibility for his conduct. But it was good to see a creditable number of gentlemen who are always willing to be gentlemen because it feels better, rather than because the faculty *makes* it feel better.

These things are at least worth knowing, and if an Editorial finds them out it is not altogether bootless. The HAVERFORDIAN did not precipitately urge Student Government. It asked and got some discussion.

The new Advisory Board is thoroughly worth respecting, and we hope it will see to it that it *is* more comfortable here to be a gentleman, since some of our "good fellows" are inclined arbitrarily to consider *any* of their actions as gentlemanly, and to self-righteously disregard the comfort of those who have to live near them.

So if the so-called "idealistic" Editorial has not brought down a universal clamor for Student Government, perhaps it has helped to awaken a feeling of necessity for action. Whether by means of a reorganized Advisory Board or a Student Government makes little difference.

Imperious criticism directed at *persons* rather than what they stand for is as despicable and bad as the so-called "newspaper reform." It is not only ineffective but it antagonizes the persons attacked.

We trust that talk is over and work begun.

So fee-faw-fum until September. The HAVERFORDIAN wishes much Summer to her friends.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

PROMINENT HAVERFORDIANS.

IV. ALFRED PERCIVAL SMITH.



Y the gift to Haverford of the attractive and beautiful building for the use of the Haverford Union and other social and religious activities of the College, Alfred Percival Smith of the class of 1884, has shown a fine loyalty to his Alma Mater, which places him in the ranks of those to whom Haverfordians are indebted for one of the larger benefactions.

Those of us who were at College during the early 80's all remember "Percy" as he was familiarly called. As a member of his class and of the Everett and Loganian Societies, he took his own place in the life of the College, at a period when matters were in a somewhat transient state.

Born in Philadelphia, July 11, 1863, Mr. Smith is the only surviving child of Alfred and Cornelia Stanley (Allen) Smith. His father was a well known leather merchant, and later a stock broker and banker, who was prominently identified with the development of the street car system in Philadelphia.

The family is of German descent, the immigrant having landed at Philadelphia from near Wurzburg, Bavaria in 1756. Later the family settled in Lehigh Co., Pa., and lived there for several generations.

The subject of this sketch received his early education in private schools, the last of which was the old Germantown Academy, which he left in June, 1880, to enter Haverford College. He was graduated from that institution in 1884 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in the following September entered the Senior Class at Harvard, from which he was graduated with the Bachelor's degree, as a member of the class of 1885. The following year was occupied with post-graduate work, in course for the Doctor of Philosophy degree. In the autumn of 1886 he entered the law offices of the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh and George Tucker Bispham, Esq., Philadelphia, to study his profession. At the same time he matriculated in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He graduated with his class in June, 1888, and the same year he was admitted as Attorney and Counsellor to the Philadelphia Bar on motion of one of his preceptors, George Tucker Bispham, Esq. Since

1888 Mr. Smith has been engaged actively in the practice of his profession, but almost exclusively in the courts located in Philadelphia. His has been largely an office practice, connected with real estate, the settlement of estates, and some corporate matters. From choice he restricts his practice to civil interests, and has never had an associate, nor a partner. Mr. Smith was for a time a solicitor for The Presbyterian Historical Society. He was ordained a Ruling Elder in the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, where he serves as Sessional Treasurer, and is also a member of the Provisional Session of the First Italian Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. He was for some years a Sunday School Superintendent, and preserves his connection with the Presbyterian Sunday School Superintendent's Association, as an ex-superintendent.

Mr. Smith was, early in his career, actively interested in the Law Academy of Philadelphia, of which he is still an active member. He is a member of The Law Association of Philadelphia, and has been for a number of years a member of its Legal Biography Committee. He was one of the charter members of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, and Secretary of its Legal Biography Committee, when, in connection with its work, the first Law Museum in the United States was established in a large room in the Law School Building, on John Marshall Day, February 4th, 1901. Mr. Smith is also a member of the American Bar Association, and attended the Universal Congress of Lawyers and Jurists held in St. Louis, Mo., in September, 1904, as a delegate at large. He has never been very active in political life, except for a brief connection with the Municipal League of Philadelphia, and later (since about 1905) he has been identified with the Reform Movement known originally as The City Party, etc., etc. He has served as the Treasurer of The Rudolph Blankenburg Club almost from its inception to date, and is also a member of the City Club of Philadelphia.

Since 1892 Mr. Smith has been an industrious collector of books, plans, pictures, historical data and portraits, relating mostly to the early English history and later Pennsylvania history of the Law Courts. He is possessed of a keen interest also in genealogy, history and numismatics; is particularly interested in Lutheran, Presbyterian and Reformed Church history, and delights in Colonial, Revolutionary, Dutch, and Pennsylvania-German studies and research both European and American. He has found time to contribute a few articles to newspapers and religious magazines.

February 4th, 1890, Mr. Smith married Elizabeth Wandell David, the youngest daughter of the late William M. David, of Philadelphia and his wife, Elizabeth (Wandell) David. They have no children.

While at College, Percy was much interested in all that had to do with elocution and elocutionary contests. Some old students may recall the strange sounds which on occasion would emanate from the tower of Barclay Hall. Here in a secluded attic room practising was indulged in, and Smith was among the most assiduous of those so employed. That this was not a mere passing interest of his is shown by his founding in 1897 of the Everett Society Prize Medal, awarded each year to a member of the Freshman or Sophomore classes for proficiency in extemporaneous speaking.

Another of his benefactions has been the scholarship at Haverford and Harvard for the benefit of a student of German-American descent, which was established in the autumn of 1905 and has been continued each year since.

Unassuming in manner and quiet in his tastes, Alfred Percival Smith has chosen to do what he had in mind without ostentation or show. The breadth of his interest and the sincerity of his purpose are evidenced by the results of his generosity.

GEORGE VAUX, JR., '84.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'76.

Dr. Francis Greenleaf Allinson, David Benedict Professor of Classical Philology at Brown University, has been chosen to fill the chair of Greek Literature for the year 1910-11 at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. This institution is supported by several American universities and colleges, including Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Wisconsin, Johns Hopkins, and Brown, and they select each year a professor of Greek from their faculties as the incumbent of the lectureship at Athens. Professor Allinson was graduated from Haverford in '76, received his doctorate from Johns Hopkins in '80, was four years connected with Williams College and since 1885 has been teaching at Brown.

'81.

Davis H. Forsyth is editor-in-chief of the *Westonian*, Westtown, Pa.

Ex '86.

Francis L. Trotter, for many years connected with the Fidelity Trust Company, died May 26 at his home in Philadelphia.

Francis Trotter was at Haverford with the Class of '86 during Fresh-

man and Sophomore years. He won the Haines Fielding Belt in his first year, and played both years on the First XI.

'90.

Dilworth P. Hibberd was married to Miss Caroline Jenkins Hickey on June ninth, in Washington, D. C., and sails from New York for Europe on June eleventh. S. S. "Baltic."

'94.

W. W. Comfort has an essay on Nicolas Ellain entitled *Poetica Medici* in the *London Academy* for May seventh, 1910.

'98.

The engagement of Robert N. Wilson to Miss Sara Hendrick Peck, of Greensboro, North Carolina, has been lately announced.

On June first R. N. Wilson expects to leave Guilford College, N. C., where he has been in charge of the chemistry department for several years. He will go to Florida as assistant superintendent of extension work with the State University, and will have charge of the Farmer's Institute work. He expects to attend the Biennial School of Agriculture at Ames, Iowa, during July and will probably be married late in the summer.

'02.

Mr. and Mrs. Fulweiler, of Wayne, Pa., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Jessie Louise Fulweiler to Doctor A. G. H. Spiers. The wedding will take place early this summer.

A. D. Schrag is making his second European trip this summer. He sailed for Naples on May 31st, and will return in September to resume his work at the University of Nebraska where he holds the Assistant Professorship in German.

'03.

H. M. Trueblood who is studying Physics in the Graduate School at Harvard has been awarded one of the Whiting Fellowships for next year.

Henry J. Cadbury will interrupt his work at Harvard to assume Dr. Baker's work at Haverford next year. He will also conduct a course in the Haverford Summer School this June.

George Peirce who was married last February fifth to Miss Ethel Gerdwood of West Orange, N. J., is studying in Germany.

Robert L. Simpkin arrived at Chinghing, West China, on February first and he has now taken up his new work at Chengtu, a ten days'

journey farther inland. The work is unofficially connected with the Union Christian College.

'06.

Gordon Harwood Graves has been awarded a University Fellowship at Columbia for the year 1910-11.

'07.

Francis D. Godley was married to Miss Meribah Willets Brown on April twenty-first at Downingtown. They are living at No. 11 Barrett Avenue, Haverford, after a visit to Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

'08.

C. C. Collings was married April twentieth at East Orange, N. J., to Miss Mary Shannon Johnson of that place. George Emlen '08 and J. Carey Thomas, 3d, '08 served as ushers.

Walter R. Shoemaker has been sent to Cincinnati, Ohio, to take charge of a branch office of W. A. Lippincott and Co., Leather Merchants.

Morris A. Linton took the examinations for the American Actuarial Society in May. This is in connection with his mathematical work in the Actuarial Department of the Provident Life and Trust Co., Philadelphia.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Albert Linton to Miss Harriet Roberts Coles of Moorestown, N. J.

'09.

R. L. M. Underhill who is studying Philosophy in the Harvard Graduate School, has been awarded a University Scholarship for next year.

Ex '10.

A. Sellev Roberts has been appointed to the position of Assistant Instructor in History for the coming term at Cornell University.



THE MONTH

The new *Haverford Union* was opened on the evening of May 19th with the performance of two French plays, one by a Thursday Afternoon Club of the neighborhood and the other by members of the advanced French courses of the college. The various college organizations have moved into the rooms set apart for them, and the large reading-room has become very popular. Part of the building has still to be furnished.

Mr. A. L. Atwood, captain of last year's football team at Amherst, has been appointed our assistant athletic director for next year. The system of graduate coaching for football will thus be abolished at least for the time being. The change has seemed advisable for some time.

The track team has had three dual meets: with Johns Hopkins at Baltimore on May 7th, which was lost 39-60; with New York University at Haverford on May 18th, which was won 65-39; and with Lehigh at Haverford on May 21, which was lost 40-72.

D. S. Hinshaw '11 has been elected President of the Intercollegiate Soccer Association. W. J. Young '11 won a place on the All-American Collegiate Soccer Team.

On May 28, for the first time in five years the Cricket Eleven won the annual match from Pennsylvania, score 111-65. The Haverford Eleven sails from New York, S.S. Baltic, June 11. Henry Cope '69 has arranged the following schedule:

- June 27-28—Malvern. (Two days' match.)
- June 30—Cheltenham.
- July 2—Clifton.
- July 4-5—Marlborough. (Two days' match.)
- July 7—Marylebone C. C. at Lords, in London.
- July 12—Haileybury.
- July 14—Harrow.
- July 16—Eton.
- July 20—Tonbridge.

Conditional matches have been arranged with Charterhouse, Repton, Shrewsbury, Rugby, Winchester, and Bootham.

Arthur Woodcock, coach of Haverford Cricket from 1888 to 1894, died recently at his home in England as a result of poison self administered.

A Haverford Summer School for Religious Study will be held for six weeks following Commencement.

EXCHANGES



HE new exchange editor had many doubts and misgivings when he gazed on the rapidly increasing pile of magazines which his subtle predecessor handed over to him. But he put on his cut-away coat and lit his faithful corncob, determined to read *all* the pages. We have only cold contempt for some exchange editors, snuffy little chaps, maybe, with choker collars and tight shoes, who skim through four or five magazines and then sit down to drag out a few banal remarks on "College life as reflected in the exchanges of the month." Verily, they have their reward, but some of them will have to wait a long time for it, we are afraid. But for me and mine, we prefer rather to scamper through the files distributing gum-drops or castor-oil as the case requires, than to write a scholarly review on one or two magazines of our choice. Entertaining material is by no means confined to the *Williams*, list of ten best magazines, either.

"Even as You and I" in the *Virginia* and "A Fool There Was" in the *Wesleyan* are two stories of a kind. As the titles perhaps suggest, in each one there is the impulsive lover whose girl "done him dirt." It is quite evident that the first writer has a story to tell, and tells it with a very decent regard to that difficult art of getting it told without saying too much. The reader feels that some respect is being paid to his intelligence. "A Fool There Was" is not nearly so successful. The good author is evidently hampered by the fact that it is only a very ordinary situation that he is describing, and his determination to spare us no details hinders not a little the advent of the expected catastrophe.

This melancholy combination of ordinary plot and extraordinary overloading of detail appears in the "Burglar Party" in the *Williams*. What the storm, or the catalogue of household utensils in the dining room have to do with the story we can't imagine. However the author enlivens his rather pedestrian style with such literary gems as "His words froze on his lips"—"Outside the wind howled viciously"—and "he stopped dead in his tracks."

Of mystery stories there is a plenty. There are a couple of foggy ones in the *Virginia* which start nowhere, and after a ramble through a few pages of good paper and ink, come back again. It must be great to have intellect, but you can't be too careful lest it lead you into some obscure place and leave you there.

Our friends at *Randolph Macon* sent us a story number. "The-

Guardian Spectre," though it sticks a little on the ways, is a dramatic situation well told. A story like this which gives us a bit of local color is always interesting, whether it describe a Texas bar-room or a California Chinese laundry. The "Old Bach" series in the *Amherst* gives in a very pleasant way, a glimpse into the life of the college. One really can't judge a magazine without some idea of the place which produced it, and we welcome any dignified effort in this line. The "Observer" in the *Wesleyan*, for instance, where the picture is presented in an editorial way.

"A Rose with Thorns" in the *Randolph Macon* is only half-baked. The body of it positively drags. Certainly, it's a love story, written in the bright chatty style of a will or an inventory. However the author gracefully wakes up the reader in time to see our hero married to the girl of his choice.

The Fairy Story instalment in the *Virginia* is a pretty good bit of impressionism. It is long, but it makes good sense, which is a lot more than you can say of some other things in the same magazine. Some of its color effects are decidedly worth while.

We handed the *Texas* to one of our brother editors, with the request that he read the essay on "Romanticism in Music" and tell us something about it. Now our brother editor is an aesthete who on off days harries Y. M. C. A. tunes out of a weary organ. So we may listen to what he has to say on music with respect. "It's good stuff," he says, "But will you hearken to this," and he read us, from the *Texas*, that horror of a "poem," with its lines telling how

"Slimy things will crawl by night,
And slimy things by day,
Until at last
This mortal cast
Will rot into decay."

He had the wrong sow by the ear that time, what we wanted to hear about was music, not mortification and decay. When we finally got him off the depressing subject, he told us that it was interestingly and concisely written, which we ourselves had suspicioned, but that it failed to lay enough emphasis on Wagner's contribution to the romantic movement.

We had to turn dozens of earnest young men from our doors who came seeking the *Vassar* and the *Wellesley*. As a punishment for some at present unknown sin, we didn't receive any of the above, and we must maintain a respectful if mournful silence on the distaff side of college literature.

Poor poetry has had a sinking spell again. To be sure the *Texas*

has a couple of mighty epics, and there are numbers of gentler lyrics on "Love in Death," and "A View of Life," "The Voice of Spring," and "The Call of the Twentieth Century" and such timely topics scattered through the exchanges. "What Can We Know" in the *Wesleyan* gives the most satisfactory reply that we have seen on these burning questions of the day. Our friend who wrote "Twilight" in the *Virginia* has given us what we consider a good example of college verse at its best. If youth is the heyday of poetry, let's not use it up in versifying our theories on the immortality of the soul.

As if in answer to our cry of despair, the Editor-in-Chief told us that the *Smith* had arrived. Now the *Smith* can always be depended upon to furnish some good verse, and we found something this time that is worth all the sophomoric and incoherent babblings on the problems of life that the exchanges from Maine to Texas can print.

To Spring—
Whist! away!—Whist away!
The winter now has flown,
The crocus buds are grown
The leaves of tender green
Form a dainty lace-like screen
Where the summer birds are seen
On bough and branch—then to-day
Whist! away—Whist! away!

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THE DAWN

O dreamer on the mountain side
Teasing the moments from the dawn
Watching the darkling river glide
From heaven whence its flood is drawn,
Tell me what visions come to thee
When the pale stars above thee ride.

Visions, my son, I cannot see,
Yet now as I gaze on the glorious sight
Of mountains and valleys, a troubled sea
Tossed about in uncertain light,
Of beauty my longing soul breathes deep,
And yearns and struggles to be free.

See how the sun on yonder steep
Touches the trees with mellow'd hue;
See how the stars to slumber creep
In their soft and canopied beds of blue!
Why need we visions? Cares may flee
Like clouds, when dawn has banished sleep!

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH—AN APPRECIATION



EARLY everybody who reads contemporary fiction read "The House of Mirth" when it came out a few years ago, and perhaps a majority pronounced it "unpleasant, but strong," and were for the time interested in the pitiable fatality that beset the career of Lily Bart. So firmly have the critics impressed upon us the worthlessness of the literary productions of to-day, that many of us, no doubt, have already forgotten it, in company with "The Masquerader," "The Brass Bowl," and many other best-sellers.

But Edith Wharton's book does not deserve to be forgotten, nor will it be. I reread it recently and its power took hold of me with renewed force. Because it is a comparatively new book is no reason why it should be denied the esteem that we bestow upon classics, when they have power, and sincerity, and keenness of observation. Mrs. Wharton's work shows, at once, breadth and subtlety, the power to make plain, at the same time, the surface artificiality and the genuineness beneath, to make the reader feel at once, annoyance at Lily Bart, as well as sympathetic pity. And in that there is the effect of real tragedy; for one of the earmarks of a great tragedy is a losing struggle, due to imperfection in the leading character.

Lily Bart's whole life was a losing struggle, due to her fearful efforts not to be "dingy and stupid and poor." From as far back as she could remember, it had always been, "keep up your appearance at whatever cost." As Lorimer puts it about his heroine in "Jack Spurlock, Prodigal," "She was the daughter of poor parents, who brought her up on the income of a million, in a set where the million should be the income." After making a failure at business, Lily's father had died. At his funeral, her mother had said, "With your face, Lily, you'll marry it all back." Then came that endless struggle to give Lily, as her mother expressed it, her "chance." For the next three years her lot was one fashionable pleasure-resort after another in wearisome succession. Then her mother died, saying with her last words, "Escape from dinginess at whatever cost. With your beauty you can marry money."

Lily then went to live with her rich but "*dingy* and stupid" relatives in New York. With that ready adaptability, that was one of the traits which natural tact and sensitiveness, long practice and frequent changes of surroundings, had polished to an almost startling finish, with her great beauty and charm with which to make her way instead of money, she found herself, at twenty-eight years of age, at the opening of the story, among "those who are always asked" in New York's most exclusive society.

And yet Miss Bart, in spite of her mother's dying injunctions, had never freed herself, through marriage, of the fear of "*dinginess*." One eligible after another had offered himself. Each time just at the moment when her inherited worldly expediency urged her to enter into a business contract, in which the man paid his millions for her charm and beauty and social position, a give-and-take agreement, which she tried to dignify to herself by the name of marriage, the "*Dr. Jekyll*" of her nature asserted itself and showed this scheming in its true dirty colors. With that she would let go her chance of escape from the pecuniary troubles that never ceased to haunt her when alone. But the next day those bridge debts must be paid, the dressmaker's bills must be met, her allowance from her aunt—small when the demands upon it were considered—must be gone over again to see if a hundred or two had not escaped her observation.

In company, Lily was careful to be always the carefree and beautiful Miss Bart, to be always charming and interesting by being, on the surface, interested in everybody. It was to her that Judy Trenor appealed "to make her Bore House-party go;" Mrs. Trenor always lumped all the people on her list who didn't play bridge in one house-party and "had them over with." And Lily Bart did make it go. As she moved from one guest to another, saying and doing the right thing at the right time—a stately and beautiful lily in the sordid throng—Lawrence Seldon thought of the number of plain and stupid people it had taken to make up for a Lily Bart.

Of all the men Lily knew, Seldon was the one man who seemed to see through the artificiality of her outer existence to the proud spirit beneath, which ever unflinchingly, held up the mask of gaiety. If Seldon had been a rich man, he might have offered to save her by marriage from the fate that already he saw was looming up before her,—that she would in time come to hate not only her surroundings but herself. But he knew Lily Bart. Luxury was to her a necessity;

she could not live without it. Every detail of her early environment had given her false standards and false values, and Seldon knew that, strive as she would, she could not give up the life that she had been schooled to live. As it was, in one of those rare moments when the commonplaces of talk drop into insignificance, and matters of real interest may be spoken of with frankness, he made her see the value of life outside of her sphere, his own life with its business, its books, its plays, its pictures—*life*, rich in things worth while.

For a moment, the implied offer of a share in this life of simplicity, seemed like a step leading out-of-doors from the foul-aired room, in which, all at once, her better self seemed to have been stifled. The next moment she realized that the air in the life he held out to her, wouldn't seem fresh to her long, and that, like some tropical plant, she must live in the close and highly-rarefied atmosphere to which she had been accustomed. Her vision had come to her and she had refused to follow it; but those few brief moments of idealism made her life "flat and unprofitable" when she came back to her everyday existence of clever pretense.

Through her subsequent career of surface triumphs and inward despair as the debts piled up, whenever the temptation came to do something unworthy of the self Lawrence Seldon had awakened, the inherent good that had somehow managed to keep alive in the smothering of her environment, asserted itself.

But this assertion of Lily's better self always told against her in the making of her way in the world to which she had been tied. By a dogging fatality she innocently gets under obligation to Gus Trenor, Judy's husband, to whom she intrusts, at his suggestion, her little capital to play the stocks with. Instead of investing it, he pays her his own money, supposedly her income from his investments. When she wakes up to the fact that her own money has been untouched, that, in reality, Gus is brutishly in love with her, that she owes him nine thousand dollars and has nothing to pay him with, she is in despair. Gus brings her an invitation to visit them, supposedly from Judy. Lily drives to his house. She finds Judy away from home and Gus alone in the house. He attempts to take advantage of the situation, but she quells him by sheer force of personality and leaves the house. As she stands in the full glare of Fifth Avenue, Seldon is passing by and, seeing the stream of light, looks up. Knowing Judy Trenor is not at home, he gives a shudder as he sees the gossip about Lily Bart

seemingly confirmed. He leaves for Europe the next day, his faith in everything shaken.

That night Lily Bart did not sleep for worry; and her worry was all the greater because she knew that "care left a trace on the beauty which was her only defense" against it. In the morning she wrote to Seldon to come at four; she would tell him all and, if he still believed in her, she would renounce her life. Six o'clock came and still he didn't come. She picked up the evening paper and read that he had sailed to Europe.

The plot is too complicated to give here more than a suggestion of its strength. How Lily lives up to her ideals as nearly as she can, how Seldon's trust in her is revived, how Lily undeservedly gets "talked about," how she pays back the money owed to Gus Trenor, and many other things as interesting, are matters I should like to describe in detail.

She was firmly in the grip of circumstance. From one end of the book to the other, you see not the possibility nor even the probability that things might happen thus, but the inevitableness of it all. Only when alone with "poor Gerty Farish," would Lily give way to her bitterness. They had been talking about a man who lived on the rich. "You think we live on the rich, rather than with them; and so we do, in a sense—but it's a privilege we have to pay for! . . . the girl pays it by tips and cards—oh, yes, I've had to take up bridge again—and by going to the best dressmakers, and having just the right dress for every occasion, and always keeping herself fresh and exquisite and amusing!"

But "The House of Mirth" is by no means a one-character book. Simon Rosedale, a Jew, who makes society a hobby and offered Lily his name and money to put her in a place "where she could wipe her feet on the lot of 'em;" Bertha Dorset, rich, unscrupulous, and determined not to pay the price of her indiscretions; Carrie Fisher, who makes a specialty of stupid people—"rather clever, for she has the field all to herself;" Welly Bry—rich, vulgar, and amusing—who would get into society if his wife didn't try to play the part of a blue-blooded "grande dame;" Gerty Farish, a charity-worker, who was the only one of Lily's friends who sticks to her to the very last—these are men and women, all of them well-dressed, and most of them ill-mannered, but still real types of the world Mrs. Wharton has portrayed in such a masterly fashion.

I. C. P., '12.

A SCHOLAR IN LOVE



MISS Aurora Pettibone was an A.M. Aurora had grown up in a little New England village—"seated by the sea"—where most everybody was coast rustic and provincial. But Aurora,—never. Her mother, in a society where Pilgrim blood was the only qualification for good breeding, was descended in direct line from one of those queer people in the "Mayflower." And Sophonisba Pettibone considered "Mayflower" blood far more estimable than any ever shipped from England before or since. So she preserved at all times the aura of fine ancestry which was the only thing Aurora was born into, and she carefully guarded her sweet-tempered daughter from any provincial ideas the narrow residents of Nahant might initiate into Aurora's head.

"Nahant is no place for a girl of her talents," said Mrs. Pettibone. "Aurora must go to some big city where she'll be appreciated."

So Aurora went to Radcliffe—a simple, sweet, unworldly child, puritanic, and ready to listen to all the things the wise people say. So she always had the blues, and when she had religiously won all the scholarships, she continued to weazen her poor little body and soul in the pursuit of an A.M. Poor, lonesome little Aurora. They no sooner gave her the A.M. than it was Ph.D. "She is bein' appreciated," her mother told the neighbors in Nahant. And every day when the Memorial clock boomed eight, Aurora steered her dusty bicycle out of the front gate, and pumped down Massachusetts Avenue to Gore Hall.

Gore Hall is the famous Harvard Library. But of all the morgues that were ever described in a Gothic romance—none of them can be set down beside Gore Hall and seem like a bad place. All the "old boys" of literature are buried in the stacks of Gore Hall. An exhalation of book maggots pervades its antique shelves, and through the musty aisles you catch glimpses of dirty book boys and spectres of scholars with thick spectacles and green book-bags. A Harvard man of the gold coast would no more think of entering Gore Hall than the gate of Saint Peter. It would ruin his social standing.

This is where Aurora came to work for her Ph.D. She ransacked

the shelves, and read the mediaeval romances in twenty-seven dialects of all the romance tongues, from bastard Latin down to Tyrolese, trying to find out whether Tristan sent his note to Isolt on a slip of bark or a chip of hazel wood.

When Aurora came to Cambridge she had never known any "nice men." Now she occasionally talked to them at faculty teas, and told them of "her work." When she was admitted to the stacks—into the cherubim of scholars' heaven, a small but select coterie, she was all eyes for Tristan. And so it was two weeks before Bert Marston, who had his desk at the next window, even smiled as he went by. Bert's father was the Professor of Anthropology. He had dug up some bones some place, and had written three volumes on "The Anthropometry of the Caudal Appendage of Primeval Man." So Bert's father was a very important man, in fact, to avoid a vulgar expression, he was *vis a tergo* to poor Bert.

Bert would come to his desk in the stacks about eleven or later every morning. He would sit down, read his mail, eat a cake of chocolate, and snicker over favorite little passages in the old romances. Then he would get up and take a run down to the "Porcellian" for luncheon. He would drink a glass or two of buttermilk in the afternoon, and at dinner he would discourse with his father on "Eilhart von Oberg's version of the withy-stick episode in Chievrefoil." Father thought it was all very nice. Why should an anthropologist know about Provencal and Portugese cantigas?—unless he were making a study of the "Evolution of the Epiglottis." You see, everything in heaven and earth is mixed—badly mixed—and it is the business of scholars to mix things worse.

Now you must remember that Aurora is a simple child. What could Aurora know about the psychoses and neuroses of the heart? *She* was specializing in Tristan.

Now any man who drinks buttermilk as often as Bert Marston did, is sure to be a good fellow—and sympathetic. That kind of person is a rarity and a charity in the relentless stacks of Gore Hall. Bert knew that Aurora Pettibone was lonely, and he knew she ate raw eggs and milk and bananas from her little pasteboard box. So he began to come over and tell her all the funny things he found in the Catalan Fabliaux. Pretty soon he got her to eat his chocolate buds, and he even took her to the Dunster for luncheon. Bert had a delicate way about him, and he enjoyed seeing it work.

"Well," she said to herself one day, "he is the nicest man ever."

And that was saying pretty much for a descendant of the "May-flower."

Aurora began to fuss about a new spring skirt. She didn't ride her bike to Gore Hall any more. And she wrote down to her mother at Nahant saying that she'd have to have a blue silk waist, practical, but "good looking."

When Bert flew into the "Porcellian" one afternoon for a glass of buttermilk, one of his little bunch put his arm around Bert and said:

"Say, Marston, who is this little aunt of yours you've been banqueting at the Dunster. I've seen you there three times this week."

"Isn't she a quaint little bit of bric-a-brac though? Just a lonesome little old maid who has her desk near mine, and she seemed so lonely that I have been trying to cheer her up. She seems to enjoy it—and I'm sure I do—it does me good."

Aurora in the Gore Hall stacks was saying to herself:

"I wonder where Mr. Marston is. He works very little—but then he is brilliant."

In a half hour she started from a reverie and just caught herself saying:

"I think he likes me a little, but—but I'm silly." Then she couldn't think of Tristan all afternoon.

"Aurora," said Bert one day in May, as he stood over her desk—he was calling her "Aurora my good angel," now—"Aurora," he said, "would you like to do something for me?"

"That depends," said Aurora sweetly, but she thought to herself, "Yes, anything."

"Come to a little party of mine to-night in town—only two other people. I'll call for you at nine."

"O, Mr. Marston——"

"Never mind," he interrupted, "you'll be ready, won't you?"

"Yes"—and before she could thank him, he had clattered down the iron stairs and out into the "yard." Aurora suppressed a paroxysm of emotion. She slapped shut her precious "Celtic Version" and rushed home to dress and to look her "grandest" by nine o'clock.

"Maybe he likes me more than I think" she whispered to herself as she nervously darned a hole in her best gloves. "If I could marry a man like that, I'd drop this doctor's degree business."

She was ready an hour early. She brushed and brushed her hair, twitched at her new blue silk, gargled her voice, put her hat on straight in the midst of each of these operations, and finally when her veil was pinned she had a half an hour of fidgeting and trembling. It was an eternity before the Perfect Tristan pulled the bell. He was in dress suit, and looked happier, Aurora thought, than she had ever seen him before. But her heart was fluttering too much to analyze, and to be lifted into a cab fairly took away her breath. Even a subtle woman would have been excited at the gallantrie. It was all too good, too grand, too dazzling for Aurora Pettibone of Nahant.

Bert chatted, but Aurora was paralyzed at the start. She could talk neither sense nor nonsense.

"Where are we going?" she said finally.

"To the old South Street Church."

"What for?"

"To see a wedding."

"Whose wedding, Mr. Marston?"

"Mine," he said. "It's an elopement."

Now Bert Marston had never done anything more than to make Aurora laugh and eat, but what does a Nahant girl know about love? What did her Puritan ancestors know about love? What could she ever have learned about love in Gore Hall? Had Aurora ever read a novel? Never. Love in the abstract or the concrete never had even vaguely come into her poor simple little head, until Bert Marston began to make her smile.

For the next two hours everything that Aurora saw whirled and swerved. From this state of violent giddiness she at length became conscious of herself standing at the altar of a little dimly lighted gothic church.

"I don't want to get married. I don't want to get married," she said dazedly.

But nobody paid any attention.

"I don't *want* to get married," she insisted.

"Sh—sh, *you* aren't *getting* married," whispered Marston, shaking her.

So when the performance was over, and a young Boston society girl was the new Mrs. Marston, Bert said:

"Congratulate us, Aurora."

And then she woke up. For a minute she gazed at them, and

then burst into tears. "Forgive me," she sobbed, "forgive me."

"Never mind, little girl," and Marston leaned down and kissed her thin sad face. "Baxter my boy," he said, "take Miss Pettibone home and take good care of her 'till I come back. She's the dearest good angel, I have."

So Baxter drove Aurora to her dingy rooming house on Massachusetts Avenue. The next morning she came to Gore House a little late, but wearing the prettiest yellow rose. And she looked pretty happy too—not pretty, but happy. Last year her book came out on the "Early English Romance." And she proved in less than 250 pages that Tristan had written his note on a chip of bark, and not on a strip of hazel. "She's bein' appreciated." 1911.

TO ALICE ON HER BIRTHDAY

Yellow the flow'rs upon the bank,
Fragrant the tangled osiers dank;
First autumn tinges leaves with red,
Summer with fleeting steps has fled;
Gently the weeping willows bend
And birthday message to thee send.

Never did September light
Dawn upon a fairer sight,
Than its glint on hair of gold
Brighter than Brunhilda's old!

Eyes so true that catch the hue
Of heaven when the skies are blue;
Thy voice is soft like ocean swell
That whispers over dune and dell!
Youth hath never cause to sigh
When eighteen summers past *thee* by.

THE EVOLUTION OF A PREACHER



IN the reception-room in the Haverford Union there hangs a somewhat unusual painting—The Evolution of a Pioneer Preacher from a Pack-peddler. One may naturally ask whether this is a historical painting or whether it is merely a fanciful creation of the artist's brush. The answer is that it certainly is founded upon tradition, but that it is doubtful if the tradition is founded upon fact. It is not a family tradition, but one coming

from an outsider at least three-quarters of a century after the "Preacher's" death. The story of the "Preacher's" life reads like a tale of some poor knight of long ago who overcame all difficulties and regained his lost fortunes.

I.

The Student.

The "Student" was born in County Antrim, Ireland, in the year 1715, son of an officer in the British army, and Christiana Clinton.

Of the father we know comparatively little save that, the son of a small proprietor in Ayrshire, Scotland, he had fled to Ireland on account of religious persecution. In Longford County he met the young lady who was to be his wife.

Christiana Clinton, the mother, was of far more illustrious ancestry. Her grandfather, William Clinton, was an officer in the Royalist army; her great-grandfather, Sir Henry Clinton, was one of those who compounded their estates for King Charles; her great-great-grandfather, Edward Clinton, 10th Baron Clinton, was made Earl of Lincoln by Queen Elizabeth on account of his services as Admiral of the English fleet. Such were the fighting forefathers of the "Student;" it is not strange if soon we find him following in their footsteps.

At an early age the "Student" lost his father, and in 1729 together with his mother and several relatives set sail for America in the good ship, "The George and Anne." The captain of the vessel seems to have wanted to discourage emigration, for the voyage was protracted to twenty-one weeks and three days, by which time the passengers were reduced to one-half biscuit and one-half pint of water

per man every twenty-four hours. Only the advice of Colonel Charles Clinton prevented a mutiny. At last land was sighted on Cape Cod and the few passengers who had escaped the pestilence which had broken out were soon able to land. For the next few years the "Student" probably studied and helped in the work of settlement. At all events, in a few years he entered the somewhat famous predecessor of Princeton, the Log College. Here follows the tradition. The youth determined to see the Colonies, and at the same time to earn money for pursuing his education further, purchase some goods, books, linen, etc., and proceeded to make a tour of the Pennsylvania settlements. Stopping at the Log College, he astounded the worthy divines by addressing them in classic Latin. Straightway William Tennent, the President of the College, learning that the young man had in addition to great natural piety, an excellent education, received him with open arms and insisted that he enter the fold and prepare for the ministry. From the Log College some years later, he emerges a Presbyterian minister; here ends the tradition and here begins the life of the "Preacher."

II.

The "Preacher."

To read the story of this life brings one face to face with the tremendous difficulties confronting the early settlers in Pennsylvania, for it was in Pennsylvania that the Preacher began his work. His salary at first was not great—sixty pounds a year. Yet in four years from the date of his ordination we find that in looking for a help-mate he has chosen the daughter of no less a personage than the governor of His Majesty's Province of New Jersey, who was, withal, one of the largest landholders in the Province. He was successful in his suit, for in a short time Ann Reading was installed as the "Preacher's" wife at the Forks of Neshaminy. He interspersed many outside duties with those of a strictly pastoral nature. In 1750, it is recorded, that he took a missionary journey through West Jersey as far as Cape May. (Surely the times have changed marvelously!) But it was not long before his fighting blood began to tell. As a preacher, he could not be a lay soldier; hence he became a Chaplain. The story goes that a recruiting officer had been sent to the neighborhood but had met with little success. He confided his troubles to the Preacher, who, the following Sunday stood in the pulpit and made a few pointed remarks to his congregation. He ended by saying that he had offered

his service as Chaplain, and, "Of course, it will be very pleasant for me to have the company of any of the congregation or my neighbors who may feel it their duty to go." During the next week the recruiting officer enrolled about one hundred men from the vicinity. Of the "Preacher's" experiences upon this campaign, Benjamin Franklin in his Autobiography tells this incident:

"We had for our Chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. ———, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted, they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill of rum a day, which was punctually served out to them, half in the morning and half in the evening, and I observed they were punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr. ———, 'it is perhaps below the dignity of your profession to act as Steward of the men; but if you were to distribute it out only just after prayers, you would have them all about you.' He liked the thought, undertook the task, and with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction, and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended. So that I think this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for non-attendance on Divine service."

In 1758, the "Preacher" went out with the army again, and after the capture of Fort Duquesne preached a Thanksgiving sermon to the whole army. Two years later he went abroad on business for the church and was presented at the Court of King George III. Hardly had he returned when he set out on a missionary journey to the Indians. (Even in the 18th century, American life was becoming strenuous.)

In 1768 he again went to Europe, and while there experienced his first great sorrow, for when he returned, he left his wife in the cemetery at Greenock, Scotland. His own life was drawing to a close, and his last work was in behalf of the College of New Jersey (Princeton). The College being in need of funds, the "Preacher," as one of the trustees, was appointed to go to the West Indies to solicit aid. He was well received by the governor and principle citizens of Barbadoes, but before he could complete his work he was attacked by yellow fever and died at Bridgeton August 13, 1772.

Such was the "Preacher" about whom the artist has created the little painting, Soldier, Gentleman, Christian.

J. M. B., Jr., 1913.

HELL



HE free-thinker has been with us these many years. He has gotten us all rather thoughtlessly into the habit of supposing that to himself a man may think what he will. We are ourselves somewhat tainted by this notion. In fact, we are willing that a man should think four the proper number of wives and one the proper number of drinks, unobtrusively of course. Here, however, we draw the line. We feel that there is one point on which we must insist: let there be hell and one hell. What pray is the use of hell at all, if a man is to call what he pleases hell. We, when we tell a man to go to hell, want him to get a vivid impression of the place we think he ought to grace with his company. Let there be no temporizing, a real hell or none, and the same hell for all of us.

As we say, there is growing up a good deal of latitude of opinion in this regard. There are probably at this minute in existence more than fifty different hells. If we are to allow a man for instance to call a low resort a hell on earth, how, we ask, can we make the prospect sufficiently worrying? The hell of some of our modern fanatics would not be notably different from the heaven of certain prophets. Some also would have it that a man may be in hell and not know it, may in fact slide in gradually and get so used to it that he rather likes it before he discovers what has happened. How different from our old hell where you dropped in with a splash and had a glowing-pitchforked attendant to keep you informed of the situation! Accordingly we shall try to clear up a little of the existing haze. Our motives are not absolutely unselfish; we should feel embarrassed, when it came our turn, to find the devil living in a crystal palace or even in a sequestered nook. Our anxiety is perhaps as much for our own sakes as for others.

Hell then is our subject. Neither h—l nor HELL! Neither the pious prude nor the reckless ribald shall lure us into profanity.

It may occur to some of the reckless ribald that hell is unnecessary, that it is a work of supererogation for us to make this noble effort to save the bottomless pit from innocuous desuetude. They admit

freely that the capon-lined paunch really gets a glow of satisfaction from the contemplation of the lake where has just been launched so happily the life-boat of a few casual tainted millions. They are ready to grant that the stern moralist would lose his steam without hell to keep the pot boiling. They do not deign to contest the fact that the average man feels no zest in being better than the rest of us unless he saves his hide thereby. "Nevertheless," says some one, "by auld Nickie himself, what is the earthly use of hell to such rapscallion atheists as we dashing blades, that wouldn't care a straw for the very third degree itself." O ye vain babblers! O ye witless wanderers! Ye feel yourselves strong and know not your weakness. Will ye forget, nay will ye annihilate the very hell that is the breath of life to you? Ye may take your own course in life, ye may eat, drink, and be merry, but when to-morrow ye die, will ye not leave a refuge for you? Hell ye scorn; will ye enter heaven and play the golden harp? Tame work methinks for such as stormed the forts of joy on earth. But will ye wander homeless? Shall there be no haunt for shades that haunted shady haunts? Bethink ye like sports, and ye will see that it is well, when life has lost its zest, to leave the fords of hell to ride.

There has always been a hell. Let us not, however, reruse frankly to admit that there has never been a time when we could all point to one hell, the whole human race united, to one conjoint, universal destination of the recalcitrant. Homer makes ennui the chief annoyance. Moses doesn't want to provide for his friends nor does he concern himself for outsiders. Our own ancestors put beer-drinking and prize-fighting in heaven. Warmth they considered desirable; consequently they filled hell with ice-water. Even now to throw cold water on a man is merely another way of expressing the universal cry.

Virgil, who lived under the systematic Roman regime, invented many ingenious devices for future revenge, namely, the tantalizer, the nightmare, and the rolling stone. The augur was also present, an I-told-you-so sort of fellow who is now called a bore. Bores are often to this day, no doubt from unconscious classical influence, consigned to a place in inferno, and we can well conceive that hell grows darker at their presence.

Later Christian writers used hell as a stimulus. Christianity was not respectable. Since to the majority of mankind respectability is the *summum bonum*, the *sine qua non*, the *unum desideratum*, nay, let us

say, the very *esse quam videri*, it was absolutely necessary that our ingenious fathers in the faith should have some consolation to give their martyred followers. Thus they provided hell for outsiders. For insiders they provided the much more respectable purgatory. Yet even our Christian fathers did not agree as to the state most desirable for the victims. The venerable Bede attempted a compromise. He laid out a stone wall straight through the middle of hell. One side he cooled with liquid hydrogen; the other he warmed with liquid carbon, providing rapid transit between the adjoining territories. In assuming the unpleasantness of rapid transposition, we feel again that he spoiled his scheme. A stroke of genius it was to be sure to have hell divided up to suit all kinds of temperaments, but there should have been no change. Waiting for change is exasperating in itself, but how much worse it is not to get any change at all! Dante's method was better; let there be no hope in hell. Study individual temperaments if you will, provide for each case according to its peculiar requirements, but let us have nothing of the desultory or the vacillating.

Martin Luther, that stern old preacher, saw the truth, and as a step to the abolition of half-way measures, he did away with Purgatory. Hell he left, wisely we must say, when we consider the general run of people. The questions, however, come up again for our own age: shall we keep hell? Shall hell be a state of mind? Do we want to let a man make his own hell, as, according to Nietzsche, he has a right to do his own will?

Hell has, as we have seen by this time, been always an object of absorbing interest to a majority of mankind. Damn is no longer legally a swear-word, not even for ladies. Is hell to go the same way, to take its place in limbo along with Thor and Pan and Noah and the rest? Many is the situation to which "Great snakes!" is by no means adequate. "Give us back our hell," be the cry of every stalwart reformer, of every interested spellbinder, of every piteously pious prude. Swell our ranks, ye faithful. Hell has never been discussed as it should be. Let us hope that this present article may not be ineffective in provoking public comment, in arousing public sentiment, in raising a vast body of noble pillars to rally in an earth-shaking phalanx to the once forgotten, now invincible slogan: "*We want hell!*"

L. A. P., '11.

EDITORIAL



O every man who has the good fortune to return again to Haverford, a new college year opens a new outlook. The anticipation of a return here, if it is incubated in the red corpuscular stuff that a real man is made of, breeds resolutions for the new year, resolutions on this side of idealism, but yet worthy of those whose unconscious task, while they almost please their present fancy, is to shoulder the traditions of wise and good which we know we possess, and which other colleges say we are cocky about.

Resolutions!—The word has lost its force, and has a habit of failing to precipitate action. As you love Haverford, my friends, give a backbone to the word and to the work. If you are not acting on those resolutions *now*, when will you?

Remember, there is a long story about *Routine and Ideals*, and another about *Compensation*.

* * * * *

We read in the definition of the HAVERFORDIAN that besides being a literary organ (often badly fingered), it aims to encourage "the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy." We cast about hopelessly for a task to tug at. To yammer about hazing in this glorious renaissance, would be like trying to hasten the death of a snake before the sun sets on his tail. Hazing at Haverford has a pallid, ghastly countenance which makes its demise only a question of specious presents. There is nothing more certain or obvious or felicitous than that in this matter of hazing, the men most often hazed are the best gentlemen in the entering class, and those who do the hazing are the littlest, puffiest and snuffiest fellows in the class above. The Sophomore who amounts to decimals shakes himself of the hazing business as soon as he can retire without an embarrassing disregard of a crusty tradition. Hazing promises ultimately to be kicked out the Haverford back-door by the smallest man-polyp in the reigning Sophomore class.

* * * * *

The Mount Holyoke philanderers, in spite of all the beautiful things we said about *them* last year, bang us hard in their June Exchange Column to wit:

"The HAVERFORDIAN has an editorial on student government which is a compilation of statistics and bristles with Roman numerals; hence it is forceful in sound. The sweeping statement with which it opens—"The problem of student government is one that has been solved only in Wellesley College"—is rather broad. I would venture to suggest that the writer know more about Bryn Mawr, where student government is conspicuously a success, or that he investigate Mount Holyoke's constitution, almost identical with Wellesley's, and, finally, that he find out that the problem of student government is present everywhere, however good the machinery devised."

If the poor dear HAVERFORDIAN had an Exchange Column this month, we should incline ourselves to apologize for having impolitely overlooked Mount Holyoke's Student Government. Once we read in a book that women are vain, and aren't willing to go by unobserved. We are in fact gravely preparing to investigate Mount Holyoke's constitution, and to crawl into a dark place where we can smile and wonder whether Mount Holyoke *solved* the Student Government problem herself, or whether any possible cribbing could have determined those suspicious words "almost identical."

About Bryn Mawr nothing is to be said. The Haverfordian Launcelot walks to Rockefeller Hall in ten minutes, and there a pedantic subject like Student Government is a relentless intellectual steam roller for sentimental Guenevere. That is why the HAVERFORDIAN never quibbles, but rather so cautiously evades "the tangles of Nearea's hair." *Vanitas, Veritas.*

* * * * *

If the HAVERFORDIAN has made a mistake in trying to state a case, the finical fact that Wellesley *may* not be the *only* college which has incipiently solved the problem of Student Government, does not alter our thesis that Haverford may profit by her experience (since it is now obvious that even Mount Holyoke did).

We venture again therefore that student responsibility here will not only be a boon to the college corporate, but an education in ethics for that majority of students which assumes the care of its manners and conduct.

* * * * *

Friends of the College will be interested to learn that a Student Council has been established, neither an absolute Student Government, nor the continuance of the old and rheumatic Advisory Board. It is perhaps the thing which thinkers in the same conviction have

been calling by different names, and in an informal Haverford way it promises to be simple and effective. We print it bristling with Roman numerals, embodying in constitutional form, the customs now tacitly obtaining.

CONSTITUTION OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Preamble.

This organization shall be known as the Student Council of Haverford College.

SECTION I. *Membership.*

This Council shall consist of eleven members.

(a) Four members shall be elected from the Senior, four from the Junior, two from the Sophomore and one from the Freshman class.

(b) Except the Freshman, these men shall be elected before the final examinations in June. The Freshmen shall choose their member of the Council at their first regular election of class officers in the fall.

SECTION II. *Officers.*

The officers of this body shall consist of a President and a Secretary; to be elected by the retiring board at their last meeting.

SECTION III. *Duties.*

(a) This Council shall exercise judicial and arbitrational authority in case of all differences between classes or individuals.

(b) It shall have the final decision in cases that may arise in the Honor Examinations and from disorder in the Dining Room.

(c) It shall have the power to take up any case wherein the welfare of the college is concerned. It shall be the duty of the President to call a meeting to consider any case at the request of ten members of the college body, countersigned by two members of the Council.

SECTION IV. *Cases of Difference.*

If four members dissent from any decision involving the good standing of any undergraduate an appeal may be made to the College body, by those members, provided immediate action is taken.

COLLEGE LOYALTY, AND ADVERTISING

College men have peculiar ways of displaying their loyalty,—some by incessant puffing at an “H” pipe, others by mailing an occasional Pennant to a high school high light in society back at Water Valley. College men will yell like idiots for their dear old Alma Mater, and fling to the breeze the scarlet and black necktie before the soda sylph of Ardmore. It’s loyalty.

There is a kind of quiet loyalty to one’s self than which the College asks none better. An unassuming devotion to the things that are in all ways best is ultimately the best thing for the College.

It works the other way also, and you can say that the best things for the College are the best things for you.

The advertisers in the various Haverford publications, the Y. M. C. A. Book, the Class Records, besides *College Weekly* and the HAVERFORDIAN spent a sum approximately two thousand dollars a year bidding for Haverford business.

When a man advertises he does not ask you to buy, he only asks for a chance to show his goods. He tells you that he is competing.

Now you can affect as much indifference as is consistent with your general nonchalance as to the existence of a HAVERFORDIAN or a *College Weekly*. But when the time comes for the issue you are usually wondering where it is, and subconsciously at least anticipating its appearance. Perhaps it is because you are looking for an excuse to yourself for neglecting that Latin lesson, but *we* think it is because you *really are* interested.

And if you *really are*, and if you can indifferently admit that college publications are as important in fostering Haverford spirit as foot ball teams, you can argue to yourself that perhaps an advertiser who contributes to the maintenance of that spirit *ought* to have some business. If you have a spark of loyalty in you, you will at least give him a chance.

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ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

'90.

J. M. Steere was married September 9th to Miss Florence M Trueblood, of Newton Highlands, Mass.

The Class of '90 held their 20th reunion on the 10th and 11th of June last. They chartered a boat and went down the Delaware to Ship John, then up the Cohancey Creek to the Sora Gun Club, spending the night there. Thirteen members of the class was present and they all said they had a *most* enjoyable time.

'91.

Arthur Hoopes spent part of the summer traveling abroad, particularly in Germany.

'92.

Walter M. Hart has returned to the University of California after a year's absence for study, which he spent mostly in France and England.

A son was lately born to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Cadbury, of Philadelphia.

'97.

Henry A. White and Miss Alice B. Paige, of Lynn, Massachusetts, were married on September seventh.

'98.

Robert N. Wilson was married on September 15th to Miss Saza Hendrick Peck, at Greensboro, North Carolina. He will have charge of the chemistry department at Trinity College, Durham, N. C., this coming year.

Joseph H. Haines has just been appointed manager of a new branch house of Haines, Jones & Cadbury, in Richmond, Va.

'99.

J. H. Redfield is teaching Romance Philology at Swarthmore College.

'00.

F. M. Eshleman is to be married to Miss Annabel Esler on October 12th, at Torresdale, Pa. C. Febiger, '00, A. C. Wild, '99, J. E. Lloyd, ex-'00, G. M. P. Murphy, ex-'00, and H. S. Drinker, Jr. '00, will be ushers.

W. W. Justice, Jr., was married to Miss Elisabeth Taylor, at Chestnut Hill, on October 1st. Owing to a death in the bride's family the wedding was a very quiet one.

W. S. Hinchman, having toured England with the cricket team, is now traveling about Europe. He will return to Groton School next fall.

Announcements have been issued by Kegan Paul Trench Trübner & Co., of London, of the publication of "William of Normandy, a Chronicle Play," by Walter S. Hinchman.

On June 29th, C. Henry Carter and Miss Mary Jessie Gidley were married at North Dartmouth, Massachusetts. They are living at Syracuse, N. Y., where Dr. Carter holds a position in the English Department of the University.

'01.

The engagement has been announced of E. Y. Brown, Jr., to Miss Mary Godley, of Downingtown, Pennsylvania.

'02.

C. W. Stork is publishing a volume of poems in London this year.

A. C. Wood and W. C. Longstreth have returned from an extended walking trip in Switzerland.

R. M. Gummere was a delegate to the Phi Beta Kappa convention in New York on September 13th and 14th.

W. W. Pusey, 2nd, has been appointed title officer of the Wilmington Trust Co.

W. V. Dennis has been appointed a member of the Staff of the Friends' Select School, Philadelphia.

Dr. A. G. H. Spiers was married last summer to Miss Jessie Louise Fulweiler, of Wayne, Pennsylvania.

'03.

D. J. Kent Worthington is practising medicine at Roslyn, Long Island.

W. E. Swift has recently been elected to the directorate of the United States Envelope Company. For a number of years he has been one of the superintendents of a division in Worcester and in charge also of the company's experimental work.

'04.

Samuel C. Withers, now at Friends' Select School, announced last spring his engagement to Miss Helen W. Edson, of Philadelphia.

William T. Hilles has announced his engagement to Miss Mary Reid, of Springfield, Mass. Hilles is now in the Philippines, where he intends to spend three years in the educational service.

Arthur Crowell, who has been in the Philippines since 1907 as a member of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, expects to return to the states soon after Christmas.

'05.

H. H. Cookman is with Ayres Bridges & Co., wool dealers of New York City.

H. S. Cox is stationed as a supervising teacher at Batac, Iloos Norte, Philippine Islands.

M. W. Flemming is in the mathematics department of the Harrisburg High School, Harrisburg, Pa., also holding the position of foot ball coach. This team holds the championship of central Pennsylvania.

A. H. Hopkins has been elected to the hospital staff of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia.

The Class of 1905 held its annual class dinner on June 11th last in the Cricket Pavilion on Cope Field. The annual meeting was held and the following officers were elected: President, E. C. Pierce; Vice-President, L. B. Seely; Secretary-Treasurer, J. L. Scull. Those present were: S. M. Boher, H. H. Cookman, T. S. Downing, Benjamin Eshelman, E. M. Evans, C. W. Fisher, A. H. Hopkins, P. Jones, J. H. Morris, R. L. Pearson, E. C. Pierce, A. G. Priestman, J. L. Scull, L. P. Seely, M. J. Smith, S. G. Spaeth, H. P. Thomas.

C. S. Bushnell is in the Signal Department of the New York Central at Poughkeepsie.

M. J. Babb was granted a Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania last June.

C. W. Fisher is on the editorial staff of the *Textile Manufacturers' Journal*, a trade journal, having charge of the Philadelphia markets.

'06.

We are in receipt of the '06 Class Record, published last June, from which we have obtained the following news (?): To take them in alphabetical order, E. F. Bainbridge was married on May 10th to Miss Blanche Atkinson, of Philadelphia, Pa. T. K. Brown expects to spend another year abroad and then hopes to return to Haverford. Peter Carson was married on June 18th to Miss Charlotte Reed, of Moorestown, N. J. Arthur Lowry has taken to English Rugby and was a member of the championship team of the Pacific coast, which means championship of British Columbia and California. James Monroe is with the P. S. C. or Public Service Corporation (of New Jersey). A son, Albert Smiley, 3rd, was born May 13th last to Mr. and Mrs. Albert K. Smiley, Jr.

Albert W. Hemphill was married on October 8th to Miss Margaret Morgan Hovey, of Summit, New Jersey.

E. Bartram Richards has entered the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

R. L. Cary is teaching Engineering Mathematics at Princeton.

'08.

J. Morris Longstreth is teaching English at Blight School, Philadelphia.

Carroll T. Brown represented the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends at the World's Conference of Mission Workers at Edinburgh in June.

M. Albert Linton spent the summer months at the University of Michigan studying actuarial mathematics.

Dudley Carroll and Wilson Hobbs have been appointed to regular professorships at Guilford College, N. C.

Cecil K. Drinker was married to Miss Katharine L. Rotan on September 6th, at Gloucester, Mass.

J. W. Crites has gone to Hood River, Oregon, to live.

Winthrop Sargent Jr. was married on July 6th to Miss Frances Rotan, of Waco, Texas, at Bass Rocks, Mass. J. Browning Clement, '08, Cecil K. Drinker, '08, W. W. Kurtz 2nd, ex-'08, and J. C. Thomas, '08, acted as ushers.

George Emlen, Jr., has left Shane Bros. and Wilson and has joined A. Glyndon Priestman in the real estate business.

J. Jarden Guenther is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.

'09.

Mark H. C. Spiers was married to Miss Faith Randall, of Augusta, Maine, on Sept. 9th, 1910, from the bride's home. They will live in Philadelphia, as Spiers will teach French at Penn Charter School.

A daughter, Mary Chester Phillips, was born on Sept. 3rd to Mr. and Mrs. David L. Phillips, of Kennett Square, Pa.

R. M. L. Underhill has entered the law school of Columbia University N. Y.

J. W. Pennypacker has been appointed instructor in Freshman English at Syracuse University for the coming year.

A. Lowry has gone to Europe and is now studying French in Paris.

W. Sandt enters the Lutheran Seminary at Mt. Airy this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. William Y. Warner, of Germantown, Pa., announce the engagement of their daughter, Grace Warner, to Thomas Kite Sharpless.

Ex-'10.

J. F. Wilson has a story in August *Hampton's*.

Ex-'11.

Reverend and Mrs. George M. Christian, of Flushing, L. I., announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Douglass to William Henry Gardiner.

DEGREES

Among old Haverfordians who received degrees last June were: '95—J. B. Leeds, A.M., University of Pennsylvania.

- '99—J. H. Redfield, A.M., Harvard.
 '05—S. G. Spaeth, Ph.D., Princeton.
 '06—H. Pleasants, Jr., M.D., University of Pennsylvania.
 F. R. Taylor, A.M., Haverford.
 W. Carson, LL.B., University of Pennsylvania.
 H. Evans, LL.B., University of Pennsylvania.
 W. B. Windle, LL.B., University of Pennsylvania.
 '08—M. A. Linton, A. M., Haverford.
 '09—J. W. Pennypacker, A. M., Haverford.
 A Lowry, Jr., A.M., Haverford.

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LEAVES FROM A LAKE GEORGE DIARY

LAKE GEORGE! What memories the name recalls, of Indians, priests, martyrs, soldiers, of bloody fights and bloodier massacres! From the time when Father Jogues, the gentle discoverer of the lake, was taken, bound, over its waters, to the end of the Revolution, Lake George was the scene of bitter conflict, now between red man and white, now between English and French, now between Englishman and Englishman. It was the highway between Montreal and New York, and every year saw it dotted with the bateaux and canoes of traders and soldiers. More often, however, the canoes held Iroquois bent on taking from the white man their stolen rights. At the head of the lake stood Fort William Henry, with Fort Edward only a few miles away. One can imagine the little garrison shut up in William Henry, hoping against fate, listening to the war-whoops of Indians who lay with their white allies in the confusion of fallen trees.

But now all is changed. The entrenchments of William Henry still look out over the lake, but now they are sheltered by tall pines, and they see a landscape beautiful in the serenity of peace. The mountains rise on all sides, from *French* and *Prospect* in the foreground, to where in the distance *Black* veils its brow in mist; and the water is blue, clear blue!

A CLIMB UP PROSPECT

Thursday—This afternoon about three o'clock Jack Pearson and I started out to climb Prospect Mountain, which is behind the little village of Lake George or Caldwell, as it used to be called. Leaving the town we soon reached the sandy road which we believed was the stage-road up the mountain. In almost a moment we seemed to leave civilization behind. Now and again we passed a shack belonging to a half-breed descendant of the old Indians. Old wrinkled women were there, shriveled and brown, eternally making baskets; their husbands sat near them, smoking, or making pipes and little canoes to sell to the summer visitors. Then the bushes grew thick again and we walked on in silence, stopping once in a while to eat the thick clustering huckleberries. Always up, and up, now over little half-hidden plank bridges, now over rocks that made us wonder how the stage could get along. It was growing hotter and hotter, the sun blazed down, then after a particularly hard climb we came to a little plateau nestling away on the mountain side, where some farmers with a horse and sled were gathering in the sparse grass. Still up and up, until at one side we saw a huge rock jutting out covered with caribou moss. We

scrambled up, but there was no view. In a few minutes we passed a large boulder, neatly balanced on a ledge of rock, and, turning a corner, saw the hotel, a frame building fastened to the rock summit with cables lest the north wind should sweep it away.

There was an observation tower on top of the hotel, and we at once climbed up the narrow stairway to the top. The view was magnificent. Below us lay the lake shimmering in the sunshine with Diamond and Tea, Islands mere wooded clumps on its surface. Away to the north and west stretched the Adirondacks, bright green on the slopes where the sun shone, dark where the clouds shadowed or in the valleys clothed with pine. On the east was French Mountain, and looking south through the gateway to Lake George, we saw in the distance, blue with haze, the dim outlines of the Green Mountains of Vermont. Though it had been hot on the mountain side, here it was cool, and a stiff breeze blew from the west. The birds darted to and fro, seemingly trying to find favorable currents of air, and tossed about in adverse waves. For a long time we watched them, until at last we had to go. The office boy told us that we had taken an old bridle path, and that the stage road ran down the other slope. We thought that we would see if we could not get down better by this other way.

We soon found that the stage-road, while steep, was in much better condition than the path, and we had no great difficulty coming down. The road followed almost all the way, the course of a mountain stream; and in some places was damp or even muddy. Ferns and wild flowers grew in luxuriance. A woodchuck darted into his hole, and once or twice as we stood still for a moment we heard a whir as a partridge flew, startled, away. We seemed far from the haunts of civilized man. On both sides was a dusky forest of fragrant pine in which at intervals gleamed the bark of the birch like white statuary in a Gothic Cathedral. In places the stream was falling more rapidly than the road, and at times when the bank rose abruptly, we lost sight of it. But, in a moment, we saw it again far below, sparkling and gurgling and bubbling as it wandered among boulders green with moss. We thought that we would go down and walk along the bank. As we walked over the fallen pine-needles, Jack suddenly motioned to me to stop. Before us on the opposite bank, with head upraised, stood a young fawn. For a moment it gazed at us with great startled eyes, then with a bound it had fled to the forest. And so we went on, following the stream, half wishing to go on always, until, just as twilight was creeping on, we came out of the forest and heard with somewhat of a start, the clang of the Warrensburg trolley.

THE LAKE GEORGE REGATTA

Friday—To-day was the Regatta. We left our dock at two o'clock, Jack in the stern, Bill Thomas in the center, and I in the bow. Bill was in the center because he had pillows there, and also because he wanted to be paddled in state to the Smith dock; perhaps to make it clearer, I should say to Betty Smith's dock. Betty was just leaving in her launch, the "Madcap," and she at once invited us to go with her.

"There's plenty of room," she said, "and it's too much for you to have to paddle Bill all the way."

We accepted with pleasure, though Jack and I had some misgivings—the "Madcap" had a habit of stopping at inopportune moments, and of staying still in spite of persistent efforts to start her up. However, we said nothing, and soon forgot all about it. The "Madcap" started off in good shape. The three girls, Betty Smith and Anne and Margaret Howe were soon busy knitting blue, green, and red and black ties for Bill, Jack and me, respectively—and we did not care especially about the scenery just then. We were, in fact, so much interested that we hardly felt the boat stop about a mile from Lake George village. The captain worked with the engine for two or three minutes, turned the crank—nothing happened. He tried about ten times with no result.

Suddenly Betty cried, "Oh, Bill, look! We are right in the course! We shall be run down!"

"Here comes a boat now," shrieked Anne.

Bill stood on the deck; just at that moment our engine started and whether due to mental or physical shock, I cannot say, Bill lost his balance and fell splash into the lake. In a moment he came up and swam alongside. We pulled him in.

"Where is the other boat?" he asked.

We looked around. It had passed us a couple of hundred yards further out!

Bill did not mind the dip, except that it was uncomfortable to go to the Regatta looking like a drowned rat.

"Start her up, I'm ready."

But she did not start, and obstinately refused to start for twenty minutes. This time, however, we reached the town and stopped beside a dock.

"Jack," said Betty, "if you and Joe will go in the canoe-tilting, I'll knit you each another tie." (She had knit three for Jack already.)

"I'm game," said I.

"Sure thing," said Jack, "and we'll go in it in our ordinary clothes. You don't care for your flannels, do you, Joe?"

"No, not if you don't."

So we went over to the judge's stand, and as one of them was a friend of Jack's, we got in. We borrowed a canoe from Jack's cousin, and when our turn came, we were ready. Jack took the bow, standing with his long padded lance. The other canoe was coming closer. Our opponent lunged—and went overboard. But, somehow or other, the second time, the other fellow was more cautious. After one or two feeble thrusts, Jack stabbed hard, knocked over his man, and then, upset our own canoe. The other team would not take another trial, so, as victors, we went to find the girls. We wrapped ourselves in oilskins in the boat and watched the swimming and tub races. Bill looked his sympathy for us, but Betty was hard-hearted and scolded us for the streams of water that flowed on the floor from our wet clothes. It was time for the last event, the race for the "Marion House" cup.

This was a handicap race, twice over a six mile course, open to the larger launches from twenty-five to thirty-five feet long. Our interest centered on the "Lark," a fast boat that had won several races the year before. She was heavily handicapped, twenty minutes on a twelve mile race, and to us, waiting, the time seemed twice as long.

"Five minutes more," said Jack.

We watched the seconds ticking off. One minute, ten seconds—she was off! Before she was out of sight we saw a boat coming back on the first lap.

"She can never do it!" cried Anne. "The Redwing will win."

Boat after boat passed, then came the Lark, racing bow to bow with the Carol II. When they reached the buoy that marked the turn, the Lark took the inside course and swept around first. The gap between them widened. They vanished. For awhile there was silence, then someone called out:

"Boats coming!"

In an instant everyone was on his feet. Far up, near Diamond Island, were four flecks of foam. Which were they? Margaret called:

"The Lark, see, nearest the shore!" They were coming closer; two were ahead of the others.

"That's the white canvas on the Lark," yelled Jack. "Oh, you!" and he slapped me on the shoulder.

"It's the Lark and the Redwing," said Bill. "Look at her go!"

The Lark was putting on her top speed. She was racing bow to bow,

she passed the Redwing, the whistle blew. The Lark had won, the Lake George Regatta was over, and as I looked at Margaret, I saw that my red and black tie was finished.

MORNING

I came down early this morning, a typical Lake George morning, when the air was blowing in from the north, cool and fresh, as the water that briskly beat the rocks below. The mountains, having drawn aside their curtain of mist, were standing out clearly against a cloudless sky. In front of the porch, every leaf, every cluster of pine needles, was beautiful in the light, and between them gleamed the lake. Now and again a wave caught a ray from the sun, and, for a moment holding it, tossed it in battledore fashion to its neighbors. Everyone else was asleep. There was no sound except the scolding of the squirrels as they leaped from limb to limb. Quiet everywhere. Yet there was something else too, when one has filled oneself with the beauty of the scenery and has drawn a deep breath of mountain air, something that steals in and makes one feel at peace with all things and close to the brooding spirit of the universe. It arouses those emotions which must have impelled the Hebrew Psalmist to sing:—

"I will look up unto the hills, whence cometh my help."

EVENING

Moonlight on the lake, drifting idly in the "Grayling" off Tea Island, twenty of us. Not a cloud in the sky, and the moon, riding high, made even darker the mountains on the shore. Lights gleamed from the town, but its noises were far away. The water was black—very black, as it shone below us, but further out catching the darting moon beams, it flashed like burnished steel; yet its light seemed mellow, slumber-bearing. There were stories in plenty—old and new of North and South, for we were from many States. We started to sing—camp-meeting hymns, college songs, comic songs, love songs—everything was fitting on a night like this. Then someone suggested that Margaret should sing "Sweet and Low." In a moment everyone was quiet and she commenced. Her voice was clear and unfaltering, now rising, now falling, even, sweet, thrilling the heart—

*"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep."*

And as her voice died away, no one spoke. The waters lapped against the rocks, lap—lap, forever; the moon was sinking low over Prospect, and the wind blowing in from the west breathed gently through the birches, its last "Good Night."

J. M. B., JR., '13.

TO—————

Red and yellow leaves
And the summer has departed
The East wind moans and grieves
And you from me have parted.

Pleasant the summer days
When 'neath the shimm'ring haze
We walked together.
The sun blazed down with fervid heat
Yet the daisies grew around our feet
The locust hummed on his bough in the tree
Yet all was joy for you and me!

Happy the warbled lays
When through the woodland ways
We walked together.
The bubbling brooklet frolicked away
The scent rose up from the new-mown hay
Our hearts were bright as flick'ring light
That flits through the leaves on wooded height.


Red and yellow leaves
And the summer has departed
The East wind moans and grieves
And you from me have parted.

Dreary pass all the days
Leaden with sombre grays
No more together!
And oh! and oh! comes autumn now
Scatt'ring the fruit from laden bough
Blighting the last of summer flowers
Chilling the air with dismal showers.

Whither O Friendship hast thou fled?
The love of the maiden for me is dead,
We walk no more together.
Shall I seek thy smiles in the far-away isles
Where the whispering winds sing low?
Shall I hear thy voice where the waves rejoice,
Where the lights at midnight glow?

But I am alone, alone, alone,
And the isles are dark to me,
The forests are filled with winds that moan
And the voice, is the voice of the mocking sea!

"SILVIA," THE STORY OF A LOCOED MARE

 O Baxter's going to enter his locoed mare, eh? Well, I guess that means my Bute waits till next race. One acquaintance with her royal locoed highness is enough for the finances of Yours Truly. Why, I'd sooner bet against the Devil himself than put up money against that mare of Baxter's. She oughtn't be allowed on the course; she's plumb locoed, absolutely gone daft; anyone could see that who saw her race the other day."

"Anyone who followed the race could easily see how you could see it, Knowles, after the showing that Bute made."

Knowles flushed visibly. "That's all right too, Mason, but do you honestly think it's fair play for a man to enter a purely crazed mare like Baxter's in a race with decent horses? To me it's no better than deliberate doping since the result is the same. The horse wins through madness each time."

The other men drew their chairs closer, for this would probably be interesting. Mason and Knowles were not overflowing with love for each other and an argument between them would serve to amuse the company until something else of more lively interest would turn up. Waring, a stocky little man with a crimson countenance, pushed the bell at his side, ordered "drinks 'round," and the talk was resumed.

"No, I can't see it that way at all," Mason began, moving restlessly in his seat. "To be sure, the horse is daft, but if a man sees fit to enter a daft horse in a race, I see no reason why he shouldn't, seein' that he's

the main one to lose or suffer by it. It's a very unusual case I'll admit, for, as a rule, when a horse goes crazy, it's not for the good of her owner. But I'll guarantee one thing, that if Jim Baxter's mare was subject to fits or blind staggers on the road, you nor anyone else would object to his being entered, unless it was on the ground of obstructing the course. And besides," he continued, "it's a very uncertain thing to do, for no one knows just how long she's going to last. Someone predicted just the other day that she'd not last through another race, and, if I'm not mistaken, it was you, Knowles, who backed the statement. Personally, I'm not in favor of making this race course a sanatorium for sick horses, and think it very unwise that each entrant is not compelled to undergo a physical examination. However, that is not the case, for this is the first time such a thing has ever occurred on this course, and I detest seeing a lot of crawlers sittin' 'round bellyaching at the slightest chance just because they happened to lose a little on one or two occasions." Having finished these rather lengthy views, he settled back in his chair, struck a match and puffed in a most vehement manner for a new light at his neglected cigar.

"You're right, Mason," Knowles began, "I did back that statement regards the mare not lasting another race, and, what's more, she won't, and, to prove my belief in that statement, I'm going to enter Bute against her." The click of his watch broke the stillness and he continued, "And now, gentlemen, I'll have to beg to be excused as I see I'm late to an appointment now." He rose and with a low bow took his departure.

"That bodes no good for Silvia," Mason remarked suavely, Knowles once beyond hearing, "but fortunately I lunch with Baxter this noon and will put him on his guard. You all don't know Knowles as well as I do or the methods he will resort to when pushed."

Boyle, a large important looking individual, drained his glass and set it down with a bang that caused it to crack full length and bounce part of the ice out. "Well, I don't know a thing about Knowles or his methods except that he makes me sick the way he crawls whenever he has the chance. For that reason alone I'd like to see Silvia put it over Bute. Baxter has lost considerable and I for one have never heard him say a word, and it was just two weeks ago that Knowles won on Prosit thirty to one. And now he's kicking because Baxter's mare Silvia came in several lengths ahead of him in the last race. Said it hurt his pride—Bute's first defeat, and all that tommyrot. Bah," he cried disgustedly, "if Jimmy Ellis was here with his stable, Bute would never have a look-in. The only reason she's placing now is because the season's so young.

A man who can't take a loss any better than Knowles had better join a sewing circle or a golf club; a race course is no place for old men and babies."

This last remark elicited a laugh from the crowd, for Boyle's aversion to golf was a subject of much mirth about the Valleybrook Club. Boyle, as has been intimated before, was not a small man.

"Just what are Silvia's peculiarities?" asked Van Blarcone, hitherto a silent member of the little gathering. "I have been up-state for a while and am a bit rusty on race track news."

"She's as crazy as a bed-bug," Waring broke in, "and what's worse, she has the strength. I was speaking to Rivét, Baxter's jockey, who rode Silvia in the last race the other day, and he was telling me about her fool notions. She has a mouth on her like steel, and he said he could no more have held her when she got started than he could have pulled away the foundations of Eiffel Tower. Seems as though when she gets into a race, with other horses about her, she is seized with an insane desire to run at the top of her ability until far in the lead, nor will she let any horse get within three lengths of her. Some day Baxter will put her in too long a race or she'll kill herself against her better. Then Rivét was telling me of her fool notion about that goat. Seems as though when Baxter bought her, he bought the goat with her. Her former owner said she wouldn't eat or sleep unless the goat was in the stall with her. Baxter vowed and declared he'd cure her of her fool habits, but I noticed two weeks after he got her he had her stall enlarged so that Nanny could lie down beside her at night when she slept. And now the mare's gone from bad to worse; won't even enter her stall unless Nanny's there to receive her. I'd never have had the patience Baxter has had; I'd have shot the bloomin' mare 'fore this."

"I should think that goat valet business would be rather expensive," mused Van Blarcone, "when it came to travelling."

"Well," said Mason, "I don't employ goats as valets, neither do I pay for them, but if Baxter cares to do so, so far as I can see, it's none of my business. But seein' that I lunch with that individual to-day, reckon I'll go and wash up a bit." Pushing his chair back and casting aside the diminutive stump of a cigar, he bade them a cordial farewell and strolled listlessly toward the club house. One by one the group diminished until, when the waiter came out, he was confronted by a group of vacant chairs around a table covered with empty glasses and tobacco ashes.

* * * * *

Knowles walked briskly across the greensward from the group he had just left until he rounded the corner of the club house, where his pose suddenly changed and he walked more slowly. His face wore a worried look and he stroked his chin nervously with his hand and his eyes were gazing steadily on the ground. So deep was he lost in thought that he did not notice Kingsley, the course veterinary hired by members for the season, coming down the club house steps until he was almost upon him.

"Oh-a-a, good morning, Kingsley," he stammered as he almost ran into him, "fine morning, isn't it?"

"Great," answered Kingsley, continuing his way.

Knowles turned, started, looked back, and then called, "Oh, Kingsley, could I see you just a moment?"

"To be sure," came the answer as he sauntered half way to meet him.

"Kingsley," Knowles began in a sort of brotherly confidential manner, "I have been given reason to believe that there are those about this club who believe me to have doped Bute in that last race, and I just don't know what to think of it. I'm worried sick over it. And I thought I'd ask you if you would take charge of Bute in your stable until the time comes for this next race. For if there's any talk about my doping Bute going about, it has got to be stopped and I realize that no flat denial of mine would serve to change the attitude of those who have been base enough to accuse me. Consequently I should consider it an especial favor if you would allow Bute to occupy an empty stall in your stable until the day of the next race. After that I shall pick up and get out, for it is not to the credit of a course-club to have any suspicious characters about it."

"My dear Knowles, what you ask is easily enough granted, but you have certainly been misinformed. If there was any suspicion of doping on this course, I, being veterinary, would be among the first to hear of it, and I give you my word this is the first that's reached my ears. When a man is entered into this club, he is supposed to be above suspicion, and I don't understand this at all. I'll look into it at once and find who is spreading such nonsense, for it reflects upon me."

"I should think so, too. Evidently *he's not* clear from suspicion, but I beg of you say nothing about this to anyone, for it has gone far enough already, and I'm surely very much obliged for your kindness regards the stall."

"You are very welcome, and, unless I hear more of this talk, will say nothing, since you desire nothing more to be said, but, if there is any more talk, will have to do my part for the good of the cause." With a

gesture of dismissal he turned and sauntered down the path, while Knowles turned abruptly and ran up the club house steps.

* * * * *

It was Tuesday night, the night before the race, an extremely dark night. The moon had risen and shone itself just long enough to prove its presence 'ere it was stealthily concealed midst a mass of heavy moist clouds. But for all that it did not rain. The course was in perfect condition for the morrow, and from the silence that enveloped it, was evidently enjoying the sleep of the just in preparation. It was so dark that the private stables along the course could scarcely be discerned and only black splotches served to indicate where they stood. The one to the right of the North Gate the Hon. James C. Ellis rented annually throughout the entire season. He was scarcely ever there more than half that time, but he had a habit of sending a new horse down occasionally to try out in a minor race, and his stable was always ready for him on such occasions. Next his was the stable of Winfred Owens, the real estate financier, small but sufficiently capacious for the renter. Then came Mason's, followed by Du Retszke's, a little Russian—his first appearance on the course. Baxter's was next him, and was the last private stable rented this early in the season. The rest—including Knowles—stabled in the main stable on the opposite side some distance from the course. Baxter could not afford a stable, but his common sense told him that he could not seek to stall a crazy horse and a goat valet—as Van Blarcone termed it—in a stable with good horses. Consequently, he brought two other horses with him and rented the stable for the first part of the season. Rivét and Ellesworth, his two stable men and jockeys, slept at the hotel adjoining the main stables, as indeed, did all the other stable-men. The club rules made this compulsory, so there would be no inequality and hence jealousy among them. For anyone who has ever had any dealing with a race course knows how very carefully all jealousy and ill-feeling must be guarded against not only among the hired men but even at times among the owners themselves. But on this particular night, the night before the race, Baxter, according to Mason's suggestion—or warning, as you wish to take it—gave orders to Rivét and Ellesworth to sleep in the harness and feed room over the stalls.

As has been said before, the night was a dreary one, black, inky; it seemed as though the storm hung overhead ready to fall upon one at the slightest provocation. But it did not rain. The men retired shortly after preparing the horses for the night, and being used to the excite-

ment of a forthcoming race and tired from their day of muscle-racking training, soon fell into a deep sleep.

Rivét was never sure when he told the story later just how long he had been asleep before he found himself raised on one elbow and listening, straining to hear again the noise that aroused him from his slumbers. Nor could he ever tell how long he waited for the repetition of that noise. But it came, came from below, a long loud bleat—sufficiently loud it seemed to him to wake the dead and the deaf. Both men slept in their clothes that night. Without stopping to wake Ellesworth he leaped toward the trap door, and, ignoring the ladder, hung by his hands and dropped. A second later the air was filled with muffled bits of French punctuation marks that, being uttered under any other circumstances, would have been extremely funny. However, ignoring the pain in his ankle as he had the ladder, he hobbled over to Silvia's stall to find it empty but for the goat, who was just about to voice another of her sentiments. Rivét grabbed at a towel as he supposed, hanging nearby, and rushing upon the goat, stuffed her mouth full and bound her jaws so securely that when he finished, the only noise that Nanny could make was a gentle sort of wheeze which sounded like a man with the asthma trying to sneeze with his head wrapped in bedclothes. Having thus silenced Nanny, he turned to ascend and wake Ellesworth, when he heard him coming half way down the ladder. He clapped his hand over his mouth as soon as he reached the ground and dragged him to the stall. It is doubtful whether Ellesworth could have concealed his astonishment by silence were it not that they were both simultaneously frozen into silence and listening to a noise from the outside—first so faint that it could scarcely be heard and then only when the wind blew in their direction. But soon, much to their relief, it became louder and louder, passed them on the track and died away in the distance. They knew at once what had happened. Silvia was the victim of night riders. Whether she could be saved for the next day's race depended upon how long she had been out and how soon they could stop her. Rivét drew Ellesworth toward the stable door—unlocked—and they silently passed out into the cool night air, cursing themselves inwardly for their sound slumber while their stable had been robbed under their very noses. Once outside Rivét squeezed Ellesworth's arm, touched his own hip pocket, and they silently crept on hands and knees behind some bushes bordering on the track. From the distance came the mechanical throb of a horse in full run. Rivét's hand once more went to his hip pocket, this time withdrawing something; it was too dark to see what. The wind seemingly brought the hoof-beats nearer, but for

that and the metallic click of the object Rivét held in his hand, there was absolute silence. As horse and rider approached, both men gathered themselves for a spring. At a given signal from Rivét they both sprang on the track about twenty-five yards in front of the horse, shouting at the top of their voices. Three quick shots rang out by Rivét's revolver. The terror-stricken horse stopped, as near as a horse can, in his own tracks, and the rider was hurled over his head. Up again like a flash he started to run, but Rivét once more came to the rescue with a quick shot—accompanied by two more from no one knew exactly where, and the fellow dropped like a log. Ellesworth went after the horse and Rivét threw himself on the man. There wasn't much use, though, for his leg had been badly shattered. Twisting his arm behind his back, Rivét held it as in a vice, but seeing the man so utterly helpless from his leg, he allowed him more freedom and helped him limping to the stable. They were greeted by several outbursts from Nanny, much to Rivét's surprise, for he was perfectly confident that he had left her securely muzzled. However, the mystery was soon solved upon entering and switching the light; one glance showed Nanny bravely struggling with a shirt tail hanging from her mouth while the sleeve and neckband lay upon the straw. And Rivét, the Frenchman, laughed. Ellesworth shouldn't leave his shirts hanging on towel racks. He then turned his attention to his man. He had sunk to the ground and was sitting on an overturned bucket, his face buried in his arms, they resting on one knee, while blood was pouring from his other leg. Rivét helped him to a box and cut his trouser leg off. He then proceeded to draw the bucket full of water, and with a sponge hitherto used for Silvia, but the only available one for the purpose, continued to wash out the wounds, two in number, to the best of his ability. The sponge was salty from horse usage and none too sanitary, and the man winced, groaned, and cursed as the lukewarm water poured from it into the bullet holes in his leg. Suddenly a horse drew up outside, and Ellesworth swung open the stable doors and entered, leading Silvia, her coat covered with salt sweat and streaming with water. Water was also streaming from her leader, and they made a small rivulet from the stable door to the stall. "Well," exclaimed he, "you just caged your bird in time; it's a regular cloudburst outside, I never saw it rain harder anywhere, and if it wasn't for the light, I would have had a hard time finding the stable. There'll be no racing to-day if this keeps up much longer." Then leading the horse into her stall, he turned towards the men. "Hello, I did trim him up a bit after all, didn't I?" he remarked upon noticing the bucket of bloody water. He walked over to where the washing was going on. Suddenly he stopped, opened his mouth as if to speak and then

stopped, abruptly snapped his jaws, turned, walked back to the stall and proceeded to give Silvia a good rub-down. For a moment there was silence except for the trickle of the water in the bucket and an occasional curse from the prisoner. In fact, his sole remarks were limited to curses, and these in an undertone so that they were at no time comprehensible. Suddenly Ellesworth broke in, "It's just as well Silvia didn't get far before I caught her, for I shouldn't have been able to get up with his illustrious pal, and that would have been a pity for the information I received from him regards our friend here ought to be enough to persuade the State to play his host for at least five years."

"If Knowles lied to you about me, I'll kill him. If it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't be here now." The prisoner fairly seethed with anger, but the intense pain he was undergoing caused his emotions to be divided with the consequence that neither his pain nor anger received its full share of his attention. And now for the first time the other two noticed his foreign accent.

Ellesworth leaned against the side of the stall and laughed. "My dear friend, you need not fear about any information that I received. That was merely a bluff on my part to find out who your pal was. You see, I knew that no one gun could make different sized bullet-holes, and I see beside your leg wound from Rivét's gun a far larger hole, and one that will cause you a good bit more trouble, on your knee. And besides, now that I come to think of it, I remember hearing other shots than those of Rivét's. Now see here, my man, if indeed you are worthy of that title, the only thing that's keeping Kingsley is the rain, for I'm expecting him at any moment now. I sent a stable boy for him who was aroused by the shots, and the best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of the whole matter. Knowles has a rather dusty reputation about this place now and you don't owe him a thing, for that was a mean trick he played on you. Of course, it's easy to understand things from his standpoint—'Dead men tell no tales,' was his creed, and you've only the badness of the night and his rotten calculations to thank for your being in the land of the living right now. The only possible way for you to get out of this is to own up to everything, and if Knowles is sent up, you might be let down easy, but if you don't do as I say, you'll be lucky to get off with a fiver."

He had scarcely finished speaking when Kingsley entered, followed by several others. Kingsley did not notice the prisoner at first, but shook his streaming raincoat and hung it on a convenient nail. He then turned

to the prisoner, started in his surprise and lost his balance and had it not been for those around him, he would have fallen.

"Du Retszke!" he stammered, "and Knowles introduced him to me last night as his guest while he remained at the course!"

"Yes," the little Russian stammered, "and it's with that devil that you other gentlemen have now to deal with, but for him I would not be here—he hired me to do it." And the fellow buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

* * * * *

Silvia did not race that day. The track was nearly all under water as a result of the downpour of the night before, and up to ten o'clock of the morning. But by the following afternoon the race did come off, and, thanks to the day of rest, Silvia won and her owner cleared enough on her to lay by quite a neat sum after his debts were paid. And he sold her for as much as he had cleared on her within an hour after she won the race. He then retired from the course.

Knowles has never been caught. Though they went to his room immediately upon learning his part in the business, he had planned for such an emergency and was gone. Since he had money, he could keep out of the way and succeeded in so doing. Just whether he intended to shoot Du Retszke or not will never be known, but the man believed he did and that was all that was necessary, since it was the cause of his telling everything he knew. It has also never been proved that he doped Bute. But these things are of no consequence since the man is gone and will for his own sake see that he stays so.

The episode was the cause of several new rules in the Club, two of which I shall mention here:

SECTION IX, *By Law 2.* "No horse shall under any consideration be entered in any race of the Valleybrook Course Club without previously undergoing a physical examination by a veterinary surgeon, or in case of his absence, by some one competent of passing such an examination and who is selected by the officers of the course on the particular day of the race."

SECTION III, *By Law 8.* "No one shall be allowed to enter horses in a race on this track directly or indirectly unless he can show letters of recommendation from at least two other reliable courses."

And as a result the Valleybrook Club has one of the cleanest reputations of any club in this section of the country, both in its racing and general management.

F. P. S., JR., '13

EDITORIAL

AN editorial that *sounds* tired cannot other than have a jading effect on its readers, and an editorial that does not deal with tangible faults cannot present truths worth observing. And so when the editorial hangs its head and talks softly, we wonder whether an infusion of new blood would not bring with it a seething tide of enthusiasm, or whether a new kind of thing other than editorial, can not freshen the commonplace truths that the sleepy editor tries to present. What is to come of the editorial? Its language is hackneyed, and its exhortation as cheap a stimulant as cola. On this side discretion it is a drone, on the other, undignified.

* * * * *

For us, we prefer the other side of discretion and to take our chances. Whether a scintillating essay on "Hell" shocks our readers, or whether it seems wisdom to enjoy it and be shocked, we dare not guess. It is better, we believe, for the college magazine to poke up Satan for the serious amusement of our readers, rather than for their emulation, gloss our shallow understanding of old truths. As an editor grows older, his wise head wags at the truthful books and he says, "We can not say their thoughts better, and to quote endlessly is superficial. And we should thereby pander neither to the frivolous nor to the pedantic. But fools and scholars may together savor the rarebit of serious subtlety."

* * * * *

Indeed, my friends, the Sanctum is a threshing floor where much once loved beauty and idealism is flailed to the winds, so that one is afraid to be sure of anything, lest wisdom laugh at our dotage. The HAVERFORDIAN measures the year by the months, and this month the brown leaves twinge off and whist away.

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An editor is that kind of favorite of the Olympians that he is ever pulling corks on his nervous system by depending on some people and being disappointed in all. The gods like to bend backbones. And so we divide the people of the earth into two ultimate divisions. It is a license of bad humor to be arbitrary.

And first there are those upon whom we never can depend, yet always do. We are none of us men enough at college, even despite the vigor of editorial raillery in our younger months, when the editor was nerry, and the year in spring. The Prep. School attitude is one of your eternal subjects for the editorial in college, but after a while you learn to wait for

children to outgrow it. Gentlemen, when a man at Haverford becomes thoroughly dependable, give him the earth. He may groan to himself under the weight of it, but you will not hear him. You may envy his prestige, but remember, if you have none, that perhaps you have not burst the Prep. School cocoon.

And second are those who whine. Much whining is done indeed, because other people are not dependable. And with those who whine thus belongs the editor. But there are even some who whine because they can not depend on themselves, or because they have to, and such are parasites on the insufferable. The business of doing things, doing them well without a murmur is a lonesome job. Whether a man is a man in his own eyes is a question he hates to answer honestly, even if he knows he might measure himself superficially by results. The heart does not pay you back so obviously as the stomach, for it seldom gets fed. The man who can look straight into the cold, honest eyes of his own heart, is the only one who can open others. He is as much bigger than the rest of us, as the oyster man is greater than the little-necks he cracks at the restaurant counter. We pray for such better bigger men, men who have the force to love and act, men who neither wince to themselves nor shirk before their fellows, who wrest from life both character and the joy of living, and from these their destinies.

THE DRAMA AT HAVERFORD

HE drama had a hard time of it in the early forties," writes a venerable old alumnus.

"The only attempt at something dramatic was made up in the loft of the Founders' Hall. The actors stole all the sheets and pillow-casings from the rooms near by and had masks from town. The play if it had any plot, was all pantomime. It had only gotten under way when the ever-vigilant Assistant Superintendent, Benjamin V. Marsh, made appearance. Then such a scamper ensued as seldom is known, but as the only exit was through the cupola, Benjamin secured the names of most all. One, Murray Perkins, attempting to find some other exit, came near losing his life from the high roof.

"The Superintendent, then Daniel B. Smith, had us confined from recreation for a week. He gave us a sound lecture on the wickedness of the theatre in general and of the near fatal tragedy to Murray Perkins

No attempt was made after to cultivate the drama. All we ever knew of such things was when Professor Henry D. Gregory made us try to master the Greek tragedy of *Medea*—and we had no love for the Greek Drama at least."

"Plays or play literature was prohibited at Haverford in my time. I don't think there was a copy of Shakespeare in the library. Music also was under the ban."

* * * * *

And David Bispham, '76, says in his Foreword to the Haverford Song Book:

"Can it be that the once secretly prepared minstrel show—oh! how I live over again the delicious excitement of those midnight nights in the old kitchen of Founders' Hall!—was the forerunner of a series of publicly performed operettas?"

"Bless me! And bless Haverford!"

The Operetta began in '02 and it became the custom for the Junior Class to present such a play in the spring. But Junior plays became so popular that they have been a burden, not only financially, but they have absorbed an immense amount of energy and time. And so began the *Cap and Bells*.

The *Cap and Bells* is an organized club. It will present the Haverford amateur theatricals more systematically, since it profits permanently by its own experience. And better, for it selects the talent impartially from *all* the college, it promises to raise the standard of plays presented. It aims to foster at Haverford the musical, dramatic, artistic, and literary instincts of the college, and in this aim a limited group of graduates and undergraduates are working.

Those who have honored the Club by becoming honorary members are Doctor Francis B. Gummere, '72, Mr. David S. Bispham, '76, Mr. John M. Whittall, '80, Mr. Maxfield Parrish, ex-'92, and Mr. Harvey Watts, manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

EXCHANGES

We find some funny notions concerning the best ways to make a college magazine respectable. The exchange editor of the *Delaware Review* would have us eschew stories and verse. "Let the future engineer," he says, "discuss from the standpoint of a student the benefit to humanity of a certain mechanical device, and in the same spirit let the prospective lawyer gracefully express his opinion relative to the justice or injustice of a particular statute." Then we should have a respectable magazine. It's a fine thought, respectability. Our good friend, James Alexander Magill, says that a man may be respectable when he walks down Chestnut Street wearing only a bright red bath-robe, if he thinks he is. "It's an attitude of mind," he says. True enough, and it is the same way with a college magazine, respectability is an attitude of the editorial mind.

Good essays are quite as rare as good stories, and this month's collection of magazines is fortunate enough to contain two of more than usual merit. The essay on "Chantecler" gives not only the story of the play and a dissertation on the author's style, but an interpretation of the ideas in terms of the author's work and of art in general. The other worthy essay is the "Pre-Raphaelites," in the *Vassar*. It is long, but we wish that it could have been longer.

The *Nassau Lit* has a story which it chooses to call "The Recluse." It is vivid to such an extent that we think that the author expects us to be reminded of the late Mr. Poe; we assure him we were. In the same magazine there is another story, which, though it does not have the fine concentration and finish of the "Recluse," yet is an interesting tale. However the interest in this story, whose name, by the way, is "The Hidden Valley," is rather in the events described than in any attempt at character or emotion portrayal. It would be interesting, not to say melodramatic, to find your best girl about to be offered as a sacrifice to Heathen Deities by a committee of Druid priests, who have assembled to conduct their interesting ceremonies in a valley hidden in the mountains of Wales. You would be tempted to smile, perhaps, when the chairman of this committee delivered himself of sentiments on the present utilitarian tendencies of the American Nation. We are sure you would be immensely relieved when the congregation of assembled Druids slew themselves one and all and you got off safely with your girl. And after such a compromising situation you would have no choice but to marry her, as did our Hero. The author is evidently very interested in Celtic lore and tradition, and he says some very stirring things about them.

The *Wesleyan* has a poem on the joys of canoeing. We very much suspect that the poet was canoeing alone when he wrote this bit of verse. Probably he intended to read it to Her, but in our opinion, it is very much pleasanter to have someone along; the resultant Poetry is then surely more likely to have the true ring of Inspiration.

The "folks" up at *Smith* certainly know something about the art of verse. Their October issue contains several clever lyrics. We have chosen one of the shorter of these to print here:

"Ride with me, ride with me over the hills,
The sun itself is riding to-day.
Let's gallop away o'er the rocks and rills,
Ride with me, ride with me over the hills.
The fragrance of autumn the mountain air fills,
Oh! Why do you tarry, oh! why do you stay?
Ride with me, ride with me over the hills,
The sun itself is riding to-day."

Horseback riding is much like canoeing, in that it is better enjoyed with company than alone. We speak from experience as well as from observation on these matters, and some day we may try our hand in turning a verse or two on the subject.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

From Robert B. Howland, '43, we have the following letter:

To the Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN, the Alumni and Students:

IF my information is correct, it was Samuel Parsons, Senior, of Flushing, N. Y., who made the move toward a sectarian College. He was a man of culture, for many years the Clerk of N. Y. Yearly Meeting. He had four bright sons; it may have been the desire for a classical education for these that was the cause. He with another prominent New Yorker took their "concern" to Philadelphia. Haverford School was founded. I have already alluded to the prejudice that gave rise to this modest title. Samuel Parsons, Senior, availed of this college for his three younger sons: Samuel, Robert and William. A grand-son, Samuel was of the class of 1861; he afterward studied in Yale Scientific School. He is now a leading authority in landscape work. His influence has been dominant for many years in New York City, Washington, San Francisco, St. Diego and smaller parks. He is now preparing an exhaustive Preface to a large work of Prince Moskau, on Landscape development, a translation. His tours of inspection in Europe have widened his sphere.

I recall having assisted, to use an apt French expression, in listening to Matthew Arnold's lecture, at Wells College, on the merits of a classical education, over the scientific. There has been much said on both sides. As to the student, of course much depends on natural bent. Clear expression is a strong point, the ability for first-rate prose, a very valuable power for every one, even in business. My thought is that linguists have the best command of their native tongue; for example, Ernest Renan and John Fisk.

My experience and meditation leads me to suggest a course: I would have a child know something of Latin, Greek, French and German, so as to translate and manage the accents during an academic course and possibly for a year or two in college, then give him practical affairs for at least a year to take him off from authorities and to give him pegs to hang his knowledge on. Human nature shows a wonderful variety of character, predilection, temperament and talent; even sometimes in the same family. Then, the question will be: is he a common-place worker, or fitted for further polish, or for a specialty. Men of special aptitude for affairs are doubtful as to the value of an exclusively university course. The graduate must change in many ways especially after Junior year, before he can compete with the man who has come up in the harness of practical life. President Anderson, of Rochester University kept his students in touch with practical affairs by a little talk after Chapel on current events, a good place to point a moral, or suggest a principle of action. Encourage thought in the individual.

In the early summer of 1839, we had a visit and talk from a cultured Englishman, J. J. Gurney. He took some of the small boys for a walk, New Yorkers and New Englanders, sons of his friends. At that time there were more than 70 students, one half Philadelphians. J. J. G. thought to entertain us with an eulogy on the city of Penn.

"Urbs pulcherrima tectis,
Deliciosus suis,
Hospites alienos." et seq.

The audience did not appreciate. We were partisans of another stripe. Another squib is remembered:

"Old Grimes est mortuus,
That agathoi oi anthropoi.
All buttoned down before."

In an old Catalog is a tragedy in four words: *Joseph Shotwell* and further down we learn: *Jonathan Fell*.

"Call not that man old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past an undivided reign;
For him in vain the grievous seasons roll
Who has eternal summer in his soul."

God bless our Alma Mater!

Pleasantville Station, N. Y.,
10-14-1910.

R. B. HOWLAND, '43.

From Evan Tyson Ellis, '44, we have another:

SATAN



N the Philadelphia *Press* of September first last, it was stated that a Philadelphia Divine advised his colleagues to preach more "HELL." Now some of his audience may have thought that they had more of it than they liked, maybe one at home.

The existence of a place for the punishment of evil doers is recognized, I believe, in most of the religions of the world, but of the personality of SATAN we have no knowledge. The original curse in Genesis gives him the form of a serpent, which is also repeated in Revelation. The mediæval idea was something like the supposed dragon with forked tail and fire-breathing nostrils, but the modern conception is of the most fascinating and attractive order imaginable. Nor is this new, for the Apostle Paul tells the Corinthians "that Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works." But whatever may be the personality of Satan, his work is only too evident. When he took the Master to the high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them saying, "all these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me for I have the power,"—he evidently owned the earth or supposed he did, and when we see the crime, the wickedness, the suffering, the fall of men in high trust, we incline to think Satan owns the world to-day.

In Revelation (A. D. 95.) it is stated that he was to be bound a thousand years which would have comprised the reigns of those Roman emperors when the most atrocious cruelties were inflicted on the earlier Christians. So Satan must have left an efficient Deputy. The book of Revelation is accepted in the Christian world generally, I believe, though it was not by some of the Fathers of the Church. I have my own doubts about it, though there are beautiful texts in it. The commentator says that it is impossible to enter upon the various systems that have been put forth as explanations of the fulfilment of the visions and prophecies of this book, so numerous and diverse are they.

There is no protection from the wiles of Satan but constant fervent prayer to be delivered.

E. T. E.

Ex.-'45.

Henry D. Gummere died at Burlington, New Jersey, October 18. Mr. Gummere was a Civil War Veteran, having at one time served in a Pennsylvania regiment. For the past twenty years he has been connected with the Lehigh Valley Railroad. He leaves a valuable collection of books.

'51.

Richard Wood, a manager of Haverford College for over forty

years, died September 30. He was also on the managing boards of the University of Pennsylvania and several other institutions.

'61.

The John Lane Company published recently an illustrated volume of "Landscape Gardening Studies," by Samuel Parsons.

'69.

Henry Cope has returned from his summer in England and recently paid the college a visit.

'85.

Theodore W. Richards was one of the six Americans honored by the University of Berlin at its one hundredth anniversary. He received the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

'86.

Horace E. Smith early this fall gave a dinner to the College Cricket Team. He has shown his interest in the college in many ways, as, for instance, in attending almost every football game so far this season. He plans to have the members of his class dine with him at the next commencement, to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Guy Roche Johnson shot himself last June. He was a distinguished member of the *American Institute of Mining Engineers*, and an author of many excellent papers in his subject. Since his graduation he had filled many high positions in industrial management.

'87.

Richard J. White has been spending the summer travelling in Europe.

'90.

Jonathan M. Steere has been elected to succeed the late Richard Wood, '51, on the Board of Managers of Haverford College.

'92.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin McAllister and family, of Haverford, will spend the winter in Southern California.

'95.

John B. Leeds is taking graduate work in Economics and Sociology at Columbia University.

'96.

L. Hollingsworth Wood addressed the College Y. M. C. A. on October 19, 1910.

'97.

Francis N. Maxfield is to be congratulated on the birth of a daughter, Mildred Elizabeth Maxfield, last summer.

G. M. Palmer is District Sales Agent of the Wales Visible Adding Machines. His address is 308 Union Building, Newark, New Jersey.

On Thursday evening, October 30, Elliot Field and Linn Seiler, '02, gave the undergraduates some coaching on how to sing the college songs.

'00.

The engagement is announced of Henry L. Drinker and Miss Sophie Hutchinson, of Haverford.

'01.

J. W. Cadbury, Jr., was married October fifteenth to Miss Rachel C. Reeve, of Germantown. Among the ushers were B. Cadbury, '02; W. E. Cadbury, '01; H. J. Cadbury, '03, and R. Cadbury, Jr., '07.

'02.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. Linn Seiler.

Casper Wister has announced his engagement to Senorita Raquel Asturias T., Guatemala City, Guatemala, Central America.

'03.

William C. Longstreth was owner of the Pullman car that won first place in its class at the recent Automobile Races at Fairmount Park. He is also agent for the Alco Car that won the Vanderbilt Cup this year.

Harry A. Dominovich spent most of his summer as director at Camp Megunticook, Camden, Maine. In the winter he is teaching at German-town Friends' School.

C. W. Kelsey is president of the C. W. Kelsey Manufacturing Company of Hartford, Conn. His firm manufactures the Spartan car.

'04.

T. J. Megear will be situated in Chicago with the American Piano Company until after the first of the year.

John R. Thomas is the factory representative in Washington, District of Columbia, of the Maxwell automobile. When the Maxwell factory decided to put in a branch in this city for the convenience of the dealers in the South, Mr. Thomas was put in entire charge of the business in this section of the country.

'05.

B. Eshleman has resigned from the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and is now with the Philadelphia office of the Proctor & Gamble Company.

S. G. Spaeth plans to teach English this winter at the Asheville School, Asheville, North Carolina.

N. L. Tilney has been playing good polo at Cedarhurst, Long Island.

'06.

Thomas K. Brown, Jr., will continue his graduate studies in German at Harvard University.

J. T. Fales is in the law department of the Chicago Life and Trust Company.

The engagement is announced of Arthur T. Lowry and Miss Isabelle D. Sayres, of Haverford.

Henry Pleasants, Jr., graduated from the Department of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania last June, and is practicing in Media. A son was born to him last summer.

'07.

Mrs. Samuel Bradbury, Jr., of Germantown, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Aitkin Bradbury, to Mr. Paul W. Brown, of East Downingtown, Pennsylvania.

Miss Marjorie Tatnall and Samuel J. Gummere were married at the Haverford Meeting House, by Friends' ceremony, on Thursday, October 20, 1910. The following Haverford men were ushers: Emmett Tatnall, W. Butler Windle, M. H. March, W. R. Rossmassler and Edward C. Tatnall, all '07, and Dr. R. M. Gummere, '02.

The engagement is announced of Emmett R. Tatnall to Miss Margaret Felton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar C. Felton, of Haverford.

'08.

On October twelfth, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Passmore Elkinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heber Clark, of Conshohocken, announce the

engagement of their daughter, Miss Eleanor, to George Emlen, Jr., of Germantown.

Ex.-'08.

Wilson Sidwell spent a few days during August around Philadelphia. He graduated this year at Leland Stanford University as a civil engineer. His stay here was en route to South America, where he expects to spend a year or more on the construction of a new British Railway in Argentine Republic.

'09.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. C. Spiers are now living at Wayne, Pennsylvania.

M. H. Watson is teaching at Westtown Boarding School, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

'10.

An account of the cosmic eruptions arising out of the activities of this class will be published in our next number.

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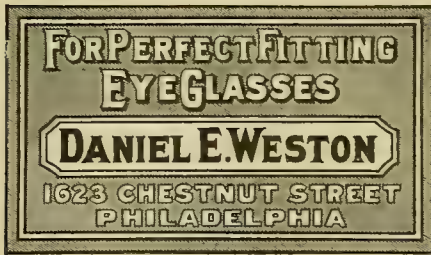
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THE PRESENT DAY THEATRE

I USED to be extremely fond of the theatre in the days of Booth, of Forrest, of Modjeska, and of that ever-wonderful nursery of stars, the Daly company; but now as there isn't anything worth seeing, I've stopped going." This is a frequent bromidic remark of the middle-aged. Isn't it exasperating to a lover of the stage? For, in my opinion, the theatre is in as thriving a condition as it ever was. It is only that the glamour of the past and the waning of enthusiasm with age, have combined to decry the present day productions and to uphold those of a generation ago.

This is taking, I admit, a rather limited view of the discussions on the decline of the stage. For, like the flippancy of the young, the degeneration of the stage has for centuries been as a rag in the gums of the Puritan. Some, in their criticisms of contemporary conditions, hark back to the Elizabethan period as the Golden Age. But little space is needed to resist such contentions. The acting of that period was undoubtedly pitifully meagre in its fulfillment of the dramatists' conception. Portia and Lady Macbeth played by boys in their teens!

The productions of that time when tried on the people of to-day by Ben Greet were only saved from failure by the art of Edith Wynne Matthison and by the support of students of the drama, interested in them as instructive revivals and not as live dramas. Since the departure of Miss Matthison to the New Theatre and the fact that familiarity with the lack of scenery has bred contempt, Ben Greet has been forced to depart to new pastures, to find less sophisticated lambs to fleece.

We come to the most serious claim to superiority of the Elizabethans,—playwrighting. Evidently we have no Shakespeare. But remember that Shakespeare was not discerned as supremely great by his contemporaries. No one can judge until time has given a perspective view. Certainly much of the dramatic writing of to-day is promising. I saw recently a quotation from Shuman's "How to Judge a Book." "A book to be worth while must either enlarge our thoughts or our sympathies; to be great, it must do both." If we can transfer this idea to the judgment of plays, we may say that many, literally, *many* of our plays have this requisite of "worth-whileness," and several of greatness. We might mention, as examples of English and American plays that answer this requirement, *The Third Degree*, *The Servant in the House*, *The Easiest Way*, *Mid-Channel*, and, in lighter genre, *The Fortune Hunter* and *The House Next Door*. Keep in mind that there was as much pandering to the lewd tastes of Elizabeth's day as there is to that of ours; that there

were many Fifteenth Century *Girls from Rector* and *Girls With the Whooping Cough*.

Forbes-Robertson, the greatest living English actor, says in a recent article in the *Outlook*: "It is folly to say that the drama is declining because the circuses and music halls are more numerous and better frequented than the playhouses." Drama and vaudeville are as different as meat and cream-puffs, and appeal to entirely different appetites of theatre-goers. Some want all meat and others all cream-puffs; but many want both. Best of all, there is no dramatic meat-trust and there is greater supply than demand.

But to return to a comparison of present-day theatrical conditions with those of twenty-five years ago. Mr. Robertson, who is now touring this country in Jerome K. Jerome's beautiful sermon, "*The Passing of the Third Floor Back*," states in the same article: "I have seen the most amazing improvement in everything in connection with the stage." And it's true, there has been! In Booth's production of *Hamlet* in Philadelphia about thirty years ago, his supporting company was so inadequate that many of the most serious places were ludicrous. The pall-bearers of Ophelia came in cheerfully swinging the manifestly empty coffin! In comparison, take Sothorn and Marlowe's production. There is the one disadvantage—that Sothorn probably does not quite measure up to the inspired portrayal of Booth. On the credit side, however, we have Julia Marlowe's flawless rendering of Ophelia, Crompton's splendid Polonius, Buckstone's eminently satisfactory Grave-Digger, and so on all the way down the cast. Every super is thoroughly trained; the costuming is historically accurate; the scenery is artistic; and the stage pictures and ensemble work are planned by the best artists in the country.

One of the chief misfortunes of the Twentieth Century stage is the "long-run." The productions are so expensive that, to make money, the managers depend on a long series of performances, in one place. The evils of this system are principally that they give the young actor very little chance to practice different parts and are apt to narrow the development of the more experienced player. Think of poor David Warfield now on his sixth season with *The Music Master*! It cannot help but narrow his field of expression and he will always be associated with the Von Barwig character.

But for the enterprising young actor frequent changes of company may overcome this difficulty. And now, too, we have what ought to be a splendid training-school, the New Theatre. In spite of some failures, it is now well-established, and, in personnel of players and its list of plays,

it has accomplished everything that could reasonably be expected in one season. Its performances of *The School for Scandal* and of Rudolph Besier's delightful comedy, *Don*, afford two widely contrasted standards of perfection in the production of classic and modern comedy.

Several of the American dramatists that have succeeded are Eugene Walter, with *Paid in Full* and *The Easiest Way* to his credit; Rachel Crothers, champion of realism as shown in *A Man's World*, and of *The Three of Us*; Charles Klein, Percy Mackaye, Winchell Smith, Augustus Thomas,—all these, and many more have already written plays of considerable merit and show promise of greater things to come.

There are many players that have recently achieved distinction. To mention one or two: Helen Ware last season came to the front by her artistically flawless performance of Annie Jeffreys in *The Third Degree*, and the season before Walter Hampden showed his capabilities for the serious drama by his beautifully reverent performance of Manson in *The Servant in the House*. Many more new players might be mentioned, and it seems hardly fair not to give credit to Viola Allen, Maude Adams, John Drew, Mantell, Warfield, Sothern and Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Nazimova and Blanche Bates, for their consistent efforts to elevate the tone of the American stage. These men and women have done great things and will do more with proper encouragement in the direction of serious drama.

For the continued advance of the stage, America has theatres, dramatists, actors,—everything but the public to attend the best productions. If that class of cultured people that boast of not going to the theatre, would instead take pride in never attending any performances but the best, and in always giving their loyal support to the finest artists, stage ideals would jump with a bound. May the public be ready with a soft landing-place of cordiality!


I. C. P., '12.

SKATING SONG

Oh come away at the closing day
When the fields are white with snow,
When the sky dims gold o'er towers old
And the lake shines far below;
Then come and go, now fast, now slow,
While jewels from the sharp skates feather
With dash and swing and steely ring
And the snap of winter weather.

REMINISCENCES OF NANTUCKET

*There once was a man from Nantucket!
Who kept all his cash in a bucket!
But his daughter named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket Nantucket!*

 HIS limerick is probably familiar to all, but to appreciate the true significance of these classic lines one must really have lived, and become intimate, with the people on this sandy wind-swept island thirty miles off the coast of bleak New England.

"To keep one's cash in a bucket" may at first thought appear strange, but it is really in keeping with the spirit of quiet and peace that reigns over the island. For did not Gitchie Manitou, the Great Spirit, form it, when he knocked the ashes from his peace pipe (though cold science has since spoiled this picturesque legend). In fact, the country jail, as I know from having lived in close proximity to it for a number of years, is inhabited only at the most infrequent intervals and then only by one or another old salt who has celebrated a little too much at Keen's tavern over an unusual large catch of blue fish, thereby disturbing the peaceful slumber of the natives. So you see, it is no wonder that the guileless old Nantucketer kept his cash in a bucket, little thinking that his ruin should be brought about by a woman—and that of his own flesh—how history repeats itself.

This same quiet and restfulness is what strikes one on first arriving at the island and what constitutes its lasting charm as a summer resting place. No honking automobiles, to profane the stillness of its quiet streets, or frighten the plodding horses as they carry you over the fifteen miles of delightful moors that surround the town. Little tots run about the streets with never a fear of clanging trolleys, and even the omnipresent moving picture show has not the hold here, it has elsewhere. Is it any wonder then, that this island is the "*ne plus ultra*" of all those who are seeking a month's relaxation from our modern strenuous life, and at the same time like to be near the sea?

Often you hear people talk about the great surf at Atlantic City, or the size of the waves on the rocky coast of New England. But for real waves—I would like to take you over to "South Shore" after a Sou'wester has been blowing a fifty mile an hour clip for two days. Then you would

see some waves—waves that are waves! Not the Atlantic City variety—mosquitoes are New Jersey's only specialty—nor yet like those seen on the Maine coast, for the rocks and headlands break the full force of wind and water. But out thirty miles at sea, with the nearest land the pillars of Hercules, and a level beach to pound, old Atlantic can get in some surf that for beauty and grandeur has not its equal on the Atlantic seaboard. With ten feet of depth as many feet from the shore, the waves come rolling in with never a white cap showing. And then when they strike the shoal beach, over they topple and roar out their rage in one grand tumult of sound and rush of white sea spume. Licking the ground at your feet and then sullenly slinking back to gather for the next attack, well have those waves been named "the wild white horses."

And then if you tire of the sea you can hire one of those quaint old box wagons and spend a delightful day jogging over the moors. These stretch before you in gentle undulations, with only the roar of the "deep voiced neighboring ocean" or the shrill scream of the gull, to break the glorious solemnity. After the wooded hills of Pennsylvania, the lack of trees surprises one; a scrubby pine scarce higher than your head as you ride along, being the only tree on the moors that can stand the bleak gales that sweep them in winter. But then you forget all this when you see the variety and coloring of the flowers which, especially in early fall, cover the moors. Here a patch of yellowing huckleberry bushes, a clump of purple gerardia and every now and then a flaming red lily just lifting its head above the grey lichens and bearberry. And then when you come to some little pond nestled between two hills, you are enraptured at the brilliant pink and purple marshmallows, with their dark background of waving cat-tails and swamp grape-vine.

With such a wealth at her feet one might question the advisability of a woman's running off with a man. But then—"you never can tell what a woman will do." And man, especially a handsome one, as all Nantucketers are, and money—a whole bucketful forms a pretty big attraction.

Some one has even suggested that this limerick shows the modern tendency of American women in general. But that person must be—shall we say—a cynic! Personally, I don't claim to know. As Monsieur le Francais would say "*C'est à vous!*"

J. A. C., '12.

WINTER

He greets the days of winter with a sigh
Whose heart is sad; his eye regrets to see
The whirling flurries from a lowering sky,
The gray gaunt outlines of the naked tree.
He sees naught else; he hears the stream
That in the summer bubbled merrily,
Yet now it chills him, and half shudd'ringly
He turns away, and e'en the sunlight's gleam
Is cold, half lum'nous through the parting cloud.

Yet he—where swift the dog-tooth violets rise,
Anemones with sweet arbutus twined,
When first the wind-flow'rs with half-opened eyes
Sway in the breath of April breezes kind—
Thinks of the past, of long dead and gone;
He sees the flowers but as fading joys
Like all the gold-orbed glory of the dawn
That symbolizes men, mere earthy toys,
A moment here then lost forever more.

'Tis not that God's sweet heaven is clearest blue;
'Tis not that fields are green, or that the wood
Reëchoes with the myriad voice of Spring,
When hearts beat strong and friends are true,
Then ring, ye winter bells, and ever ring!
Oh, blow ye winds, let ocean's waters flood,
And dash against the cliffs their whitest spray!
Grief knows no season, joy is not confined,
Our soul, not nature's, is the more unkind.

J. M. B., JR., '13.

"THE CHEERFUL LIAR"

OVER since our infantile understandings amounted to one two three, these same understandings have been clouded by hearing the constant repetition of the aphorism, "Truth is mighty and will prevail." Everywhere, home, church, Sunday-school, this idea was driven into our little heads until we must needs have accepted it as the *sine qua non* of our petty existence. But think for a moment how endurable a society would be where Absolute Truth reigned supreme! Imagine, for example, my friend, how pleased you would be the next time your weekly theme was read in your English class, and your good professor would confine his criticisms to Strict Truth. How pleasantly you would feel when the statement was made that the theme, judged by the shining steel-yard and balances of Truth, was, to put it mildly, rotten. (And by these standards, whose little literary effort is not?) Suppose some grim Rhadamanthus presided over your literary festivities, shaking his gory locks over your miserable triflings; summoning each to quaff of the bitter draught of Truth. But I would not have anyone take pepper in the nose at this; the path of Truth is straight, true enough, but it is full of sloughs and broken stones, overgrown with briars, and no great trees cast a welcome shadow across its weary stretches. How much easier it is, and pleasanter, too, to stray from this forbidding highway to the shady and comfortable byways of cheerful lying.

To know that the travelling on *this* path is pleasant, we have only to ask anyone of the genial company who go that way. Their testimony is certainly the most trustworthy that we have on the subject, and by it we know that, like the bed bug in the ballad, the byway of cheerful lying "gets there just the same."

I can assure anyone who has not trodden this primrose path that the wayfarers thereupon are a worthy crowd. Of course, our boyhood's friend, George Washington, will not be there, he is stalking along the straight and narrow way, preferring to the golden apples of lying the sour cherries of Truth. With him strides our mim-mouthed Puritan, Tribulation Wholesome, cracking his shins on the mill stones of Truth, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and so failing to see what good chaps there are that jog merrily along the cheerful way. These earnest seekers go their way through the world, seeking Truth in the stars, and are the most fortunate people alive if they escape falling into the pools and pitfalls which yawn at their feet. What a miserable life it is, to have no other thought except for one's soul, to deny oneself the beer

and pretzels of good fellowship for the watery pap with which they must needs be satisfied when they *do* find the ultimate which they so acidulously seek. To wear out one's life in the service of Truth, that most fickle dame, is to be at last cast out of her friendless court to sit with Belisarius at the palace gate, begging a kind word from the passer-by.

And does this Puritan gentry think that it ever attains Truth in conversation, to say nothing of deeds? Hardly. One of the truthful brethren might say to his best girl, in a moment of pardonable exuberance, "Darling, I love you with all my soul." Bosh! do you really mean it now? Your poor shrivelled soul, that you have labored so diligently to nurture, what a thing that is to conjure by! What a substantial barge this soul of yours will make, to ferry you and your lady across the fords of Hell! Ah, no, my friend, the girl, if she knows a good thing when she sees it, will vastly prefer the sincere and truthful offers of a cheerful liar, to yours, with all your Soul.

It is surely beyond a doubt that there must be lying in this world. I am sure that when you look back on your little life you will recall with no very pleasant feelings many times when you planted your horny hoofs on someone's feelings by telling an unpalatable truth. No doubt, for instance, according to your delicate perceptions, her hat was a fright, exceedingly unbecoming. Did you tell her so, if perchance she asked you? If you did, you were a fool, doomed to her eternal disfavor.

If there is an art in anything in this curious world, there is an art in lying. "If you must lie," said Erasmus, "lie with circumspection." "*Must*" we object to; of course we must, but let that pass. "*Lie with circumspection*" is the important thought. The blundering fool that gets entangled in his lying, is an object not only of scorn but of horror to the pure aesthete. What mortal good is a man if he can't smooth over some little roughness of circumstance with a well turned lie? Your partner asks, "Did you have a nice time at the dance?" "Yes, indeed," you say, although your tortured corns have swollen your feet beyond the possibility of human recognition. "You'll call again, won't you?" "Delighted," you say, although you are praying by the agonies of the damned that you may never have to talk to *that* snaggle-toothed prude again. *L'art de bien mentir* is more than a dinner table conviviality, it is a magic talisman; the golden bough with which we ward off the wrath of the gods, without which this life would be a trying process indeed, a premature hell on earth.

No apostle of cheerful lying ever offers his philosophy as a refuge for the rogue or the cad. Society and the law take care of the rascal who, merely to save his miserable hide, tells a pernicious lie. We may easily

dismiss such from our discussion here, by saying that these are not cheerful liars. Possibly to the prude this is a fine distinction; but each to his own salvation; and truly, in the question of salvation, the devil gets the hindermost.

And now I would not be mistaken of purpose, lest the simple should suspect me of folly, or the subtle condemn me of blasphemy against the shining orbs of Truth. Truth may be a mighty moving power in the world, but I fear that it moves us not without shocks and sickening jars. Just try my friend, to grease the wheels of your little universe with a few judicious lies. I promise you you will be surprised at the ease and absence of friction with which your world will then revolve. A good liar is not made in a day, it is custom, use and exercise that bring a young man to virtue in lying as in anything else.

And doth the Psalmist say that all men are liars? Yea verily; and were it not so, we must perforce lift up our voices with the Preacher, and cry out, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." J. H. P., '11.

FICTION A LA MODE

AFROTHINGTON WILSON settled himself in an easy chair and rang for a cigar and a Scotch High-ball. He sighed, for he always felt depressed about this time of day, after working hard on his manuscript all morning. He longed for some excitement. Now in books, he reflected, a man usually had an exciting time for a while. The length of that time depended directly on the originality and enthusiasm of the author. E. Frothington wished himself in a story whose author had infinite originality and unquenchable enthusiasm. He sighed long and luxuriously.

He had written books, pretty good ones, too, he commented with pride. At least he had made quite a pretty little pile by writing. In his books he put the hero in an awkward position, from which the said hero extricated himself with brain, brawn and bravery, without bravado. The only awkward position which he had been in for some time was when he slipped on some ice, and tore his new tailor-made suit. He sighed again longer and more luxuriously.

The artistic moment has arrived for a description of our hero, and as we all strive toward the aesthetic—*ecce descriptio viri nostri!*

Of course he is tall and handsome (*he would have to be unless he were short, cute and plucky; really the types of heroes are limited to say the least*). He happens to be about 25 years old, came from Pittsburg to

Yale, and is now, or was when this narrative started, living in a New York City apartment house on East Fourth street, writing novels, as the astute reader will remember. (*cf page 1 of proof*). At Yale our hero was somewhat of a success. Football team, track team, debating team and class valedictorian.

But on with the story!

"Hello, Totty," bellowed a voice as though the person addressed were three furlongs off instead of as many feet. (*You remember that our hero was seated in an easy chair with a "Scotch high."*)

"Why, hello Jerry," exclaimed E. Frothington.

"Sit down; what'll you have?"

"Nix on the booze, thanks, I'll be good to-day."

So saying Mr. Gerald McKane lowered his two hundred and forty pounds of muscle into a complaining chair. McKane had played centre on the Yale team with Frothington and now was holding down a position with a fat salary in much the same aggressive way.

"How's things?" asked Wilson.

"O. K. Say, Totty! Come up Sunday, Nan's coming home."

"Dee-lighted. I need an exciting time. Can you give me one?"

"Guess not. What's the matter? Worn out by hard labor?"

"Oh, no, but while life's very comfortable, there's nothing to stir up one's blood. Mine's coagulating."

"Why not wear a straw hat in Wall street. That's unhealthy and exciting this time of year."

"Too ordinary, I want a new sensation."

"Too much for me! Well, see you Sunday! So long!"

This was Friday—well, he must have some excitement before Sunday! Suddenly out of the dim haze an idea came forward and salaamed. *Fall in love!*

My dear reader, I see the disgusted look on your face. Yet what else could he do. I realize that it is exceedingly common and not in the least original to have your hero fall in love, but—oh, well—I am still damp with the waters of the Rubicon. *En avant!*

Fall in love! He had never even considered such a plan of action. He would fall in love and soon. The "who" question didn't bother him now that he had made up his mind. So saying, he rose, took up his hat and walked, leaving a half-finished "Scotch-high." When he reached the street he unconsciously turned toward Fifth Avenue and walked slowly down.

Soft music, please Enter the heroine à la limousine. The customary heart-piercing glance was exchanged and E. Frothington was in love.

Rather a coincidence that he had just decided to fall in love, but then the beauty of fiction is that coincidences often happen. Frothington reflected rather ruefully that he might easily have loved Nan McKane, but now that he was in love he couldn't.

Unlike the romantic lover who would have run after the auto to find the lady's abode or jumped into a waiting taxi and accomplished the same thing, Frothington made a mental note of the license tag, No. 23965 it read.

Of course he found out whose machine it was. The owner was a well-known bachelor, Mr. X. Y. Z. (*name unimportant*). Frothington was somewhat puzzled. That was natural. What would a young lady be riding in Z's car alone? He couldn't imagine. He was further puzzled when he found that Z was motoring in the South. That was odd, wasn't it?

* * * * *

Sunday morning dawned bright and fair, but Frothington didn't know it till noon, when he made a leisurely toilet and rang the McKane bell at just 1.15 P. M.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson," greeted the portly butler.

"Hello, Totty," roared Gerald from above. "Come up and meet Nan, she's crazy to meet you."

"Why, Gerald McKane," exclaimed a feminine voice, (*of course it was a bewitching voice.*)

Frothington ran up stairs.

"Totty, this is Nan and vice versa," shouted McKane. Mutual glance of recognition, heart-piercing as ever! (*Catch the point, reader, it's the heroine de limousine.*)

Now comes a fine chance for description, but I "bridge" it, and the reader must "make" for himself. The afternoon was very enjoyable, especially for Frothington. I might tell how he almost upset his soup at dinner in his anxiety not to miss a word of her conversation, how he basked in the sunlight of her smile (*very old metaphor, but well adapted*) all the afternoon, and how he went home at 11.30 with the customary buoyant heart.

If you have read this far, oh reader, "you are a fool, but I love you." If you have waded through the witless ramblings of a story whose end you hoped would be novel and pleasant, then you are a fool, for there is no end. But if you have read this to see whether it was worth writing or not; I love you, for you believe as I do in "*Art for Art's Sake.*"

C. W., 3d, '11.

(END.)

LOOSE LEAVES

CHINQUAPINS

DID you ever gather chinquapins? Janet was gathering chinquapins. I came upon her unexpectedly and as I heard the rustle of her dress among the bushes I turned to make a hasty retreat. But just then I *saw* Janet. With my back still half-turned one hand instinctively straightened my tie and then, as though I had forgotten something, I strode by with my eyes staring straight ahead into infinity. Of course just as I passed Janet I stooped to pick up a chinquapin, and, as luck would have it there were several in my limited field of vision so that by the time I raised my eyes I felt almost acclimated. It was then I discovered that Janet's eyes were blue—and smiling....They say that two persons can gather more chinquapins than one, but I don't believe they can gather so many, for the spines were always getting in my fingers and we would have to stop while Janet pulled them out. Such a little hand she had and so.... I wonder if Janet will gather chinquapins this year. I think *I* will.

M. B., '12.

CHRISTMAS?

Back and forth, back and forth
Wormed the worried, wearied throng,
From early morn 'til after light
From break of dawn 'til black of night
For *this* was Christmas.

Up and down, up and down
Each upon his errand bent
Regardless they of word or song
Passed sick and poor and right or wrong
And *this* was Christmas.

No time had they for others' care
But hurried on their own to bear;
And when the Christmas Day was o'er
They thanked their God that 'twas no more.
Yet *this* was Christmas!

Love was frozen, purchase reigned,
Traffic triumphed, duty pained,
And still all this was nothing new.
My friend, but let me ask of you,
Was this Christmas?

F. P. S., Jr., '13.

THE INTER-STATE GAME

Yes, lad, I will tell you the story,
I'll tell you once more the tale,
For I'm aged and worn and hoary,
And my brain is beginning to fail.
I was seated there in the engine,
Propelling the flying train;
(Its always seemed like a thing I'd dreamed,
But it's all come straight again.)

I had my feet on the stirrup,
As the spray dashed in my face;
And I felt her plunge and rear up
While we steamed at a killing pace.
For I'd tightened my grip on the throttle
And the fly-wheel madly turned,
While there on the shaft that moved our raft
The giant propeller churned.

The earth dropped away beneath us;
So I handled the tiller with care,
For the clouds had begun to wraith us,
As we rose in the summer air.
And the crowd was cheering madly
As the umpire cried, "He's down!"
And I felt her feet strike the stony street
When we dashed through the sleeping town.

I had lowered the gear ere starting;
They had cleared off the track ahead;
But I knew that her seams were parting
And half of our crew was dead.
The rate of our speed was killing;
Thirty knots was as near as I'd guess,
We inflated our bag, reversed the flag
And fired a gun of distress.

Ah, lad, 'twas a critical minute;
Two strikes and three men on base;
But I knew we were sure to win it
If only we'd keep the pace.
I threw out her sheet to winward;
She started an easy run;
We circled the map as we made the last lap
But the Inter-State Game was won!

L. B. L., '14.

HER FATHER

AN odor of whisky—cheap corn whisky—came to my nostrils, and its arrival coincided so exactly with the appearance of a man who was leading a little girl that I looked up. As they passed I caught a glimpse of an unshaven chin crowned, as it were, by a suspiciously moist moustache which was the undergrowth of an exceedingly red nose. The part of the face that this moustache and stubble beard left bare was spotted by vicious little red spots. A pair of watery blue eyes that shifted their glance without seeing anything in particular,—and I was sure that here was the source of the whisky smell. They took seats opposite me in the waiting-room and the man looked as though he half-expected and half-feared to recognize somebody. Shortly a cadaverous, thin-nosed fellow with a hard curveless mouth and a cut-throat expression slapped him on the back. The greeting was loud and profane. After a minute or two the newcomer winked one eye, hitched his head significantly to one side and they went off “to see about the tickets” leaving the girl alone. She was a sorry sight; her face was dirty and her hair, carelessly brushed, was tied with a shabby piece of white ribbon. She seemed to understand the little game somewhat, to know what to expect and yet to be resigned to meet it. She pulled her thin little skirt to its full length over her knees, fingered the ribbon of her sash and looked out in the direction they had gone. Presently they came back arm in arm bringing a rosy-cheeked apple for the little girl; “to eat on the train, my dear,” said her father as his friend flung it into her lap. The trip to the “ticket-office” was repeated several times and each time they returned in a closer embrace. The friend brought back some gimcrack on the return of each trip whereas the father grew more profane and unsteady. I looked at his companion and realized that *he* was drinking either little or none. His cool deliberateness in getting the father drunk puzzled me. There was some purpose in it I felt sure, but my train came along before the tragedy closed and I could only guess at the motive of the cadaverous friend. Perhaps the father ought to have taken my train and perhaps it served someone else’s interest to have him miss it. At any rate my last glimpse was of a poor little waif, still fingering the ribbon of her sash, surrounded by a tin sand-bucket, a half-eaten bag of candy, an apple and a “pigs-in-clover” puzzle, waiting, alone, and watching.

E. H. S., '11.

THE AMOURS OF A CYNIC

DID you ever hear of a cynic in love? Perhaps you remember Raphael in Hypatia, the charming young man, not of the world, but through with the world? A perfect cynic, he, a very Mephistopheles with a soul;—and *he* fell in love. Yet here you see what I mean, for it was not the cynic Raphael who fell in love, but a far different man, a soul that has shed its Mephistopheles. So the world goes, no sooner are we tired of life, and sure that there remains no glade unexplored, no pinnacle unwon, no battle unfought, whose attainment might lend enchantment to the practicality of necessary existence, when, presto, there swims into our ken a sweet little thing, whom we first endure, then pity, then embrace, and the game is up. *Pereat diabolus*. Melancholy flees, the cynic has found his fountain of youth, and after the desert we behold the unstinted milk and honey of the new opened promised land. *Semper sint in flore*.

L. A. P., '11.

EDITORIAL



WINTER is a greater time than other seasons because in Winter men are at work, and men are always beautiful when they work. And besides the work, Winter brings long quiet evenings, and we sit still and think in Winter, who have been thoughtless and free as butterflies when the months were warmer. It is pleasant to come home after a weary day, and in an easy and comfortable chair before the fire, to dream of the refreshing blustery wind which we have just shut the door on. All these agreeable feelings come most often in Winter when the change from cold to warm and from sleepiness to a sharp clear mind is so keenly felt in our bodies. We live more in the calm reflection of one dull Winter month than in many an active month of Summer.

Christmas and New Year's come in Winter, and this could not be otherwise; if they are to be great days. They are great days, because at Christmas the world stops to take a breath. It looks back to find that it has been travelling around a mountain, and to be sorry that it has not got, as near as it would like, to discovering what that is at the top which it so aches to know. And all the men in the world are sorry because they see how they have not got nearer the top. And they say to each other, we must try to be better men, for it is because we are selfish that the world is kept from moving higher. So when New Year's comes, they all try to be good, not because the world might roll down the mountain, but because they are happier when they are good, and all the unhappy people are happier too. When New Year's comes, everybody has got a new heart, for the spirit of Christmas comes around and gives everybody a new heart to start the new year with.

New Year's and Christmas could not come at any other time, for Winter and some of the sorrow that other people are *always* having makes men so reasonable.

Men in colleges do not like Winter because they do not like to think, and they do not look around to see what other people are thinking about. But sometimes in Winter they do think a little, and they see what the world is doing, and they wonder why they have been giving so much time to things they thought they liked when there are so many other things they like better. And when they think of this, some of them begin to grow, and are very happy all by themselves.

So Winter is a lovely, gray, sad time, and some men become beautiful in Winter, because the cold and the loneliness and the dulness of Winter make them think.

THE YEAR IN POLITICS

IN many ways too difficult for our present perception, the year 1910 will pass into history as a year of new and inceptive interest. It is easy to overdo an estimate of any period when all things are present to the mind, but what things history will choose after she has taken her perspective are interesting and seasonable at this year end. The year has done more than merely to continue the natural development of nations, in government, science, and art, but in some it has begun new things.

Upheavals in politics, both here and in England, are the most insistently commanding of the new events. While these movements may in a sense be regarded as having earlier origins, and bearing relations to earlier reforms, yet they show a decidedly hopeful aspect, in that, in spite of apparent defeat, both have really made immense progressions, and have badly crippled the crystallized order of *things as they were*. And this is chiefly because people have done their own thinking, have got over the first fanatic impulses, and have gone at the work in a spirit of getting the best out of a situation without forcing it. While a mob may become electrified with political morality, the kind of morality that is resistless is that which is slowly absorbed and gathered into the determination of a great nation.

This is what is occurring in the United States. The American people is not entirely credulous of "political ragging," a policy carried on by a number of great and influential newspapers for the purpose of insisting, without ever betraying the purpose, that in spite of new nationalisms or anything else, New York City *must* continue to skim the cream from the American continent. The American people is not inclined to believe in the glaring inconsistencies in Mr. Roosevelt's speeches, as they are exaggerated in the newspapers, for these inconsistencies are only bald statements which, although conflicting, a less honest and more tactful politician would have compromised into some pleasing ambiguity. Progressive thinkers have lost faith, not so much in principles, but because of impetuosity, and a personality, so vigorous that its permanent presence makes a slow thinking public nervous.

And yet the whole trend of national assertion from Maine to Washington can be traced to the previous influence of Mr. Roosevelt in commanding interest in public affairs. The political tremble of 1910, in its initial year of success, seems to open a new epoch in America's political history.

Independence is also the most striking aspect of the reform in England, and the situation is even more unprecedented than our own. And it is more interesting, for English journalists have more wit and more vituperation than ours. A Tory writer in the recent English election flurry, apparently playing a losing game, writes:

What is the dominating fact? It is this—that Mr. Redmond landed at Queenstown last night with \$200,000 in his pocket. . . . He comes . . . He comes. . . . He comes. . . . With the money of Patrick Ford, he comes. . . . He lands. . . . He arrives. . . . Above all he returns. . . . In a word, he comes once more . . . He reappears. . . .

Aside from the present storm raging around Mr. Balfour's head, a deeper and more significant movement is being carried on by women. It is regrettable that the first appearance of women in active public affairs should in its sensational aspect be misjudged and ridiculed. And yet this has been a boon to the idea, a kind of exposure on the rocks, for this rugged child of Conviction. The leaders in this great assertive movement know what they want, and know what they are talking about, and there is no question but that they are going forward with giant strides. It is particularly inspiring to read the speeches which these one time effete society women are making, speeches which go down to the roots of things, social evils, impurity, war, all the destructive forces which drag nations to the dust. These women of England are trying to prevent the history of the great empires from repeating itself. "*I ask you to swear that you will win,*" says one lovely woman. And they will. That complacent proverb about history repeating itself is rank cynicism to the new kind of Christian who is abreast of the spirit of 1910.

EXCHANGES

Remembering the alluring statements held out in the exchange department of the last number of the *Delaware Review*, we eagerly sought out its November issue, expecting to find in it the Ideal Magazine. We are sure that there was no one more disappointed at the rejuvenation of the Magazine than the unfortunate exchange editor who advocated it, for the first concern of those who had the transformation in charge was to jettison the exchange department. They have an agriculture course down there, we are led to believe, and we looked in vain for the incipient farmer's dissertation on potato-bugs; a treat which we were led to anticipate from the announcement in their last issue.

Exchange writing has always been more or less up in the air, because the majority of folks who read the exchange column (and we hope that perhaps some do) don't have ready access to the various magazines that are criticised in the course of these ramblings. Acting upon a suggestion made by the Board of Governors, all the important magazines which come to the HAVERFORDIAN room will be placed on the reading table in the Haverford Union. At present there is not an oppressive suffocation of reading matter there, and we hope that these additions will serve to bridge the rather dreary gap between the morning papers and a game of pool.

The current number of the *Vassar Miscellany* is unusually interesting and of considerable merit. Respectable one act plays are not to be shaken from every tree, but the Vassar people have one called the "Release" which is a skilful bit of work. The characters are those usually most concerned in a wedding. The dialogue is lively and humorous, and the action what you might expect from the characters as portrayed. The unfortunate fiancé gets the "bounce" which he may or may not deserve. Put yourself in his place, my friend, when you read this over in the Union.

While we are on the subject, we may as well remark that the *Vassar* is unusually rough on her fiancés in this number. In a story called "Barbara," the young lady of that name journeys out to a remote army post to surprise her "young man." Foolish girl! She never gave him any warning, and when she finds him carrying on a flirtation with another charmer, she promptly "throws him over." These young men have our sympathy, but, in view of the requirements of art, we suppose that they had to be jilted. These two articles, coming as they do from the feminine point of view, should be of great value to young gentlemen afflicted with this peculiar passion. We respectfully refer them to the consideration of that noble brigade of young men who several times a week perambulate up the pike to our neighboring institution of learning.

There is quite a collection of humorous stories afloat in the various magazines, and one might well skip a few essays on Time and Eternity, to take the time to read something funny. Back in a corner of the *Nassau Lit*, there is a story in dialect called "Troubles." In this Uncle Jake Campbell tells how he and his wife Jenn went to meetin' with their new spring duds, and how their yellow dog followed them, and what the three did there. A story in the *Williams* makes literary material out of the odorous atmosphere of a West Virginia barnyard. The *Texas* is often funny when it doesn't intend to be, but their two "funny" stories

at the tail end of their magazine would draw tears from a lemon. The *Smith* has a very amusing account of a fishing party, and how they caught the eel and upset the boat. But the funniest of all was a translation into Latin of Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, in the *Gettysburg Mercury*. Poor Lincoln and poor Cicero! That was just about the most comic effort at the sublime that we have ever seen.

College verse seems to have taken a decided revival. The *Wellesley* and the *Smith* can be depended upon to have a lyric or two which seem to strike the right note. The college verse that is successful is almost invariably some lively and spirited conceit rather than some dark and sombre epic on sublime topics like Truth or the Ultimate. We take the liberty to reprint the following from the *Wellesley*:

CYNTHIA

I seem to see, forgotten, far away,
 A mist-ringed mountain rise, and all the night,
 Silver in beauty of a distant day;
 While stopping there above that mountain height,
 She calls, "Endymion." The crescent light
 Upon her forehead gleams not through his sleep;
 Her kiss stirs not the poppies which still keep
 Their ancient spell over the dreamer's brow.
 The dragon-yoke slides onward, softly, now
 From out the shadows I can hear her weep.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

HAVERFORD

From an anonymous Alumnus we have this poem.

ASK us not why we come to seek thy face,
 O foster-mother, here when autumn sheds
 From elm and maple with a saddened grace
 Her flood of burnished browns and golds and reds
 Upon yon crumbling arch and yonder beds
 Of bright chrysanthemums, which seem to glow
 Still brighter when the brisk north breezes blow,
 Tossing defiance with their haughty heads—
 Nay ask us not, for often 'mid the grind
 Of care-racked lives thy memory haunts the mind;

Ever we keep our windows open toward
Thy sanctuary, with a constant prayer
That heaven may bless thy growth—and yet dear Lord!
Can heaven itself show anything more fair?

Yet fairer thou when 'neath full moons of March

The clear-lit campus shows a fairy scene,
When chestnut, tulip, willow, elm and larch
Cast painted shadows on the silvered green;

Far o'er the sill with half-shut eyes we lean
By wanton southern breezes fondly kissed;
All distant objects wear a veil of mist;
A moving row of pale blue lights is seen
Drawn slowly from the station; in the sedge
That lines the famished pond's mist-hidden edge
The frogs are singing; while as if 'twere May
Invisible insects murmur here and there;
Most beautiful! O ye departed, say!
Can heaven afford a spectacle so fair?

Yet fairer still when Maia's zephyrs breathe

Their witching vapours, steeping every sense
In drowsy ecstasy; when lilac sheath
And orange-bloom dissolve in sweet incense
And lade the sickened air with fragrance dense,
When rhododendron petals strew the grass
And dogwood groves become a snowy mass
To light lone pathways; such magnificence
In memory's silhouette becomes a spell;
Nor would I change this loveliness and calm
For fields Elysian, beds of asphodel,
Olympian nectar or the spicy balm

That gladdens all the isles of Ind—yea Lord,
Is aught elsewhere so fair as Haverford?

DR. A. MARSHALL ELLIOTT

DR. ELLIOTT, head of the department of Romance Languages and Philology, at Johns Hopkins University, died at his home in Baltimore on November ninth. He had been in ill health for two years, suffering from gastronomic cancer.

He was born in Pacquotauk County, North Carolina, in 1844, and graduated from Haverford in 1866. He was also a graduate of Harvard. He studied in the *College de France* and *L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes*, both in Paris, 1868-71, *Istituto degli Studii Superiori*, Florence, 1871-72, and the University of Madrid in 1873. Between 1873 and 1876 he studied at the Universities of Vienna, Tübingen and Munich, graduating from the last. He took his doctor's degree at Princeton in 1877, having spent fifteen years in preparing himself for his work.

He was one of the original Hopkins staff, and has been with the University for over thirty years.

He was one of the founders of the Modern Language Association of America, serving as secretary for seven years and president for one. He was the editor of *Modern Language Notes*, now in its twenty-fifth volume. Among the associations of which he was a member were the *Archaeological Institute of America*, *American Philological Association*, *American Philological Society*, *American Oriental Society*, *Maryland Historical Society*, *National Geographic Society*, *Dante Society*, *Maryland Society of New York*, *North Carolina Society of Baltimore*, of which he served one year as president, and *Société Amicale Gaston Paris*, of France. He will also be remembered as a president of the Haverford Alumni Association.

In 1900 Dr. Elliott was one of the delegates to the Paris Exposition. In August, 1907, he was honored by the French Government with the decoration of the *Legion of Honor*. This was a signal recognition of his work in researches and studies in the French language, embracing intricate investigations in the mediæval French tongue and the changes which marked its evolution.

In 1891 Dr. Elliott was given a degree of Doctor of Laws at Wake Forest, and again here at Haverford in 1908 on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the College.

Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, has given this tribute to his colleague:

"The serious and painful illness of Prof. A. Marshall Elliott has called forth expressions of the closest sympathy from his wide range of friends within and without academic circles, sympathy which has been deepened and heightened by the

heroic fortitude with which he has borne his protracted suffering. Intimately associated with the life of the Johns Hopkins University from the beginning of its active work, Professor Elliott was a conspicuous member of that band of gifted and enthusiastic young men whom President Gilman gathered about his standard in 1876 and who did so much to carry out the far-reaching plans of their chief.

"Amply furnished for his line of endeavor by long study in European centres, familiar with many languages and, which is no less important, conversant with the life of the peoples as well as their speech, Professor Elliott's mastery was evident from the beginning, and although his published contributions to the literature of his chosen domain have of late years been restricted partly by the exactions of an ideal that became more and more exalted with his own advance, but especially by the generous spirit which spent itself in guiding and enriching the work of others, still his leadership in promoting the study of Romance languages in America has been freely and gratefully acknowledged on all hands at home and abroad. It is a moral as well as intellectual leadership, and of that leadership it may safely be said that no one has ever had more enthusiastic followers, no one has inspired his men with a stronger affection.

"And the secret of his success is an open secret, not only to those whose studies he has guided and to those who have been honored by his friendship, but to all who have been brought into contact with him in the social circles which he has made radiant by his genial presence, by his kindly humor which knows no touch of malice, by his delightful flow of illuminating talk. His withdrawal from the life of the university for the last few months has darkened the ways of all who walk in the same paths of study."

'83

Baily and Basset (W. L. Baily, '83) have been selected as architects to build a large fire-proof apartment house at Haverford on the corner of Grays Lane and Montgomery Avenue. It is to be built of brick in the colonial style and to have first-class up-to-date equipment. It will have a large dining-room, barber shop, bachelor apartments, elevators, etc., etc. Baily and Basset are the architects for the new science hall at Haverford.

'86

William S. McFarland, has moved to Los Angeles, California, where he is engaged in the iron and steel business.

'87

Dr. Henry H. Goddard delivered an address before the recent annual Conference of Charities at Altoona, Pa., on "*Four Years' Scientific Study of the Feeble-Minded, Results and Suggestions.*"

'96

Alfred G. Scattergood was chairman of the Campaign Committee of the William Penn Party for the Twenty-second Ward, Philadelphia, dur-

ing the recent election. He has lately been appointed purchasing agent for the Provident Life and Trust Company, of Philadelphia.

'00

A little book of verse by W. S. Hinchman, printed at the Groton School Press, has been published under the title, "*Tintagel and Other Verses.*"

'02

The marriage of Caspar Wistar and Senorita Raquel Asturias T. of the City of Guatemala, Guatemala, Central America, took place on the eleventh of November. They are living at the Wistar home near Philadelphia, and will remain there during the winter. Later they expect to return to the bride's country to live. Their residence will be near the Capital City of Guatemala.

(The initial T., indicating the maiden name of the bride's mother, viz., Toledo, is placed last by Spanish custom. Both the Toledo and the Asturias families have been influential in the Guatemala Government for some time).

W. W. Pusey 2nd, has a son named W. W. Pusey 3rd.

'04

Rev. and Mrs. David Allen Reed announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Chapin Reed, to William Tatum Hilles, on Monday, October 24th, 1910, at Manila, Philippine Islands.

Dr. H. H. Morris will leave Philadelphia in February, 1911, to go to Shanghai, China. There he will practice at St. Luke's Hospital, to which he has been appointed by the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

'05

S. G. Spaeth, has been coaching the football team of the Asheville School, at Asheville, N. C., this fall, where he is teaching English.

Ex—'07

We are in receipt of a letter from C. J. Claassen, an officer of the Peters Trust Company, Omaha, Nebraska, which we reproduce verbatim:

My Dear Sir: It may be of interest to some of the readers of your department that a son and heir, of regulation weight (8 pounds) was born to us on October 27th.

All Haverfordian especially treated.

Fraternally,

C. JANSEN CLAASSEN.

P. S.—My son will be president of the class of 1932 Haverford College.
C. J. C.

Ex—'08

The engagement has been announced of T. Lightfoot Green to Miss Lucretia Shoemaker, a sister of H. H. Shoemaker, '07, (of Philadelphia). T. L. Green is cashier of the Blue Springs National Bank, Blue Springs, Nebraska.

'10.

Last month we promised an account in this issue of the "cosmic eruptions" arising out of the activities of this hybrid brood. Had we realized at the time what an arduous task the gathering of such news would be, we should not have promised so rashly. It is an agreeable surprise to consider how this class seized the day, and let its light shine abroad in the land. It is rumored that Reggie Morris is beating his way to Japan on a Chinese junk. Three have succumbed to Cupid, and in one case Hymen has been sung.

Page Allinson is in Weiser, Idaho, herding sheep, and singing songs out of Robert Louis Stevenson. "Skeet" Gheen is with him, and anchors the exuberant vagabond.

Barrett is working in his father's grain elevator in Indianapolis.

Boyce is crusading against oyster bars at Harvard.

Bryan is working for a Master's Degree at Colgate.

Earl Cadbury is in Whitman, Massachusetts, learning the shoe trade in a factory of the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co.

"Bush" Cary is with the Guaranty Trust Company in Baltimore.

"Chas." Clark is studying at the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania.

Hollie Crow is teaching biology at Penn College, Iowa.

Eddie David, chess champion, scholarship man, thinking machine, and otherwise phenomenon is helping to make *condensed milk*. He is in the Hires factory at Malvern.

Davis is on a farm at Mary Hill, Washington.

Nelson Edwards is in the Architectural School at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mitch Froelicher is engaged to Miss Luella M. Delamarter, of Coldwater, Michigan. At the present moment Mitch is engaged in teaching English at Baltimore City College.

Harold Furness is a hardware clerk with the Standard Supply and Equipment Co. on Market street. Nor is Trilby the only one who is not properly appreciated. The *toughest Westtown Nut* is with the Keim Sup-

ply Co. also on Market street, and George Kerbaugh is with the G. W. Allen Co. at 117 on the same boulevard. It is a cause of great sorrow and surprise that Roberts has not behaved himself worse.

Comly Shoemaker married Miss Margaret Hilles, during the summer.

Tomlinson is at Harvard on the Clementine Cope Fellowship.

Townsend is also at Harvard.

Guy Wheeler is teaching German at Southern Manual High School, Philadelphia. He has coached the football team all fall, and the supplement to the current school magazine says beneath a large picture of Guy, "Mr Wheeler has already won the hearts of all the boys." As avocations, Wheeler coaches French and Spanish at night school, and translates Portuguese letters for a mercantile firm during his waking hours.

The engagement of Mildred M. Smith, of Germantown, Philadelphia, to James Whitall is announced. James holds a teaching fellowship at college.

"Puffer" Haines, that *business man*, is head of Carroll A. Haines & Co. which holds the agencies for Mercer Gasoline Cars and Baker Electrics. His office is near Spring Garden Street and the Park Boulevard.

Jeff Hires is assistant salesman in the Hires Rootbeer Co. Business interferes with the Muses.

W. C. Greene has passed the Rhodes examinations in Massachusetts.

Arthur Hutton is with the building firm of Charles T. Wills Co., New York.

Kenderdine has had a varied career. He wrote that he was "engaged in the fruit growing business in the Pacific Coast States." This is so general that we suspect some one hired him to pick lemons in Nevada. We are skeptical because the card also goes on to say that R. H. Morris was "studying business conditions in the far west." Reg has had a very interesting career. He went west in the summer and located in Portland, Oregon, where he set up as a consulting engineer. Later he got a job driving a Stevens "Forty." We next hear of him in Seattle. Kenderdine had in the meantime taken a position in Lewistown, Idaho, "in the bank there" (does not specify what kind of a bank). The latest news is that both Jack and Reg are in Los Angeles, and that Reg is looking for a job as missionary to Japan.

Leininger is in Mohnton, Pennsylvania, engaged in his father's stocking business.

Henry Lewis has deserted theatricals and is now with the Link Belt Engineering Co. at Wayne Junction.

Christopher Morley is with "Rube" Williams at Oxford. The HAVERFORDIAN expects to publish some *Oxford Impressions* from Morley. Letters from these gentlemen prove that they are fast becoming beastly Anglo Saxon.

Walter Palmer is a draughtsman for the Walker Electric Co., Philadelphia.

J. P. Phillips is at college, occupying a teaching fellowship. After midyears he expects to enter the University of Pennsylvania.

"Buck" Ristine is with the Electric Power Co., of Norfolk, Virginia.

Rabinowitz has spread his wings but no one knows where he has descended.

EX-II.

E. A. Russell is now in the employ of the Haines, Jones and Cadbury Co., Philadelphia.

Richard Tunis is with the New York Central at Rutland, Vermont.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the tenth of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends, contributions are invited and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-sixth of the month preceeding the date of issue.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

THE ALTRUIST CLUB

HERE are the Pessimist, the Optimist and the Altruist, these three, and the greatest of these is the Altruist. The tyro may be puzzled to distinguish clearly the devotees of these various cults. Let us then state for his edification that the Pessimist is such by his concern chiefly for the ultimate passing ability of his own particular soul. The Optimist, with broader outlook, would save the whole creation, groans, travail and all. Now to the Altruist the *piece de resistance* in all this multiform banquet of the universe is the soul of his neighbor, and his characteristic is a fundamental disregard in his own case of the traditional eligibility rules for souls. No, he cares not for the race himself; he is rather the trainer, who, not running in person, yet helps others along the course, some by advice, a few by example, but most by less pleasant means, the spiritual equivalents of pounding the dummy and eating hardtack and prunes.

Permit us then to swear by the Optimist at the Pessimist with the Altruist. One of the glories of Altruism is that it covereth a multitude of sins, actually beareth all things with it under an all-embracing canopy of brotherhood. Lest, gentle reader, you should confuse Altruism with Charity, let me tell you that "vaunteth not himself" was not spoken of the Altruist. In proof I will add that I myself am an Altruist and feel that I have reached the top of my profession. Altruism is so all-embracing that the only requirement for admission is the merest exercise of the imagination. What was Nero but an official altruistically issuing passports to Paradise? Satan himself can never be accused of seeking heaven on his own account, and in that he shows himself at least almost persuaded. Yet in the narrower sense an Altruist must actually have exercised his imagination, must recognize himself as such, and finally but firmly, he must insist on his recognition by others as such. This self-consciousness then we consider a necessary qualification, and it is as self-heralding that I here treat the Altruist.

To show that antiquity's universal moss has not neglected us, let me cite Esau, whom Jacob, like a true Pessimist, spoiled of his eternal jewel, and who has ever since in true self-sacrifice borne the brunt of pes-

simistic criticism. In fact, nothing so much inspires your real Altruist as to hear some keen-witted interpreter of sacred lore expatiate on the virtues of Jacob in saving his soul, and the vices of Esau, who, in saving his belly, kept the worse gift for himself. A later example, one who we feel adorned not only the whole human race, but even her sex, is Mary of England. Bloody Mary, she is called, and we glory in the name, for it shows her self-abnegation to have been no ephemeral whim but a very submission through the ages to a name neither euphonious nor euphemistic. Her neighbor's soul was to her of such absorbing importance that in the thankless attempt to take upon herself the burden of her nation's religious rectitude with a view to final eligibility, she resorted to means that must have been most revolting to her tender nature, and that have delivered her over to the most excruciating vilifications of posterity.

Since man has never been without his club, and probably never will be, even though militant femininity may sometime reduce him to Brown-ing, and since our age is the one of miracles, the one that knows not only what, but why, and what next, it is not strange that Altruism should also have found a distinct group of worshippers, men sworn to save the world or pass to the bottomless pit in the attempt. Some of our pessimistic friends have intimated somewhat curtly that the latter alternative would suit them precisely if immediately executed upon us. Yet here we are, with no sticking for a formal introduction, worshippers at the altar of Altruism. The aforesaid altar serves on weekdays as a fireplace and is of a pronouncedly oversmoked aspect. It is even now crackling beside me. I am myself one of the charter members of our club, but I am active chiefly in chronicling the doings of our Altruistic body. I loaf about our club-room, and find excitement mainly in sipping my tea, and in laughing genially at the jokes so often perpetrated by my two fellows at my expense.

If I could but persuade you to spend an evening as a guest of the Altruist Club, I am sure that you would need no further argument to induce you to become one of us, forever inseparable. The pleasantest hours of my life, not only in realization, but also in retrospection, which is really far more important in our pleasure than is anticipation,—my happiest hours are those when I sit in my cozy rocker, gazing into the vestal flame of our hearthfire. Opposite me sits the Bohemian genius of our company, Peter Prial Jaben, Jabe for short. He is of an excitably artistic temperament, and his puffs at the corncob pipe are frequently interrupted by frantic onslaughts at the back log when it is disposed to slumber fitfully, instead of blazing as it decently should. And there

behind the mug-lined table that faces the fireplace, sits cocked against the wall, merrily discoursing on the whatsoever, our third member, Toddy the philosophizer, whose real name is George Todheimer, and who is very prone to think, but is hardly justified by the results. He once smashed a hatchet and three fingers trying to demonstrate the proper method of building a fire. There is always water boiling in the copper kettle, and as we sip our tea in staid spoonfuls, there is conversation, sometimes serious, often playful, occasionally fierce even to vituperation, but always vivacious and compelling. There are literary allusions, learned puns, intermixed with caustic treatment of local problems.

Our ceremonies are very simple. As novices, we took each his solemn turn, placing in our bosoms the sacred shillalagh which now reclines on the china closet, and swore to cherish it as closely as ever Spartan the fox, hardly rougher to tender anatomy. Thus did we consecrate ourselves to the new union. Our motto is from Shakespeare: *Knock, knock, knock i' the name of Beelzebub*, and is especially indicative of our knocking into shape the statues in the rough that frequent our shrine. Our sign is "Ye Hammer and Tongs," and we extend a cheerful welcome to any of the elect to come spend an evening helping us keep our corner of the world in a state of luminous vigor. There is always wood by the fire, tea in the caddy, and soul freely flowing, for as true Altruists, our souls are for use, not for preservation, and so here's to the Altruists!

*"Vivat membrum quodlibet;
Vivant membra quaelibet;
Semper sint in flore."*

L. A. P., '11.

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*"Vivat membrum quodlibet;
Vivant membra quaelibet;
Semper sint in flore."*

L. A. P., '11.

ART THOU COME BACK AGAIN?

An educated Hindu woman whose child has just died is sitting alone in her home, when she notices a tiny, white, almost transparent moth trying to come in out of the sunshine. She recalls the old religious belief of her race and in her grief imagines that her child's soul has returned to her.

O fairy-winged, half-ethereal life
That beats against the darkened window-pane,
Why flee the light, why seek the shadowed room
Where once was life, and now, but emptiness?
Our fathers in the olden time believed
That every fleeting spirit finds its rest
In creatures of a lower kind; and each
Portrays the life a man has lived on earth.
So, cruel men to tigers are transformed,
Thieves, murderers, the shrill hyena's young
That wake the sleeping households of the town.

Yet thou, my innocent, my lovely child
That fled away, art thou come back again
To greet me, and in such a guise to flit
In silence o'er thy former dwelling-place?
And, do thy quiv'ring wings in mute appeal
Attempt the language of another sphere
Which I, the mother, cannot understand?
Yet cease thy flutt'ring; open, the window calls.
Oh, come, my sweet, my darling, come to me!

J. M. B., JR., '13.

THAT FRATERNITY AFFAIR

IT all commenced when Jimmey (better known as "Fusser") Warren founded a chapter of the Alpha Etta fraternity and left a number of us out. Of course, we don't care, because the Asthma Sigh frat, which we organized in opposition, is really much better and more exclusive; nevertheless, they might have invited us.

From the time that the Asthma Sigh beat them at football in '07 (they beat us the next year, but they play an awfully dirty game) we have been rivals. When Mr. Warren gave up a big room in the third story of his house for the use of the Alpha Ettas, I got papa to give us the whole carriage house, which hasn't been used since we got our new Mercedes.

When we gave our first annual dance, the Alpha Ettas gave a bigger one, and a pretty penny they had to pay for very little result.

Well, this year I guess they were hard up. Indeed, Mr. Hicks, whose son, Archie, is in the Alpha Etta, told papa that he was tired of paying out good money for what he called "tom-foolery." You see, we assess our parents for these affairs, and sometimes they object.

Any way, our rivals didn't send out invitations this year, but announced that they would give a subscription dance. They tried to pretend that they had decided on this plan themselves, because it made them more self-reliant and would give them business experience; but I know they were mad, for we sent out invitations at once for the biggest dance in the history of the Asthma Sigh.

The tickets for the subscription dance were two dollars apiece, and admitted one couple. As the posters, which were placed in the station and drug store windows, informed us, they could be obtained from members, or at the Coldstream Cricket Club, where the dance was to be held.

I would never have thought of the plan which was to be used by us if I had not heard part of the conversation between mamma and Mrs. Warren. I was coming downstairs when I heard mamma say: "Of course, my dear, but you know subscription dances are likely to be so promiscuous."

"Yes," said Mrs. Warren, "but it can't be so here; for in our little suburb every one knows every one else."

And then it was that the great idea leaped from my brain already armed, just as Minerva or Pallas Athena or one of those Greek goddesses did from that of Jove.

I hurried over to Billy Kearsley's and told him my plan. He nearly cried with joy and told me that he always knew I would make a name for myself some day. That night we called a special meeting of the

Asthma Sigh fraternity, and when the solemn conclave was over, every one of us (there were twenty altogether) was pledged to donate one dollar to the cause.

When all the money was in the treasury, and it was like pulling teeth to get some of it, the first thing that was done was to go with Billy to interview old Wilkins, who is the janitor. As Mr. Kearsley is the president of the Cricket Club and got him his position, Wilkins would do most anything for Billy. So when we told him not to be surprised if some strange people applied for tickets for the Alpha Etta dance, he assured us that not only would he not be surprised, but that his memory was so poor he would very likely forget who they were. This assurance gained him a dollar, which I paid out of my pocket money.

The next thing was for me to look up Mike Tolan. Mike is the grandson of Bridget, who was papa's old nurse. I have known him ever since I was a little fellow, and he is always ready for a bit of sport. He isn't tough; that is, not very, but the gang with which he travels is surely a caution. Its leader is a large, red-headed, ugly looking chap called "Buttsey." I don't know his last name; indeed, I doubt if any one does, but he has always struck me as being an earnest, energetic fellow, and has a vocabulary to match. It was his aid that I aimed to enlist. I approached Mike carefully.

"Mike," said I, "do you know how to dance?" Mike grinned an assent.

"And does your friend Buttsey and the rest of the gang?" I paused.

"Say, Mr. Charles," he answered in a hurt manner, "Buttsey took de foist prize at de United Sons 'er Labor dance, and de rest of us spiel pretty good, tank ye."

This was encouraging, so I continued. "Do you think that the gang would like tickets to a nice, quiet little, dance out at Coldstream? They don't mind a fight," I added carelessly.

"Say!" said the irrepressible Mike, "lead me to it."

I did. I entrusted him with the means with which to purchase ten tickets, and accompanied him when he bought them. One can never be too particular about these little matters, and while I do not question Mike's honesty, still I have always found it wiser to be on the safe side.

We heard from Buttsey the next day. He was not only willing, but anxious to appear in suburban society, the more so, I believe, as he scented trouble from afar.

A number of us usually go stag, but for this dance we nearly all secured partners. We felt that we owed it to ourselves. We arrived at the Cricket Club on time; we felt it would be a shame to miss anything.

The rooms were very prettily decorated in pink and white, and heaps of carnations were clustered in the corners. "Fusser" Warren assured me that the dance would be a great success. He said that a phenomenal sale of tickets had enabled the Ettas to do themselves justice. I told him he had the congratulations of the Asthma Sighs.

The dancing commenced at 8.30 to the inspiring strain of the "Merry Widow" waltz. Really that tune is hackneyed. We haven't used it since the season that it first came out; but, then, there is no accounting for some tastes.

The first dance was delightful and was flavored for twenty anxious Sighs by a sense of anticipation and expectation. The denouement came during the first intermission, and came, as old Professor Herrick says, "like all great calamities, suddenly."

The calamity took the form of Buttsey, who, with his partner, preceded the rest of his contingent by some minutes. I guess they were admiring the hall downstairs. To say that this couple created marked surprise would be putting the facts in too mild a form. If, like Vulcan, they had been flung by mighty Jove,

Sheer o'er the crystal battlement of dawn

* * * *

Shot from the heavens like a falling star,
there would have been no more confusion. They looked positively weird.

Buttsey wore a tasty suit of inch brown and light yellow checks, and carried a light gray bowler gracefully under one arm. His shoes were of striking tan, his socks orange, and his tie a peculiarly startling shade of electric blue. His partner was a perfect match. She had evidently taken seriously Sir William Gilbert's advice to

Let red be worn with yellow—blue with green—

Crimson with scarlet—violet with blue.

Her hair was reared in one of those Tower of Babel pompadours, combined with a generous Psyche, and her jaws seemed to work with a tirelessly rhythmical motion which I later observed was attributable to gum. That mouth fascinated me all the evening.

As soon as the company recovered from the shock, Mrs. Hicks, who was one of the patronesses, gasped out, "Oh, heavens!"

At this moment was heard a tramping on the stairs and in trooped the rest of the unexpected guests. They came up to sample. Mrs. Warren turned purple and whispered in one of those loud, sibilant stage whispers, "Good Lord, what is the meaning of this? James, you must do something."

"Yes, do something—anything," moaned Mrs. Carter.

Thus urged, Fusser approached Buttsey and commenced: "Ahem! Er! Oh, I say; you know this isn't a costume dance!"

Buttsey thrust forward his jaw, and I distinctly heard him reply in the following historic words:

"Say, watcher givin' us?"

"But there is some mistake; this is a private dance. We don't know you. You must go away." Fusser was getting peeved.

Buttsey's friend stopped her facial contortions long enough to say "Soak him," and then resumed. Buttsey was annoyed. "A private dance, yer say? Didn't I pay me two dollars for me tickets? Is de little loidy to get de go by? Not! Say, go chase yerself. Ain't we good enough for yez?"

Fusser assured him there was no personal objection.

Up to this time Archie Hicks had been looking with a fascinated gaze at a young gentleman who was modestly arrayed in a green and blue-striped suit. This worthy evidently took offense, for he crossed to where Archie was and inquired, "Watcher lookin' at?"

Archibald blushed and made no answer. He of the blue and green offered to punch in Archie's face for the very reasonable sum of two cents. His generous offer was refused and Archie faded away into the middle distance. The gang congregated at one end of the hall and began a running comment of criticism on our personal appearance. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that we were "dudes" and that they'd like to smash us.

Now, I felt, was the time for the Asthma Sighs to set the example by a graceful and honorable retreat. Towards that end I went up to Warren and told him in my most sarcastic manner that we did not quite relish this addition to our company, and we must be excused if we left our hosts to devote their whole attention to the entertainment of their friends.

The girls who had accompanied the Alphas began to ask to be taken home. Alas for the Alpha Etta; it was to us that they looked for protection. The patronesses were annoyed also. Mrs. Hicks said that this was the result of letting your son join a fraternity which associated with the lowest rabble. For her part Archie should resign at once.

Mrs. Warren came back by saying that if that was meant for her James, she could say that if Archibald never went with a worse set than the Alpha Ettas he would be lucky, and that James Warren was never heard to swear until he met Archibald Hicks.

Wilkins was now sent for. He said, however, that he would not take action as the aggregation was strictly within its rights; moreover, he added, that any damage done the premises must be paid for by the Alphas.

Fusser at this gathered his courage and approached Buttsey. "See here," he said, "you'll have to get out."

There was only one blow struck. Fusser picked himself up and limped away, holding his silk handkerchief to his nose. I fear Fusser is a quitter.

There was a general exodus. Only the Floor Committee of the Alpha Etta third annual dance remained. They had to, to protect the property of the Coldstream Cricket Club.

Like all great spirits, Buttsey forgave quickly, and, as we were filing downstairs we heard him turn to the leader of the orchestra and address him in the following words: "Say, professor, hit 'r up."

The professor hit her. He hit her all the evening and well into the morning. The gang enjoyed itself thoroughly. When the pleasure of the dance would pall they would refresh themselves with cakes, chicken patties, sandwiches, lemonade punch, etc. I am given to understand that the ice cream was appreciated also. It was a case of "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined, no rest till morn when youth and beauty meet." At any rate, I can vouch for the youth.

Taken in all, I think that they enjoyed the dance more than we would have. As they were not hampered with so many conventionalities they could be more free to enjoy their hosts' bountiful entertainment. For instance, would we have appropriated those bunches of carnations that decked the walls? And yet, why not? They served their purpose and would have been thrown out the next day. Convention, however, has decided it to be bad form.

Well, it all resulted in the dissolution of the Alpha Etta within a week. Not only that, but many families that had outwardly been at peace now severed diplomatic relations. Mrs. Warren no longer attended Mrs. Hicks' "At Homes," and the latter lady threatened in no weak fashion to move from Coldstream for good, so as to save her son from the degenerating influence of rowdies.

I rather imagine that some of the fellows suspect us of being the cause of their humiliation. Jimmey Warren never speaks to me, and I have heard that he says some very harsh things.

A few Alphas have come up for membership in the Asthma Sigh. Billy Kearsley proposed them just for the sake of seeing them blackballed.

L. B. L., '14.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

Slow dying embers of the passing year,
Renew for me your solitary flame
A moment more, until I backward gaze
At things once here, now past forever more!
There in the darkness fearful shapes arise
That mock me and deride—yet they are gone!
And now the flick'ring embers are aflame—
Soft music plays and with its mellow notes
I hear the gentle lapping of the stream
That flows from myriad fountains in the grove;
And faces loved I see, in long array,
And some are smiling, others turn aside.
The darkness deepens; come, ere I see more,
The old year passes and the night is on!

And thou, great Spirit, holy, wonderful,
Eternal when the hoariest hills were young,
Unseen, yet quick'ning every flow'r to life,
Whose mighty heart in Ocean's bosom throbs
And feels its power in a welling sea—
We would not ask to draw the veil aside
That hides the coming crises of a day
In dark oblivion, yet this boon we ask—
New friends to love, old friends to hold more dear,
New hopes to cherish, and with hearts made strong
With oft assailed yet stout-pillared trust,
By faith to do in each succeeding hour
What comes to hand—and leave the rest with Thee!

J. M. B., JR., '13.

AN AERIAL ELOPEMENT

OLD Colonel Robinson had many a story of his youth for his friends when they came to see him, but the one that they like best to hear, and that he likes best to tell, is how he helped Carson get married. Draw up your chair close to his and listen to the old man who talks of the past, and now and again gesticulates with his little gold-headed cane.

One afternoon in the latter part of May, 1935, I was seated in my library near Lake George fascinated with a medieval romance, when I heard the bell ring. In a moment the door opened and my friend, Bob Carson, strolled in with his hair disheveled and a rather wild look in his eye.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" I said. "You look as if you had lost your best friend or else gone crazy."

"Worse than that," he replied, dejectedly, "I'm engaged."

"I don't see anything so very terrible in that, you lucky dog; Mary's a fine girl, and I congratulate you."

"Mary! It isn't Mary; that is just the trouble. It's another girl, and more than that, her father won't agree to have me."

I leaned back and laughed until the tears came. Bob was a great boy! His sister once told me that he had been engaged to three girls at the same time, and that she had to write letters of explanation to every one of them. One threatened a breach of promise case, but when she reflected upon Bob's youth, she decided to let him go. Another was a college widow who, as she had had scores of similar experiences with elder sisters, wrote that she understood the matter exactly. But when Bob began to take Mary Betterton to church every Sunday evening and to call two or three times a week, the whole village thought that Bob was about to settle down. Mary was a couple of years older than he was, but age made no difference to Bob. And now he was engaged to another girl! Poor Mary! Poor Bob! Poor other girl!

While I was laughing at these memories Bob was sitting as glum as a sphinx.

"It's mighty good fun for you, but I can't see the joke," he said.

"Who is *she* this time?" I inquired.

"Elizabeth Winters."

Well, Elizabeth was just the girl for Bob, and I told him so. She was pretty, had not enough knowledge to make her a bore, or little enough to make her a fool—on the whole, a sensible girl who would make Bob

keep his accounts straight as well as make him go to all the winter social affairs in town. But her father! Stephen Winters was one of the richest, most cantankerous old politicians in all New York State. If he did not want Bob for a son-in-law, he would not have him, that was all.

"Can't you see, old man," said Bob, "I'm in the deuce of a fix. Here is Mary thinking that I am going to marry her—I really do love her—and then I go and let myself fall in love with Elizabeth, whose father will probably kick me out of his house the next time I go there."

"So you have come to me to get you out of your trouble?"

"If you want to put it that way, I guess I have."

We sat in silence for awhile, then I said slowly:

"By the way, Bob, have you ever read the Legend of Braxton? I was reading it when you came in, and it about fits your case. It tells of a knight whose lady-love had a stubborn father; the lover, unsuccessful by peaceful means, captured her castle and carried her off to the North, where they lived happily ever after."

"What do you want me to do, go down to old Winters', break the windows and carry Elizabeth up to Alaska?" Bob did not care for old legends at this time.

"Why not? I am not joking, and I'll tell you what we will do. If you can get Elizabeth to go with you to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock, I will carry you both over to New York in the *Sea Gull*. We will be in time for the 9 o'clock ship for London that night. I will arrange with the minister, and interview Mary in the bargain."

At first Bob thought I was crazy, then he thought it *might* be done, and finally, after a great deal of hemming and hawing, decided that it should be done, and vowed to be my friend forever.

The next day was a busy one for me. First I went to see Mary, and was agreeably surprised to find out that she had never thought of marrying Bob; he seemed "so very young." After I left Mary's I telegraphed, by the old method, as a mere precaution against discovery, to the office of the London Air Line for a stateroom on the 9 o'clock ship. I also sent word to my ministerial friend, Dr. Gillisland, of Hawsford, to be ready to accompany us when we stopped for him at 8.30 o'clock. At 3 o'clock I received a message from Bob, saying that he and Elizabeth would be over at 6.45, and that I should be ready in case they had to run for it.

At half past six I went out to the shed where the men were preparing the *Sea Gull* for flight. Her long gray body glistened in the setting sun, and her wings were flapping lazily in the breeze.

"Everything right, Jones?"

"Everything fine as silk, sir; the engine's running smooth as you'd like."

"Be ready to start as soon as Mr. Carson comes, and go direct to Hawsford. No stops."

"Very well, sir."

At 6.45 precisely, Bob and Elizabeth appeared. They were unquestionably excited and were casting furtive glances behind them. They stepped aboard. "All well?" I inquired.

"Yes, papa is at the club."

I touched the starting bell. In a moment we were off, rising slowly, and almost imperceptibly getting up speed. We were high up in the air, gliding above the mountains, growing gloomy in the twilight. Now and then, as it grew darker, we saw lights glimmer far below, mere fireflies that seemed to flit about among the trees. The *Sea Gull* was finding her speed; the meter registered seventy-five miles an hour. The door opened. My wireless operator came out with a message.

"I just intercepted this," he said, handing me a piece of paper.

"New York Police Headquarters:

"Arrest young man and my daughter, who leave New York to-night on one of the Air Lines.

"(Signed) STEPHEN WINTERS."

Bob swore under his breath. "He has every cop in New York under his thumb and they will do all they can for him." Suddenly he laughed.

"Send this to the Naples Line," he said.

"Save stateroom on ship leaving at 10 to-night for Naples.

"(Signed) ROBERT CARSON."

"That will put them off the scent, dear," he whispered to the now weeping Elizabeth.

Then to me, "Where are we to meet the minister?"

"He lives at Hawsford, and he will perform the ceremony as soon as we get there. If all goes well, we shall be at his door at about 8.30. We are getting up to the hundred-an-hour mark now."

We were indeed going at a tremendous pace that seemed to check desire for conversation. The wind was terrific, yet we were going so fast that it was a steady gale rather than a series of violent gusts. We were following the course of the Hudson. Here was the massive Break-neck, and on the opposite shore the Storm King, watching over the misty river that lay peacefully cradled between them. We went so quickly that

through the mist we could see no reflection in the vast mirror below. Now we flashed over a slow freighter from up the river, now past another airship that flew by with a whirl of wings. To our dazzled eyes the moon and stars seemed run together in golden streams that flowed away until they lost themselves among the pine trees. We went higher to get out of adverse currents. There was another sea below us, a sea of cloud, opalescent, billowing. Like an arrow we darted through—here was the Hudson again. My operator came out.

"Another message, sir."

"Albany-New York Transfer Company:

"Have special ship for me at 8.45 for New York.

"(Signed) STEPHEN WINTERS."

"Too late," said Bob. "We'll be out at sea fifteen or twenty minutes after he leaves Albany. I guess he will have to give in. Here is Haverford."

The *Sea Gull* was descending. She touched the ground in front of a white parsonage, from the door of which came the Rev. Arthur Gilliland, D.D. As soon as he stepped on deck he announced that he was ready.

"When do you want to begin?" he inquired.

"Right away; we haven't much time."

So Bob and Elizabeth stood up before the minister and made their responses without a falter; the captain and I stood in the background as witnesses. So they were married, and almost before the ceremony was performed we swung up to the Air Line station. The *Gray Eagle* was to leave for London in ten minutes. But before they went on board we wrote a note to a certain old gentleman, who, they say, came rushing to the station at half past ten, and, inquiring loudly for his daughter, learned that she and her husband were already two hundred miles out over the sea.

J. M. B., JR., '13.

THE ILLUSION OF THE MOTH

PLEASE, girl," wrote Sidney Holt from Paris, "please don't send me such awful pictures—and this last one absolutely the worst. I can think of nothing but an old demented woman, or a gargoyle. I say to myself, 'the kodak *lies*, and even if it didn't, a kodak can't see what I do.' But this picture tantalizes me; I send you back the pieces, for I tore it up at once. It makes me sick. Dearest, I've got beyond the need of your experimenting in this morbid kind of exaggeration. I've seen the worst, and this is even beyond that, so I don't believe it.

"You know you don't look that way, and your letter reassured me, I will carry it in my pocket to-night to *L'Annonciateur des Lunes*, and touch it when things make me blue. Please, please do not do that again, and good-night, you dear, wild, devilish, mischief."

And the girl wrote back: "It wasn't mischief, or not much. Of course, I'm a little better looking, else I should not have sent it. But, boy dear, can't you see? Are you teaching your keen wits more beauty there in Paris, without ever realizing that you *make* me fill a vast vision of your æsthetic imagination? And even if the kodak does lie, so do your eyes. I would be much happier if your love were something more of the earth than of your mind—something between the kodak's awful realism and your idealism, you silly young artist. That's why I send the worst. Cling to my picture of eighteen, if you want to, for your soul, but that's all. The Selma Heath of that pretty picture is buried under six years—except the wistful, melancholy side of her. There is not enough left of what you love to make her even pathetic. Choose to let your imagination feed your fancy, but *work* for yourself—not for S. H."

Sidney wrote: "I am taking your wee concession and dragging oceans of life out of it. To tell myself the truth, I am not reefing my imagination at all. Think of New York in the fall—only a few months now—and you at the dock. Selma!

"I'm chafing at the Ecole, aching to get out and away to do the things I've learned in these three years—to try them, at least, even if it does land me at 'Whipsurf' with nothing to exercise my apathetic art on—except, perhaps, *you*. And if you get tired of that I'll try something else—gardening, planting a potato here and there—for artists must eat, and the potatoes will be there if I lose my money. *Il nous faut cultiver notre jardin*. I'm trying.

And when Selma would get these letters she would look at herself in the mirror. Evening and soft lights reassured her. For it was harder then to see the color gone, and the wan, wasted look that the garish day-

light and the kodak insisted upon. So she was never sure. Sometimes she would look into the cold honest eyes of her own heart and think to herself, "There is no use. I'm not eighteen any more."

"No, no, Sidney," she would write, "I'm not the same. Fever and these years of dismal teaching—they've rubbed me threadbare, and oh, I'm sick because it's over. You were a bright spot, and so I loved you, yet always knowing that something had to end it—the steamer dock, I guess. Be honest, then, and we'll be both happier afterwards. And the disappointment of it all will be education for your soul. Be honest, and until then I love you. But that's all."

He was looking, not excitedly, but looking hard. Sidney Holt observed with cool critical eyes, as if he were looking at pictures. Seeing Selma in the crowd was an emotion he had dreamed about luxuriously every day on shipboard. And now that the time was come, it almost seemed to him that the thing could not possibly dream itself true. It had been illusion, illusion good enough to be worth while in itself, but never to come true.

And so he only said "Hello, Selma," coldly, and they touched hands. Then they walked out of the roar of taxicabs and found a quiet hansom. Neither said a word. Selma looked ahead. Finally she asked, "Did you have a good voyage?" and he said, "Yes," and was silent. The cabby yelled, "Where to, sir?" and he answered, "The Manhattan —."

"No," interrupted Selma, "Grammercy Park, 18 West."

And there was no discussion.

It was a relief to be whirled from the rush of the streets. The conventional, old-fashioned plush parlor of the Teachers' Club was quiet, and the early autumn dusk in the high walled street crept through the curtains and shaded the room in soft gray, almost personal peacefulness. A maid brought tea and disappeared. And these two people who had written enough love letters to reach across the Atlantic had no words for each other—nothing but "Tea?" "Thanks." "There's sugar," and blank, pondering pauses even between such sparse light table talk.

Finally Sidney Holt usurped the arm of her chair and looked hard into her face. And she smiled and said, "Remember, be honest," in a peculiar tone, but she turned her head away a minute, and looked out of the window.

"Look at me Selma," he pleaded.

And she looked once at him, a hopeless, endless, immeasurable look, in which she said to herself—the desire of the moth for the star, of the night for the morrow—she closed her eyes, and her soul burst within her—hopeless. And Sidney Holt saw some of it in her face.

"Don't, Selma," he begged, and he raised the sad face in his hands. "Kiss me."

But she held him away. "Not now—no—I can't—no—no—please don't."

Sidney had not realized everything that she had said in her letters. He wondered now, but he did not ask. He was waiting. Deliberately she arose, pressed the button for the lights and the soft gray dusk was gone. Now she faced him under the white glare of lights. Then she demanded in her turn:

"Look at me, Sidney, and be honest. Am I not changed? Don't you want it all to end? Are you so kind because—because you are sorry for me? Or because you do not yet realize the difference of three years?" And sorrowfully she added: "When the romance is all gone there is more awful irony in a kiss than in utter disillusionment."

"Selma, nothing matters."

"Confess I've changed."

"No."

"Then your eyes reason less than a kodak's."

"But they see things for *me* only, and I can't use other eyes. I do not want to."

"Your eyes will change."

"My mind's eye has learned dotage from my pupils; they will change in your favor if that were possible."

"If I could only be sure, Sidney. The wise people in the wise books say I'm mad. Any woman is mad when she admits that she can offer nothing more to love. You have come to the end of your voyage, and to-day you must start on a new one. You must not spoil it all by dragging your baggage after you."

"Selma, why do you not talk of yourself?"

"Because I am not worth discussion. For me, perhaps, it was enough to be loved, even though I always knew there was an end. I can get over it, and be proud, if of nothing else, to have been a part in the progress. If you do one great piece of work it will have been worth while; worth smothering a much better life to have helped make your soul great enough for it. But I am not the woman who will make it greater now. So this is the end," and she held out her hand—"Good-bye."

He stared at her, confused. Her eyes were commands, and her voice authority. They sent him from the room, mute, with "one great piece of work" ringing insistently in his ears. At the door she kissed him, but he stumbled into the street without half realizing it.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

LOOSE LEAVES

It is the plan of the Editor to make Loose Leaves permanent. The contribution of your best short themes is earnestly solicited. The purpose of this department is to give space to those who are not contributors of longer articles.

THE SPIRIT OF TOIL

A PLOUGHING scene hangs on the wall of my room. There are two teams each composed of three pairs of oxen, and each drawing a rude plough. Each team has two men in charge. One man laboriously holds the plough in the furrow. He is dressed in an every-day costume, but with a certain artistic carelessness which marks him as a laborer, and not merely as a lay figure posing for the picture. The other man is prodding the oxen with a long pole and seems to be shouting some word of direction to them. He too is really at work. But the main feature of the picture is the team itself. There are six huge, lumbering oxen, tugging at the chain attached to the plough. They are great, muscular brutes and as they come struggling up the rise, their heads low and legs and backs straining, they present a picture of animated strength. From the mouth of the leader drips the white foam of incessant labor, and the heaving flanks tell the story of the morning's work. They have ploughed only a narrow strip as yet, because the edge of the new soil can be seen in the picture. Behind them rises a low wood-crowned hill, its top thrown into relief by the fleecy clouds behind it. But ever the eye is drawn to the struggling brutes in the center of the picture. They will pass on in a moment beyond the range of the picture, but the momentary glimpse brings out the lowered heads, the straining muscles and the spirit of motion. They are not fantastic cattle lolling in fairy-like groves or in shady pools. They represent the incarnation of labor, and all in a moment, for almost as you watch you can see those shoulders brace and strain, and the mighty legs carry the plough on around the field.

J. S. B., '11.


A DAILY THEME

VAN was one of my young friends, but we had our first flare-up over some stock that he insisted on losing his money in. When that was over he came to me, and asked me to forgive him. And when I said "nothing to forgive," he presented me with another scheme which I again frowned upon with friendly negation. Marry Clarice? A fool and his affinity are soon got together. But no. Clarice was in a terrible way at home, her mother was a witch and the poor girl a nervous cadaver. It must be done, job or no job, would I help? So I and the bridesmaid hung lace curtains in an uptown flat an hour before the wedding.

Clarice and Van are married now, and Clarice hates to wash dishes. Van is an "adjuster" in a china shop, that is, he tries to keep people in a sweet temper over china that's been broken in transit. His business is being sweet, so that when he comes home, ugliness is his only possible avocation. But they have been pretty happy thus far, only yesterday—Van almost lost his job. I could tell you a lot more about these people, but this is a daily theme.

1911.

EDITORIAL

 THE advantages of the small college we are accustomed to emphasize at Haverford. We hear how one comes to know every man in college, how the worthy though unprepossessing undergraduate is sure to come into his own; how every one has an opportunity to gain experience in his own line since there is no superfluity of candidates.

In a university but few know many well, and some have practically no friends. There are so many candidates for each job that the majority get no opportunity for any work of distinction.

Yet where is the advantage in knowing all his fellow-students well for a man who has no interests in common with them; who is not gifted with the precise qualities of the average man, yet demands kindred company, and will risk finding none at all in a large university in preference to finding uncongenial company forced upon him in a small college?

It is particularly difficult for the average member of a small, compact group to be a citizen of the world in the same sense that one of a large body is, with its numerous wide-reaching lines of interest. The professor is better able to influence the student in a small body, but how is it to the student's advantage to have his whole mind limited to one point of view? For it is this limitation, this provincial blindness, that is the condemnation of the small college.

Life on the intimate terms obtaining where men eat, sleep, and work constantly in the same relations to each other for year after year has certain unassailable charms. Robinson Crusoe experienced hardly more difficulty than Dr. Johnson in borrowing a dress suit from his neighbor across the way. But under the beneficent sway of the communal system it is quite possible to enhance greatly the charms of an entertainment in one's sitting room by the wholesale importation of sofa pillows, tea pots, chairs, and whatnots; and who would be so churlish as to begrudge a few laboriously acquired chunks of fuel, or a cupful of surreptitiously purloined sugar? Yet some there are who have been known to publish from the housetops their wrongs in supplying whole dormitories with matches, and in having precious heirlooms, decrepit with age, smashed into the best of kindling by men gayly careless.

But we are not writing a eulogy upon socialism. We are telling us that while there is much gain in close unselfish fellowship, *there is great loss in the jealousy that demands of a classmate that he abjure either his own class or all others.* Some of the uses and abuses of hazing are its

uniting and isolating the members of the Freshman class. Our numbers are small enough so that class divisions should not separate any man from congenial company. Our boast that we have no fraternities is vitiated, if we are cursed with artificial groups much more closely caste-bound.

It is this artificial grouping which loses sight of the good of the whole college that causes some of the lethargy which the Alumni think they notice when they talk of the "good old days." Petty differences and jealousy between classes, even too much rivalry—all things which go to exaggerate the importance of class spirit—are responsible for the lack of unified spirit which makes old grads wonder.

We have, of course, no spellbinding event in the year's history—like the Swarthmore game, for instance—which gets every drop of Haverford blood a tingle. So we must work all the harder, gentlemen of Haverford, in concentrating all our few numbers into white hot, seething spirit, overlooking any prejudice which will cool the heat. Let us receive the Alumni when they come back with open arms, and show them that *these* are the good old days.

EXCHANGES

It has not been so long ago that the Exchange editor was presented with a neatly framed motto, bearing the inscription: "*Don't swear. It sounds like hell.*" Now, we rather objected to that. Not to the appropriateness of the presentation, we hasten to say, but to the sentiment. Since that time it has been our intention to pen a defense of the art of swearing, but we have been genially forestalled by reading an entertaining essay on the subject in the current *Williams' Magazine*. Its author is a hearty spirit who has a holy enthusiasm for his subject. He tells us how and when to swear, and what deductions to make from the effect of the swearing on the casual listener. The last, by the way, is an invaluable bit of information. It takes practice, to be sure, to attain even a commendable agility, but in the end one finds that one has become a master of a fine art.

In the same category with the printer's devil, the Exchange editor is not expected to be a poet. He is supposed to prefer Bacchanalian mead to the more intoxicating waters drawn from the Pierian spring. He does well, sometimes, if he is able to scan a line of heroic couplet.

But, as with ordinary mortals, there comes a moment to the Exchange editor when he, too, must needs burst into lyric praise of charming femininity. These remarks are not intended as a preface to one of our own sonnets, far from it. We merely wish to introduce a poem, which, though it is contained in another department of the *Virginia Magazine*, yet is ascribed to their Exchange editor. Love is its title—"Summer Love."

"A man, a maid,
A day in June;
A quiet glade
The afternoon,
A gentle breeze,
A murmuring stream,
Majestic trees
'Neath which to dream;
A covert glance,
A wistful sigh,
And then, by chance,
Eye meeting eye;
A long embrace,
A tender kiss;
Two lovers trace
A dream of bliss—
December's here,
But where is this?"

Ay, indeed, where is this, we ask? You see, my friends, that an Exchange editor may have a soul as well as an editor-in-chief.

In the same magazine some one has written an appreciation of Mr. Forbes-Robinson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." As we had seen the play we hastened to read the article to find out if the author had seen it, too. Evidently he had, and had enjoyed it very much. We were very glad to discover that his remarks were tinged with his own individuality, and did not at all sound as if they were a rehash of a half-dozen dramatic criticisms.

It is hard to get away from talking about this excellent number of the *Virginia*. We read their editorial on "Idling," and, since we are ourselves an exceedingly idle individual, we enjoyed it with leisurely delight. Heaven help the man who comes to college just to grind! He may study his brains to a jelly and at the end find that his life has no

more significance than if he were a cock-roach. And, as our friend suggests, there are few better guides along the path of respectable idling than Robert Louis Stevenson.

The current number of the *Randolph Macon* has broken out into ghost stories. The ghost story seems to be a necessary article of the college magazine furniture, and we suppose that it is a good plan to get rid of a batch of them at once. It would be rather appalling to read so many of them at one time on a dark night; one would have sensations somewhat akin to those which follow a supersufficiency of mince pie.

As perhaps we have intimated before, we have a pardonable regard for fishing stories. The article entitled "Endicott and I Go Fishing" was the most pleasant thing to be found in this month's *Mount Holyoke*. It is a good example of the quiet sort of humor which is more effective sometimes than the boisterous sort, and often harder to write.

Considering the holiday season, it was rather fortunate that there were no dreary essays which the Exchange editor felt necessary to read. To tell the truth, he fought rather shy of essays, but there is one called "The Life Literary" in the *Amherst Monthly* which he remembers reading with pleasure.

It is usual to devote the end of our discussion to College verse. A rampant sense of self-preservation prevents us from inserting any of our own efforts in that line, much to the satisfaction of the general. For some reason or other we didn't receive the "Smith," but the "*Sweet Briar Magazine*" supplied the deficit with three good poems. We print the shortest of these:

INDIAN SUMMER

Soft days of mist,
When land and sky and listless air
Are bathed in purple haze;
When earth seems lulled in one forgetting dream,
And nights blend softly with the drowsy days.

Brief days of peace,
When silence soft steals o'er the land,
And earth breathes deep relief
In dim and veiled Nirvana passionless,
Forgetting all her past and future grief.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The Alumni are urged to send all notes which may be of interest to the College and its friends. Notes should be mailed to "Alumni Editor, The Haverfordian, Haverford, Pa.," before the twenty-fifth of each month.

'96

Mr. and Mrs. John Sharpless Garrigues announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Ashmead, to John Ashby Lester, '96.

The class of '96 held its annual reunion and dinner at the University Club, Friday evening, December 30, 1910. The following men were present: Babb, Brecht, Haines, Hartley, Hinchman, Hunsicker, Maier, Scattergood, Sharpless and Wood.

'97

The annual meeting and dinner of the Class of '97 was recently held at The Anchorage, the up-river house of the Philadelphia Barge Club, and the good attendance showed that the members still maintain an active interest in the affairs of their class and college. At the election for officers the Rev. Elliott Field was chosen president and Charles H. Howson, vice-president for the ensuing year.

'99

On November 19, 1910, the class of '99 had a reunion at the Merion Cricket Club, where dinner was served and an enjoyable evening spent. There were seven members present—Evans, Maule, Redfield, Lowry, Battey, Morris, and DeCou. During the evening information as to the present occupation of the various members was brought out as follows:

Frank K. Walter has held the position of Assistant Librarian of the State of New York, and Vice-Director of the Library School at Albany, N. Y., since 1906.

Royal J. Davis has recently accepted a position as an assistant editor of the New York *Evening Post*.

Herbert Petty is a salesmanager and director of the Crocker-Wheeler Company at Ampere, N. J.

J. Howard Redfield is now acting as instructor in French at Swarthmore College, Pa.

Howard H. Lowry is with Wm. P. Bonbright & Co., in the bond department of their Philadelphia office.

Joseph P. Morris is assistant minister at Chapel Prince of Peace, Twenty-second and Morris streets, Philadelphia.

A. C. Maule has been appointed secretary of the Southwark Foundry and Machine Company, Philadelphia.

Kenneth Hay is traveling for the Longman, Martinez Paint Company.

Gilbert Fisher, Jr., is in the trust department of the Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia.

Arthur Haines holds a responsible position in the uptown office of the Philadelphia Trust, Safe Deposit and Insurance Company.

Archer Mifflin has been operating a fruit ranch since about the first of 1910.

A. C. Wild, since his marriage, has been attorney for the Chicago City Railway Company, of Chicago, Ill.

'01

W. K. Kirkbride, Victoria, B. C., is president of the Pacific Coast Construction Company, Ltd., of that city, manufacturers of patent ferro-concrete piles and also general contractors. He is also president of the Sombris Mining Company, and president of the Summit Creek Hydraulic Mining Company, Ltd., of Cariboo, B. C.

The members of the Class of 1901 were the guests of Walter Mellor at his home, No. 152 W. Walnut Lane, Germantown, on January the fourth. After partaking of a most delightful dinner we spent together a very pleasant evening of reminiscence. Those present were Ellis Y. Brown, Jr., John W. Cadbury, Jr., Wm. E. Cadbury, A. Lovett Dewees, A. E. Freeman, Geo. B. Mellor, Jr., Walter Mellor, Edward C. Rossmässler, E. Marshall Scull, Alex. C. Tomlinson, George J. Walenta, J. Herbert Webster, and Arthur R. Yearsley.

'02

The class of 1902 held a dinner on Friday, December 23, 1910, at the college. Dr. A. G. H. Spiers was elected president. The following men were present: Balderston, Cary, Cookman, Dennis, Evans, Gummere, Jones, Kirk, Longstreth, Nicholson, Pusey, Scott, Seiler, Spiers, Stork, Thomas, Trout, Wistar, and Wood.

William V. Dennis is teaching at Friends' Select School in Moorestown, N. J.

Joseph B. Haviland, of New York City, has been busy as assistant supervisor of the United States Census for 1910, and special Deputy Attorney-General for prosecuting fraudulent voting.

K. E. Hendricks is back at Lehigh for another year as instructor in civil engineering.

W. W. Pusey has become associated with the Delaware Trust Company in Wilmington as title and real estate officer.

A. D. Schrag has just returned from a trip through Italy, Austria and Germany. He expects to continue his work at the University of Nebraska.

C. Wharton Stork's second volume of verse, "The Queen of Orphele," is now in press and will be published shortly by Elkin Matthews, London.

Edgar H. Boles, '02, has been appointed Assistant Solicitor for the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, with offices at 143 Liberty street, New York.

'04

The engagement of Dr. H. H. Morris, '04, to Miss Frances Jordan, of Clifton Forge, Va., was recently announced. The wedding will take place January 26, immediately after which the couple will leave for Shanghai, China, where Dr. Morris will take up the position of resident physician in St. Luke's Hospital at that place.

'06

The Class of '06 held its first five-years' reunion on Friday, December 23, 1910, with a dinner at the Old Buck Inn, Haverford. Twenty-two men were present: Bainbridge, Brown, Carson, Carey, Crowell, Dickson, Doughton, Ewing, Hopper, Kennard, Lowry, Miller, Monroe, Morris, Mott, Pleasants, Richards, Scott, Shortlidge, Smiley, Stratton, Taylor.

'07

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Craig, of Rosemont, announce the engagement of their daughter, Frances, to Alec Warner, '07.

'08

Mrs. Charles Philbrick Hornbrooke, of Wheeling, W. Va., announce the engagement of her daughter, Dorothy Louise, to Fisher C. Baily, of Ardmore, Pa.

'09.

The annual reunion of the class of 1909 was held on the evening of Friday, December 23, in Lloyd Hall. Though the attendance was small, the occasion was very greatly enjoyed by those present. In the course of the evening all the old songs were sung, there being a quadruple quartette on hand. The following were there: Brey, Crowell, Deacon, Hamilton, Killen, Kitchen, Lewis, Lutz, Miller, Moore, Myers, Pennypacker, Sandt, Sharpless, Spiers and Stokes.

'10

At Oxford C. D. Morley rowed No. 3 in the winning crew of the New College Junior fours.

The following extract from a letter from Morley may be of interest to Alumni, particularly to those by whose generosity and efforts the cricket trip to England last summer was made possible.

"I am continually impressed by the way in which the cricket tours have made Haverford known in England. If an Englishman only knows of two American colleges they are almost invariably *Harvard* (which they pronounce *Harford*) and *Haverford*. I was at a gathering the other night of Englishmen from the public schools, and various healths were being drunk. A man from Eton proposed a toast to "Haverford," and the whole roomful rose and drank to Haverford's health. I should like every Haverfordian to know this. The impression left behind by the teams is unanimously good. I hope future elevens will only add to it. Cricket is not only a good game, it is one of Haverford's great assets."

Ex—'10

William Chase Greene, son of Dr. Eveleth Greene, professor of English at Johns Hopkins University, has won the Rhodes scholarship of Massachusetts.

At Cambridge, in the inter-collegiate track meet between Kings and Corpus Christi Colleges, P. J. Baker won the mile, in rain, by 250 yards in 4.43. He also won the half-mile in 2.07.

Ex—'11

The Rev. and Mrs. George Martin Christian announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret Douglas, to William Henry Gardiner, on Saturday, December 31, 1910.

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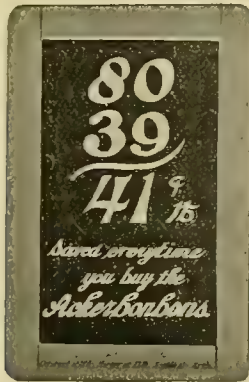
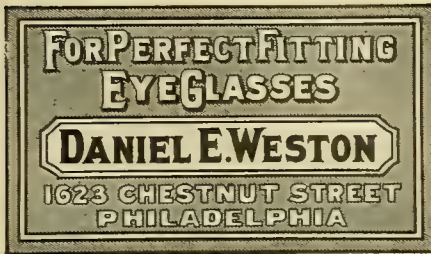
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JEPSON'S JEOPARDY

HE Derbyshire sun had set hours ago. The good folk were in bed and asleep. The evening mist was already thick, and bushes on the roadside were invisible, while in the village itself the houses loomed like dark and gloomy cliffs from whose recesses the vigilant police might easily leap forth to catch the unwary poacher. It was, all things considered, however, a perfect poaching night.

Sam Slack and Joe Jepson, with their silent dogs, crept barefoot down Breakneck Path until they reached the meadows behind the schoolhouse. Here they set down their bags and nets, and put on shoes. With greater speed and comfort they made for the Black Rocks, behind which lay the rabbit warren they were planning to rob that night.

They felt secure only when the village was well behind them. Half-afraid of being caught even there, they started to talk in whispers, just like two small boys in a pantry who fear at any moment to feel the stinging birch. With a Middleton lad it is only a step from the jam-pot to the poaching bag, and Jepson and Slack had made their step long ago.

"Palmer's bloomin' well fooled th' night, I reckon," said the laconic Sam.

"Un's a clocker! Na more fit for th' town police nor my old mare as 'as th' spavin. 'E mun think we 'ms as big fools as 'e is to go on th' moor three nights runnin'. But gi 'un 'arf a 'itch an' 'e'll 'ang unself."

They slowed down for a stile and then continued,

"Un'll 'ave a sad time awee up yonder watchin' by unself for us as never comes."

"Aye," assented Joe, "an' un tricked like ony four year o'd wi' a reg'lar cock an' bull story! If eem's believin' every yarn 'e 'ears frum Tummy Adams then eem's deservin' th' dressin' 'e got frum th' Darby chief t' other night." Then after a moment he ironically added, "Oh, eem's a fox, 'e is! Spied 'im wi' me own eyes a' sailin' past our 'ouse wi' 'is long skinny legs an' gawkin' face, off for th' moor as fast as 'e could pelt. I stronny 'e'll no be sa spry wi' 'is jokes next time we'ms meet at th' Nelson."

"'Owd thee row. May 'ap 'e's no th' fool thou thinks." Sam had been caught more than once, and he preferred to chuckle after rather than before.

"Bill" Palmer, within the compass of his elongated person, housed the day and night police force of Middleton. It was a thankless job—not even to his own liking, but what can you do when work is scarce and your wife gets religion? It takes a poacher to catch a poacher, or else why was he now wearing velveteens? His duties were to act as truant officer and to keep a sharp lookout for those worthy cobblers, joiners, grocers and other small tradesmen whose love of a little sport and a few extra pence the local butcher well knew. So far Joe Jepson, by all odds the most brazen poacher in the parish, had dodged the handcuffs of the law. But Palmer knew his tricks and was only waiting for one misstep.

The two sportsmen reached the field where the warren lay. Crouching down, they pointed their dogs off in the direction of the opposite stone fence. By a long circle the clever dogs managed to keep to leeward of the warren and to work up around the back of the rabbits until they were between them and their burrows. All this happened before the little beasts suspected anything and before any had a chance to retreat. Suddenly sniffing trouble in the wind they rushed backwards and then in circles, only to be met on all sides but one by a silent line of dogs, which, as it slowly advanced forced them gradually toward the wall behind which Jepson and Slack were kneeling in wait. In this stone wall there were only two holes of escape, and at each of these a net and a man.

"Pretty good run th' night, hey?" said the happy Joe after ten minutes of automatic slaughter.

"Aye, but we'ms isn't 'ome yet," replied the pessimistic partner.

"Wot ails 'ee, Sam? Thou 'rt mighty white 'round th' gills."

"I'm thinkin' what if Palmer's no on th' moor as thou thinks; an' if 'e comes 'round 'ere it's a fine run we'ms 'll be 'avin'. Thou mun know 'e's 'ot arter 'ee, an' if 'e gets 'arf a chance 'e'll land 'ee i' Darby Jail afore thou knows owt on't. An' nobody knows it better nor thou does, neither."

"'Appen so. But thou munna be so fearsome. I tell 'ee I saw o'd Palmer goin' full tilt, up 'ill, past my 'ouse th' night, on 'is dom fool erran'. Dunna bother thee 'ead about 'im. 'E's safe on yon moor."

Silently, with never a slip, the poachers mechanically lifted the rabbits as fast as one would show through the trap-hole. A quick jerk of its neck—and over they went into the nearby bags.

Suddenly one fine fellow backed out of the hole. Immediately Jepson

and Slack picked up the bags and ran. With well-trained dogs working on the other side of the wall the rabbits should push so vigorously that it would be impossible to draw back. When it *does* happen it is a poaching catastrophe which always spells k-e-e-p-e-r.

* * * * *

Palmer's investment of a ha' porth of sweets on the very juvenile Master Jepson had borne wonderful interest, for that youth had been unfortunate enough (as he found out afterwards) to have heard his father's plans talked over. Palmer quickly saw Lord Charles' keeper, and, in pretending to swallow the "bait, hook, line and all" that old man Jepson dangled in front of them, they completed their trap. Palmer planned to play with Jepson like a cat and then pounce on him in his own good time.

Behind an oak he waited, letting the keeper drive the culprits like rabbits into his drag-net. Jepson was his own sweet morsel; the keeper could take what was left. The startled poachers scattered when they realized that keepers were about. Slack set out hot foot for the woods with Lord Charles' man after him and in a jiffy both were lost in mist and woods.

Jepson made a dash in the opposite direction. As he passed the oak tree the exulting Palmer rushed out at him. At last he was caught! Already the constable felt the welcome impact of the long-desired Jepson; but when anticipation panned out it was a different story. Just as a candle goes through a board fence, so Jepson met the inert Palmer. Winded and half-dazed he stumbled and nearly fell. When he recovered himself the whole trick dawned on him and he shouted:

"Ugh! Thou thunderin' clocker! Fit for nowt but to stumble o'er. Dom'ee, now catch me!"

And the prostrate form gurgled and spat.

Hidden by the fog Jepson reached the road above the Four Lane Ends. Several seconds later Palmer started more slowly minus cap and two front teeth toward the Four Lane Ends and the village. Injury fanned zeal, and insult both. To-night he would catch that Jepson and show him that it didn't pay to take liberties.

A flitting breeze lifted the mist a little and in the clearing Palmer could just make out the fleeing Jepson, and he set off after him as fast as his long legs could carry him. With a swift turn to the left Jepson cleared a fence and landed in the grassy ditch that bordered the roadway. Thanks to the depth of the ditch, its grassy bottom, and the misty

night he could run without being either seen or heard. He did a half-mile in fast time and reached the Rocks in safety. Here he paused for breath, feeling more secure now than at any other time since his encounter. If he should happen to hear Palmer, all he had to do was to keep the Rocks between them. Soon he heard horse's hoofs approaching and then the half-drowned song of the driver. He ran from his hiding-place and waited for the cart to come up.

"Ho Tim! Dunna stop. It's Jepson. I mun get in. Palmer's arter me!" he cried.

"All reet! Climb up. Lay yonder under them meat-cloths an' say nowt." Then touching up the mare—"We'ms be 'ome long afore Palmer.

Tim was enough of a Celt to enjoy a little excitement and to help anyone who sold him rabbits at less than market-price. This wasn't the first time he'd had Jepson in his cart, and Palmer himself often found it handy to meet Tim as he returned from Derby market.

By this time the constable, heated and breathless, had reached the Four Lane Ends, and hoped here to intercept the wily Jepson. But when he heard the rumbling of a cart he changed his tactics, preferring to wait for Mr. Jepson in the center of his circle rather than at a remote point on its circumference.

"Stop!" he commanded. "Hey there, stop! Stop!" But the mare felt only the gentle play of the whip and kept on.

"Stop or I'll shoot! It's Palmer," he shouted.

Tim drew up slowly and in apologetic mood leaned over the side of his cart and said,

"It's a bad night for fog an' I couldna see who wus yellin', an' I dunna stop for everybody. It was right 'ere them poachers 'eld up Johnny Mather, Whitsuntide come two years. It's few enough police we 'ave 'ereabouts an' so ye're welcome, Mister Palmer. Mind that meat yonder. Dunna step on 't. It's a fine side o' beef an' it's robbery the way them fellers puts up the price. But I wunna 'ave owt but th' best an' I canna do wi' owt rotten. Why last tap-dressings Job Adams o' Darby 'ad a piece—"

"Aye, I know," said Palmer. "But, tell me. 'As't seen owt o' Jepson? 'E's bin poachin' back o' th' Black Rocks an' I mun catch 'im."

"No. I be comin' back from Darby market an' nary a sign did I see. 'E's a bad un, 'e is. Dust know, I wouldna be amazed if 'e was in that gang as 'eld up Johnny, Whitsuntide come two years. Why I can recollect it as plain as yesterday. My ole woman, she says to me—" And

he kept Palmer entertained all the way in, while Jepson beneath his "smelly" cloth, afraid to draw a man's breath, shaken to bits by the jolting of the springless cart, took it all in. If ever he got out of this scrape (and he wasn't so sure of that) what a yarn he'd have to tell in the Nelson Arms! But just now all he could do now was to lie still, bide his time and trust to Tim.

"Well. I'm blowed. Not a sign on 'im so far," said Palmer as they drew into Tim's yard. By the light of the gate-lantern Tim saw how Palmer's face was disfigured, but kept back his curiosity and love of banter.

"Thee be goin' on now, Mister Palmer," he said, "or Jepson 'll get 'ome afore 'ee."

"Let me 'elp 'ee un'itch th' 'orse an' move th' meat i' th' barh," suggested Palmer in pure politeness.

"Awee wi' 'ee, mon. I've 'andled many a load 'eavier 'n this un. Thou mun nab Jepson or 'e'll 'ave th' laugh on 'ee. I'll no be wantin' 'elp, thank 'ee. Good night an' good luck to 'ee."

And Palmer went off to watch five dreary hours on a raw foggy night, by an inhospitable doorway, while Jepson slept out his innocent sleep on one of Tim's soft beds, and in the morning after a good rabbit breakfast made his way to Arkwright's Mill in Cromford.

* * * * *

"Thou seems to 'ave a flood o' brass th' night, Joe," said old Walker as he sat with the regulars around the tap-room fire that night.

"Aye. Sam an' me 'ad a turn o' luck last night. 'As't seen owt o' Palmer lately?"

"Aye man. That I 'ave," said Walker with a contagious twinkle. "An' it's not only me 'as seen 'im, neither; a rowt o' childern an' all. They be a follerin' 'im all mornin' arskin' where 'is teeth 'a' went to, an' what ails 'is eye. 'E be in Darby now a' gettin' 'em fixed." A pause. "'Appen thou knows sum' ut on't, Joe?"

"Aye, 'appen so."

And then the cat was out.

E. H. S., '11.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE

Unfading flower, everblooming love,
Which fairer grows with ev'ry fost'ring year,
Thy fragrance fills the springtime with delight
And soothes the heat-worn soul in sweet repose.
When blue gives place to gray in skies above,
When nascent Winter wreathes dead Summer's bier
Thou diest not, or when on freezing night
Above the dunes the laden north-wind blows.

In antique gardens by the riverside
Where tall the holly-hocks and poppies bloom
Long years I sought thee; where the laughing stream
Through meadow and through forest seeks a way
Oft thought I saw thee, yet the hope denied,
Half caught thy splendor in the thick'ning gloom
Reflected on the mirror of my dream
Or, vanished, once again the skies were gray.

How sweet the notes of Nature's symphony
Which silent, sings in measures 'most divine;
Fair are the flowers, and midst all the fair,
Sweet flower of love, I see thee white and pure
That breathest forth in quiet harmony!
Let no frost blight thee that at last art mine;
O joy of hearts and solace of all care
Bloom for me ever and for aye endure!

J. M. B., JR., '13.

A KEEP-SAKE

THE evolutionary steps of man are truly wonderful to consider. One change I have especially noticed is the method of hair dress of the gentler, more lovable, fairer sex. In my days of applied slipper life, "bangs" of awful curled proportions graced and hid their lovely foreheads. If you do not remember the hideousness of the "bang" get out some family photographs of twenty years age and see how Aunt Clara arranged her hair to attract the notice and heart of the amorous young swain, whom you now call Uncle Ed. But now we never see them except in "make-ups," the attractive coiffure, composed of a little accumulated family hair. Some of the wearer's own hair, and much dead horse and mule hair furnishes the covering and decorations of the head of most of our fair young damsels—and many of our older less fair ones. This conglomeration is fantastically pompadoured into startling creations. And we men smile and lie to them and say we think it beautiful. May Heaven forgive us for the assistance we lend in perpetrating such crimes against taste.

But hair dressing is not the only change that has taken place during my period of observation. On a recent rainy day I was browsing through my keep-sakes and found an old autograph album, one of the plush covered kind. The leaves were loose and yellow but the friendly sentiments of my early school-mates were still very much alive. And the memories the sight of it brought up; the first scholastic prize I ever won, and I might incidentally add (a stickling conscience compels me to), that it was the last one; the little, white, lonely, one-roomed school-house on the prairie and then when I opened it, what a satisfying visit I had. The first inscription read:

Quaker Valley, May 13, 1896.

"May there be just enough clouds o'er your life to make a glorious sunset."

Maud Myers.

And I recalled how she, as the oldest one of five orphaned children had to assume the double parent-ship of her four younger brothers and sisters, just at the age when most girls begin to enter society and enjoy life. And how well she had carried the load for several years until one dismal winter day she suddenly started across the fields for a walk. A searching party that night found her seated near the graves of her parents babbling away with her reason forever gone. But her work had been so well done that she could now be spared. The children for whom

she gave up more than life are prosperous and happy, and all are married now, but she spends her time in a sanatorium planning how dresses and clothes can best be made over.

On another page is a cramped hand I found:

Dear ———

*"The roses are red, and the violets blue
I am a fool and so are you."*

H. M. Drake.

This is probably the most familiar quotation to be found in such albums. It is strange that the invariable rule is to inscribe something supposedly side-splittingly funny, or else to quote some soul-swelling verse. Our last friend quoted was a bluff, good-hearted westerner, without the slightest trace of culture, whose greatest accomplishment was fancy and imported swearing at all hours. He was none of your every-day users of the expressive language, far from it. But as I now remember it his one great fault in this line was the indiscriminate use of it. He could not be content with his ability to swear in any one of three different languages for a three minute stretch without repetition. And he grew lax in his artistic rendition and carelessly mixed many of his favorite expressions into ordinary conversation. In this way it lost its flavor by becoming common, much the same as his intendedly humorous quotation has done.

Farther over another quotation read:

Dear ———

"Confidence of success is almost success, and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them."

Your friend and teacher,

Minnie L. Shaw.

Jan. 7th, '97. Q. V. S.

This was the advice of my first love. I was probably the smallest boy in the school and I loved my teacher as good small boys should do. I early discovered that I loved her, but it took nearly a full term's assiduous studying, perfect deportment and thoughtful attention to make her realize I was more than an ordinary fellow. The fires which I used to care for in the big round stove which stood at the center of the room, the cups of water and the choice fruits I would bring her finally convinced her that here must be her true knight. Though she never admitted such a thing

I am sure she thought it, for she never refused the water that had been so carefully brought, though she had taken a drink only two minutes before. And I am sure that I loved her, with all the strength and earnestness of my boyish heart, for the calumnious ridicule of my school-mates and family could in no way shake my affections.

On the opposite page in great sprawling letters was written

Compliments of G. W. Weaver

How well I remember the morning he wrote that. He was the first person I had asked and he, the biggest, most bashful fellow in the school demurred. He has since married a woman more quiet than himself and the enigma of the neighborhood has always been, Who Proposed? But it was done somehow, at least if the eternally all-important question was not asked in words the sign-language must have been employed. Any way it suffices to say that the trick was turned. How I used to admire him, especially his athletic prowess. In the simple games of "blackman," "prisoners' base" and "ante-over" he was worth any half dozen other fellows. What a football player he could have made and what an ideal college man. But he never saw the gleam, and now he raises more corn to feed more hogs to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs.

But the finest girl that I had met up to the date of these happenings was an attendant at this same school. She was pretty and witty, but not too wise. More than this she was the first girl I ever kissed, she is also the only girl for whom I ever engaged in actual battle to prove my deep and lasting affection. My opponent was red-haired and a cry-baby. Of course he was thrashed, he ate dirt and promised to eat worms. And I wonder if this instance was the beginning of his downward path. In any case he is at present serving time at Joliet, in the Illinois state penitentiary. And she, well she is married and weighs nearly two hundred pounds, though her delicate hand that penned, more delicately:


*"Remember me early, remember me late,
Remember me ever as an old school-mate"*

would never suggest her ultimate end. Our affections never reached the open declaration stage comparable to those chronicled by a poet, but I am sure she could have truthfully stammered, "B-b-ecause, you see I I-love you." And as for me, well, maybe I still love her in spite of her husband and her two hundred pounds. But ah! if such thoughts as these will arise I had better close the book.

D. S. H., '11.

THE ILLUSION OF THE MOTH

CHAPTER II.

HE station man at Woodcliff came out on the train platform as the 10.40 accommodation rumbled and creaked to a stop. He had nothing to do. The summer people had all gone, and Woodcliff had settled back into a late autumn slumber. The natives dawdled around the stove at the country store and went to bed early. Usually the station master was the only being awake after ten o'clock. But he was surprised this time to see alight from the train some one not known to the best provincial gossip, and he followed with suspicious eyes this late comer, a stranger, who asked no directions, but walked in a preoccupied manner down the main street to Coast Road, then turned abruptly up towards the cottages.

That was queer, especially since every house up that way was closed for the winter, and the Whipsurf bungalow had been deserted for three years at least. The station master decided to bring such a momentous piece of news to the attention of the general store. The constable was always on the alert for suspicious characters, and this one was very strange.

"Yes," said Constable Barlow to an admiring audience at the general store next morning, "There is to me something very suspicious in this case. He turned *up* Coast Road you say, Bill, and who would he see up there? Now if he had turned *down*, he might be going to see Mrs. Archer—she's staying down at their cottage with her daughter. But going *up* convicts me that this fellow is going after something he wants, and what's more, he knows where what he wants is—that is, if he knew the lay of the land the way you say he did, Bill. If he don't show *up* to leave town before the four o'clock to-night, we'll all get our guns and form a posse and——"

The appearance of Sidney Holt on the steps abruptly ended a discussion which would otherwise have been prolonged through the day. The constable spit swiftly into the saw-dust box and eyed Sidney warily. The other less aggressive provincialists leaned backwards against the counter, and seemed to find new things on the dusty shelves to look at. When Sidney had bought coffee and bread and sugar and tobacco, the old whiskered store-keeper inspected him over his nose glasses, and said in a polite mercantile way,

"You're the Holt boy, aren't you? I remember you. You used to

be here before your father died, and they closed up Whipsurf. Well, you came down pretty late in the season."

"Yes," said Sidney, "but I expect to stay until it gets cold. I have a little work to do."

When he left the store the station master looked at the constable and the constable looked at the store-keeper, and the store-keeper laughed.

Whipsurf had not been disturbed for three seasons, and as Sidney walked distractedly from one dusty room to another, memories and faces came back, beautiful days of youth which seemed to have been buried under the years. He found a huge stack of beechwood in the cellar, and this he carried into the library, a large room which occupied almost the whole first floor, except for the breakfast room and the sun parlor facing the sea. In the kitchen he found a broom, and in masculine fury, he attacked the library in which he intended to live. He broke the locks on the linen closet where he found rugs and tapestries piled high in dust and camphor. Rummaging among old china, he knocked down an easel, on which was a half finished, youthful picture of Selma. A film of dust over the bright colors gave the picture an antique softness, the face young and sweet with half finished elusiveness looked out from years gone by upon a man much older and much deeper. Sidney left the picture on the floor and came out into the library.

For days he could do nothing, except to walk on the lonely shore in the mornings, and to spend the afternoons brooding over a log fire in the grate, until shadows came and he would fall asleep. And yet a man seems to recover from a wound in the heart quickly—except at times when the old pang surges up in the breast and the man is alone in his anguish, his soul crying for a home in all this loneliness. And so with Sidney Holt. Within a few days he was reading books, and when he needed exercise he would put his house in order, and experiment in cookery with the staple groceries of the general store. Occasionally he played cards on a cracker barrel with the constable, and so the week dragged on, an endless week, gray and bleak, quiet and monotonous. A summer resort in late fall is dreary—even oppressive.

He and the constable were throwing cold hands at poker one morning when the store-keeper from behind a cheaply varnished and dingy post-box front, announced impersonally,

"Here's a letter for you, Mr. Holt."

"What the devil—" he thought to himself, "who could be sending me a letter when no one knows I'm here? I didn't leave a forwarding address at the Manhattan."

The letter was from Sandy Point, the next station down the line. It was perfumed—evidently a woman's. It read:

DEAR MR. HOLT:

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you yesterday walking down the shore, and in fact I wasn't sure until you went into Whipsurf, which you have left deserted for so long a time. I suppose you will hardly remember me after all these years—I think it is five years, isn't it?

I am staying late this year with my mother, who is not well, and who is trying to find quiet and fresh air. It is so lonely. Can't we go walking Tuesday afternoon. I will be at Point Bluff at two.

This will reach you in time, I hope. I send it Sandy Point, because the postmaster at Woodcliff is apt to tell the natives, if I were to mail this to you at the store.

Your old friend,

SUZANNE ARCHER.

He was at Point Bluff at two, for there is never a lover so hopeless that the company of a woman does not compel his attention. He can be disgusted with the sex, and can believe himself an utter cynic, but the belief is never justified by results.

Suzanne was waiting there and they laughed in each other's faces, and clasped hands. Suzanne Archer had changed. When Sidney had seen her last at Woodcliff she was a vivacious girl, with summery blue eyes that reflected all the brilliant hues of Woodcliff's summer colors, her hair a rare filmy auburn maze that fell in luxuriant tresses, careless and entrancing, in which the wind always loved to sport, and to fling annoyingly into her laughing face. The Suzanne Archer he saw now was a woman, the bud of those early days had flowered with the consciousness of life, a half comprehension of what that critical season in her youth had meant, a half understanding of the emotions which she felt in those impulsive years. She could find none of the luxury in loneliness that Sydney had unconsciously enjoyed.

"How fortunate!" she greeted him, enthusiastically.

"Fortunate,—and quite unexpected," Sidney added.

"You must forgive me for jumping at you so unconventionally," she pleaded.

"Please don't apologize."

"Good! so you aren't going to censure me for commanding you to come." Then later, "You've changed."

"Did I ever censure you?"

"Oh no, I only meant—well I just meant that you've changed—not that you were ever conventional."

"You are much changed, too," returned Sidney.

"How?" asked Suzanne, laughing out of the corners of her swift blue eyes. "For the better?"

"I do not know that," rejoined Sidney, "only you've grown older, and fixed your hair differently. We never knew each other well enough to know how much we *could* change inside."

"There's plenty of time for that," she assured him, mother won't leave for two weeks."

They walked along the shore, Suzanne vivacious and active, Sidney rather gloomy, and perhaps intentionally a little cryptic and mysterious. Suzanne's efforts to draw him out were futile, but she laughed at him so much that finally he began to laugh too, and so they found Sidney Holt very amusing, looking at him impersonally. Sidney Holt was not the kind of man who looks at his serious self in the mirror, and smiles at it,—and yet Suzanne made him do it.

The coast at Whipsurf is rocky, and like most New England coast, has no beach. Sometimes the sea pounds against a sharp cliff, sometimes the waves fret at a rock on the shore, dashing the spray high into the sunshine, and slipping back in seething foam. Here and there a huge rock that has buffeted the eternal pulse of ocean, stands further out, and seems to lead a broken line of headlands into a last challenge against the legion waves.

Two miles up the coast is "Slab Sides"—one of the few giant peaks which stands out from the shore and seems to have its roots deep in the sea. The tide eddying in and out behind, has worn the back of "Slab Sides" so that when the sea is running in, it is impossible to come near. But when the tide is out it is an easy leap over the swift channel that flows between "Slab Sides" and the mainland, except that one has to be careful lest he slip on the seaweed that clings along its edges, and fall in waist deep. At the bottom of the channel are smoothed colored stones, green, red and brown, all imbedded against each other in geological "horses," all blended in shimmering uncertainty through the swift waters eternally scouring, which keep the stones bright and clean. At your back are high headlands, shutting the houses of Woodcliffe out of sight. And from the pebbly base of "Slab Sides" nothing can be seen except the headlands against a clear sky—and the ocean restless and infinite.

The sea side of the great rock, which seems to face defiantly an eternity of space and waves, rises in sheer perpendicular out of the sea to a height fully sixty feet. On a calm day you can row in front of "Slab Sides" in a boat, and if the sun shines you can see beneath the surface of the water, deep cavities in the foundation of the rock. As far as the light penetrates, its roots have been eaten away, and the depth seems profound and awful. A courageous person immediately wants to row away, feeling hollow and frail, lest the impending stone with its gnawed vitals might at any time crack, twinge, rumble and fall with a tremendous roar into the sea.

The strata in "Slab Sides" slant up out of the earth, but since the ebb and flow have worn the back away, the boulder is almost square, and alone on the front edge of the pebbly island formed by the channel. The strata can be easily made out in green, brown and sometimes red layers, which lead the eye that follows them to a point in the sky midway between directly overhead and the horizon line of the ocean. The drop is sheer everywhere, except on the left side, as you look towards the sea, where by some incalculable freak of nature the strata are smooth, and form all the way to the top, at an angle of almost 45 degrees, as the geometers would have it, an alley, hanging to "Slab Sides" like the fire escape on a tall building leading from the ground corner up to the far corner at the top. The top of the rock is only accessible along this alley, and the task is difficult, for the alley is smooth, except for some cracks and loose stones on which one may get an uncertain hold. The alley is four feet wide, and off its outer edge the drop is straight into the sea, getting higher as you crawl upwards.

"Let's climb 'Slab Sides,'" cried Suzanne enthusiastically to her charlatan, as she waited for him to get over a boulder.

"It's too dangerous," warned Sidney, coming up.

"Nonsense, you take yourself too seriously—if you're careful you can't fall off. Come on."

She was about to take the leap over the channel.

"Wait!" he called.

He insisted on taking the jump first and got safely over. She looked at him across the water, and her eyes flashed at him, smiling.

"Catch me," she said, and she leaped almost into his arms. He caught her awkwardly and she laughed. They scrambled over the rocks to the bottom of the alley.

"Let me go first," she urged.

"No, I shall go first," he insisted, "it's dangerous."

She consented. They started to climb. Leaving the pebbly base they dragged themselves up, using every crevice and ledge of stone, holding with fingers and toes. They kept close to the high wall of "Slab Sides," which was four feet from the edge of the sea, and safer, and besides, "Slab Sides" occasionally afforded a hold when there was nothing else. They were laboriously dragging themselves upwards when Sidney stopped to rest, balancing himself with delicate equilibrium evenly between a crack and a loose stone on the smooth incline. Suzanne behind him said,

"Do you know why I wanted to go first?"

"No, why?"

"Because, if I had started to slide, I should have slid down upon you. If I slide now I will strike those pebbles at the bottom, and if *you* start to slide—"

She began to laugh. As she spoke she could feel her self slipping, and she slid down, down, dresses flying, until she sat with a jolt upon the pebble bottom. Sidney turned to look, laughing, too. His change of posture loosened his support and he slid down the smooth toboggan. For a moment in the air he had the vision of Suzanne at the bottom, sitting there waiting, stunned, laughing. Then he struck the bottom with a thump, and as he swerved dizzily, he opened his eyes to find his head caught in Suzanne's arms. She leaned over laughing, and kissed him on the mouth.

"Come," she said, "let us go down to Whipsurf, and I will cook you some supper."

(To be continued.)

LOOSE LEAVES

A MAN IN LOVE

AN interesting thing about a man in love is his generosity. Now I know of one young gallant who will charter taxicabs and orchid houses on twelve dollars a week. And I call this neither generosity nor insanity. Such a man is only on the threshold and does not yet look into "the bright eyes of danger." I am thinking of the hundreds of men who bring their sweethearts to the games, most of them neither pretty or good-looking. The kodak betrays treacherous truths about them, and a good photographer sustains his reputation on his ability to patch things up. But the generous lover sees something beautiful somewhere in the face that smiles upon him, and he clings to it rapturously. And in this every lover is an artist. For in catching a look or a feature or a tip of the head, he knows how to select far better than finical and fatuous me.

1911.

VANITY FAIR.

MY satirical, skeptical, artificial me had coaxed, dragged and kicked my real serious self as far as 1705 Chestnut Street. And there before the spotless plate glass door, which blinked ominously in gilt letters, "E. Goldensky, Portrait Maker." My real self rose up in all strength of rebellion against the tyranny of my satirical me. But he *couldn't* win,—although he looked at the portraits in the polished case and gained strength. Beautiful young girls, beautifully gowned, beautifully jewelled, beautifully flattered and framed in the photographer's art, vanity, vanity, vanity. My serious self fought his last gasp. The portrait maker upstairs is waiting and the attendant is loading the camera with plates. Visions of doting relatives, coaxing girls, begging friends, and the Christmas problem only two weeks off. As the thought came to my mind satirical me hit serious me in a tender, tender spot, wiped his feet, pulled open the reflecting door and rattles upstairs into Vanity Fair.

1911.

MOTHER'S LOVER

(Better than Porphyria's ?)

My mother was a gentle soul who loved her son full well
 And 'tis with sorrow in my heart this painful tale I tell.
 One night while seated in my home, my mind in verses drowsing
 I came upon a little gem, the work of Robert Browning.
 It tells of how a gentleman (inspired from above)
 Chokes his best girl with strand of hair, thus to preserve her love.
 The pretty thought impressed me much, when mother stroked my head.
 I seized the poker from the floor and struck poor mother dead,
 And though I'd done a cruel deed, I did not feel alarmed,
 Because I felt that mother's love was perfectly embalmed.

L. B. L., '14.

OUR OLD FRIEND ANDREW

GENTLEMEN," said Andrew McGill, the fencerail philosopher, when his clan had gathered together in a bar-room for their first winter meeting, "Gentlemen, we need a new dictionary. The old ones, which served as browsing ground for our forefathers, are out of date. Modern conditions demand vividly concrete epithets with a mass of emphasis at the end. A little nerve and characteristic detail would turn dictionaries into best sellers. No more altruistic labor could we engage in than the rejuvenation of these tomes. Can ye do it, gentlemen?" "Aye that we can," chorused the faithful band. "Take for instance the word 'bachelor,' how would you define that?" queried Andrew. "A mule who shirks his load," replied a subdued man in the corner. "A wild goose in the air much abused by the tame geese in the farm-yard," replied another as he tipped his glass in placid contentment. "An oak free from ivy," contributed a third. "Hold! enough, gentlemen," thundered Andrew as he slid his glass to the bar-maid. "At our next meeting we'll begin the work. Ye've got the makings of a dictionary in ye."

A. S. Y., '11.

EDITORIAL

IT is precedent and convention for the retiring editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN to bow gracefully out, scattering a few remarks about the progress and success of the magazine, the indulgence of the readers and the generosity of the subscribers. Then with a bit of sentiment the curtain falls, whereupon the new editor takes the cue and raises it upon what promises to be "an even more glorious year."

The retiring editor in a last gasp does not feel the soul swell like a dying ash which flickers and glows on *Alma Mater* and "dear old college," and other maudlin sentiment. Come back to college in the summer, when your friends are all gone, and you will wonder why it seems so much like a grave-yard, until you recognize that it seems so unlovely in the old sense because it is so lonely. It is still beautiful, but somehow altogether empty and vacant. The spirit of a college is in the lives of its men.

Nor does the retiring editor feel the compunction of hypocrisy, or the necessity for passing out bouquets, or for asserting that our magazine is better than it ever was, because we all helped to make it so. In some very important ways the past editorial year has not been good.

The most significant cause for our gloom over the present situation is the indifference of the Alumni toward THE HAVERFORDIAN. We bow our heads to the criticism that the Alumni can buy better reading matter for five cents a copy and that *College Weekly* keeps the Alumnus in touch with affairs better than THE HAVERFORDIAN ever could. These things are true. The alumni are not enough interested in us now to send us news of their affairs. Only by vigorous and active inquiry do we extract the Alumni notes we give. When some heroic soul does write a few words on a postal about the new baby, without being pinched for his news, the baby is heralded in *College Weekly* above a column of apology for transgressing a once expressly understood and observed agreement that Alumni news and notes were to be the province of THE HAVERFORDIAN. In this we are ignored,—apologetically ignored.

When the last point of contact with our Alumni is marred by the ignoring of this only reservation which THE HAVERFORDIAN made when it recommended *College Weekly* to the world with all its heart, our subscription among the Alumni is affected, and we are brought to a financial issue which some day promises to threaten seriously.

The situation impresses us solemnly, because it impresses no one else

enough to engender thought. What does THE HAVERFORDIAN stand for and what does it indicate in the college? The answer is one which only we who grasp the situation in its entirety can give. If Haverford as an arts college is to redeem the boast we make for her, should not the magazine which represents the best thought and work of her children be among the best college magazines in the country? If the answer is "no" then you only embarrass us in your idle contention when you say that Haverford is the "best little arts college any place."

Yes, the stale and empty voice of the thoughtless but self-satisfied thinker proclaims that THE HAVERFORDIAN is dish-water, that the *Saturday Post* is better reading at five cents a copy, that *College Weekly* gives all the news, but he can not end this same sentence with the rapid remark that Haverford is "the best little arts college any place." Right there we ask him to stop, for such an assertion which offers himself as the product of "the best little art college any place" confutes his argument and damns his consistency. For one of the few external evidences that Haverford is a good arts college is this very HAVERFORDIAN he is contemning.

That THE HAVERFORDIAN is in itself a poor argument for its own existence is a platitude. But representing what is well and fair, good and beautiful in the lives of a few of the men here, and as an evidence of "the best little college in the country," it is worth supporting, if not worth reading. The value of THE HAVERFORDIAN is not a matter of a dollar a year given, as in some cases, out of the fullness of a charitable purse; it is a matter of inspiring the creative faculty in the youth who will some day have to prove the vain talk of unreasoning braggarts. There is no use to use superlatives in telling what Haverford is, or what it has meant to those who go forth from it. No one could understand. To try to express it is to betray that it has never touched you, and that you do not understand.

From our good Alumni who believe in us without knowing exactly why, and from those who do not believe in us because we can not give them as much for a dollar as most men pack into it, we turn for a last look upon the inside of the college, a college which they tell us is not like it used to be, and therefore not so good. Perhaps not. But the boys here now are no less or meaner spirited than ever they were, no matter how wonderful the classmates of some moaning Alumnus may have been. What we need here is only the very thing every other corner of the globe clamors for—bigger, better, finer men. We pray for better men, not for lesser problems.

That the Alumni seem lethargic is not to be wondered at—they are busy and we are busy. In carrying out the activities we do with 150 men, most of them boys, this eternal struggle to keep standards high, to make the football team avert defeat, to make the cricket team good enough for England, to make *Cap and Bells* more than maudlin, to play soccer well, to have a track team, and to study a little withal, this is a business which requires strength and a more than boyish aptitude for foregoing pleasant avocations which do not help the college. Football teams, cricket teams, soccer teams, gymnastic teams, track teams, cross-country clubs, chess clubs, music clubs, dramatic clubs, records, newspapers, magazines, managers of all these, assistant managers, captains, class presidents, class secretaries, treasurers, vice-presidents, governors, Y. M. C. A.'s, editors, boards, councils, staffs and committees, all these grind the dust of our little round of earth in a mad confusion to get anything else done but study. And in all this, the real business of college is obscured. And yet, not so, "if men are on the heels of their real tasks, and whip their ephemeral tasks about nobly and well. Then indeed is it greater education than too much technical intensive scholarship.

But the trouble is here to find the men. Haverford is a guarded spot, and the environment is so amenable to an existence which may have even too little contact with the great world. The result is that boys come here younger than in most colleges, younger in years and in experience, so that we face the double problem of carrying on innumerable activities with small numbers, and of carrying them on well with immature men. It is a task for red blood, and mistakes are so easy and so costly. A manager elected on popularity alone is an expensive bit of fancy for the student body, to say nothing of the good name of the college, and one bad editor can disaffect more subscribers than five good ones can win back.

This is not groaning for these things are all true, nor have we minced matters since we inveighed years ago against the Prep. School attitude. We are not alarmed at the irresponsibility that is obvious to anyone who analyzes situations here. Irresponsibility and inefficiency is impressive, because it is always flagrant, evident, and insistent.

Yet we feel keenly that there is, somewhere in the unsaid and unboasted, and unheard a fine and genuine Haverford spirit which makes all things possible for us, just as there are always in the student body, matured men who shoulder a ponderous mass of responsibility, and by losing precious things in their own lives, gain something in carrying on the traditions of what the full-chested do-nothing enthusiast calls "the best little arts college anywhere."

With little enough support to make the editor feel after nine months of never more serious pulling on his own boot-straps, that THE HAVERFORDIAN is after all more of an effort than an achievement, the magazine nevertheless stands as one of the activities in the college most worth while, because whether it is a live force or not, the creative impulse which it fosters is beautiful and good. The best man in the college is not half good enough to be editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN. Experience in the most careful attention and execution of this kind of work teaches always to the tyro that there are innumerable things to learn, so that by the time an editor is to step out, he is just beginning to know how to do editing.

An editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN should therefore be a man first of all, who loves the work for its own sake, and so much indeed that he is willing to read the proof twice over to find one typographical mistake. But that is a detail. He must be a man who can inspire the creative instinct in others by his help and criticism. And in the peculiar case of a college editor, he must be ready, not with misguided egoism, to throw his own manuscripts into the hands of the printer, when the mid-years have loomed up and have driven his associates inaccessibly into their books. But best of all he must be a man with a comprehensive mind, if he hopes to make THE HAVERFORDIAN a live force in the college, for a subtle lethargy can creep in, and overcome the stoutest determination of the enthusiastic new board.

He must be an active man, with fingers on the situations in all activities, yet willing to forego activities in order to devote time and thought to THE HAVERFORDIAN. Whether the Alumni invite him to their banquet or not, THE HAVERFORDIAN ought to send him, so that he will not miss any tendency in the Haverford mind. He must be a man with a grasp for situations, with his thumb on the pulse of the college, and insight into the college and the world in a flash. Such a man would make Haverford seem truly, "the best little arts college any place."

* * * * *

And so we depart wishing the editors and the friends of the magazine a chance to see in THE HAVERFORDIAN some great work. Having occupied ourselves here with interests that savor of eternity during four susceptible years of leisure, we go out from Haverford to test the personal by the general equation, to make our good as far as possible the universal good, and our self-seeking something large and noble.

We are pleased to announce the election of Joseph Moorhead Beatty, Jr., '13, as Editor-in-Chief, and of Howard E. Elkinton, '14, as Associate Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EXCHANGES

As a private individual we have always displayed a remarkable interest in Romance, both in its Particular and in its Universal applications. But since we have donned the Editorial crown of thorns and the Exchange Column's hair-cloth robes, we have found it impossible to be so romantic as we would have liked. College magazines are dreadfully matter-of-fact affairs, no one understands that better than the poor devil of an exchange editor. But a friend in the *Smith* has come to our rescue with an article which discusses Romance, showing an acquaintance with the subject which is truly delightful. We have the privilege of viewing a number of Romantic individuals as self-advertised, whose antics it is indeed a pleasure to study. Some of these gentlemen write their social correspondence in lyric verse, others we might call both the bane and the delight of the existence of our neighboring institution of learning. But we ourselves have never had the pleasure of a conversation with my lady Romance herself, as did the author of this pretty little story in the *Smith*.

Our Teutonic ancestors are in a rather helpless position just at present. They have to stand godfathers for almost any sort of literary nimbleness which the ingenuity of the author sees fit to thrust upon them. There is a story in the *Wesleyan* called "The King's Son," which purports to be a free translation of a Saga of some sort or another. This good old gag can be turned to some account in the skilful hands of an artist like our friend McPherson of "Ossian" fame, but in this instance we are discussing it falls rather to the ground. Now the *Williams* tells a story about these same old Viking ancestors of ours, but it has the strength to resist the temptation of assuming this ancient musty smell-fungus sort of style in which our Wesleyan friend revels, but comes right out with the story in readable modern English. We cannot recall when we have seen this pseudo-antique style of writing used with any considerable measure of success in a college magazine, although we have seen it tried a number of times.

There is a humorous essay in the *Williams* on "Carving at the Table." The author evidently has the same horror of that sort of gymnastics as we have. We have watched some of our friends carve a bird, and from the agonized looks on their faces one might think that they were peeling onions. From the tone of this essay we judge that its author would himself prefer to live on Bologna Sausages rather than carve a mutton-chop.

We have just finished reading "The Beetle of Catalapeque" in the *Virginia*. It's one of these stories which are everlastingly bobbing up about the ruined temple in almost any country from China to Peru, in which our Hero discovers some remarkable object; in this story it is a beetle, though it might just as well have been a bed-bug; which casts a horrible spell over him, and if it doesn't make him break his neck on the next sun-beam he trips over, it drives him headlong either to the almshouse or the Insane Asylum. We suppose that Human Nature must be bellowing for this sort of blood and mystery story, surely no ordinary demand could bring such an extraordinary crop of mingle-mangle.

For real pleasure we read a story called "When the Third in the Clove-Leaf Plot is Green," in the *Smith*; what it meant we had to read to ascertain, but the reading of it was so pleasant that we forgot to ask what the title did mean after all.

We sighed and sighed in vain for some poem on fishing or canoeing. Usually at this season of the year when the "crystal streams" are ditches of dirty water, and the "flowery meads" a mass of mud, some love-lorn lummoxtunes up his hurdy-gurdy and grinds out a lyric on the joys of canoeing, or the ilk—

Ho! Ho!

We'll a fishing go!

he warbles, or in default of that topic, he will write a idyll on "June." But these sentimental Samuels do not seem to be with us. To be sure the *Texas* has a poem addressed to "You." We wonder who "You" are, we are quite sure you are not we, because the poet cries—

"Face of a flower,
With eyes of light" and so forth,


which leaves *us* out altogether. But there must be someone who fulfills the qualifications, and let us hope the poet finds out who it is. We quote the following from the *Mt. Holyoke*,

The Hourglass—

Earth is the shell wherein an life is cast;
Time is the glass that binds its sands so fast.
The present is the slender passage way
Through which the future slips into the past.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

ALUMNI BANQUET

HE annual alumni banquet was held at the Bellevue-Stratford, on the evening of Saturday, January 28th. About one hundred and seventy-five alumni were present, there being representatives of almost every class from '69 to '11. Edward Bettle, Jr., '61, acted as toastmaster. Doughten, '06, and Seiler, '02, were leaders in the singing of the old songs between courses. The toastmaster first presented President Sharpless, who spoke very interestingly from the point of view of more than a quarter of a century of experience. He had found that a president who starts out to run a college, finds himself obedient first to the board of managers, then to the faculty, and finally perhaps even under the undergraduate thumb. He reiterated the Haverford ideal of manly development,—sound scholarship and sportsmanlike athletics welded together harmoniously by daily contact with professors who are men before they are scholars. He said further that Haverford's ideals are now beginning to be recognized and rated more nearly as we like to see them, that in spite of the chronic alumni ancestor-worship, the present college comes perhaps as near to the ideal as any that we have ever had. He mentioned certain very real difficulties that confront our methods and closed with a moving appeal to the alumni, not for money, but for a constant upholding of our ideals.

Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth, of Princeton, in a very witty, well-turned and frequently complimentary speech, urged that an institution, like a man, is young unfading, if only hope springs eternal in her breast. Let us then be sons of the morning, our day always growing brighter. If college ideals, "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*," be not preserved in the midst of business and politics, the world will soon do without the college. As an instance of awakening ideals he suggested the present political upheaval that is bringing to the fore so much good citizenship.

Robert Ellis Thompson, of the Central High School of Philadelphia, championed the old style education. He described the University of Pennsylvania as it was in the sixties, with no newspaper notoriety and a faculty of nine men. He deplored the growing lightness of the college man's scholarly tasks, and suggested that if the students themselves were to govern class-room work as a side issue they might make it really difficult as they have done in the case of intercollegiate athletics. He expressed a hope that Haverford will continue her conservative attitude and maintain a standard of scholarship aside from mere learning a trade, a kind of culture fitted to make a man good company for himself.

After singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "Comrades" the company adjourned. And each man carried with him a double measure of that Haverford spirit so abundantly engendered wherever Haverfordians meet and Haverfordian ideals hold sway.

'56

It is with regret we record the death at 1432 McCulloh Street, Baltimore, Maryland, of Professor Eli Matthew Lamb, the assistant principal of the Baltimore Friends' School. He died on January twenty-fourth of heart failure, following an attack of ptomaine poisoning. He was first taken ill on December eleventh and although he was still far from convalescence, his death was unlooked for and came as a shock to his family and friends. Professor Lamb was born at Gunpowder, Baltimore county, Maryland, November fourteenth, 1835. He was the son of the late John Emerson and Esther Lamb. He received his early education at the County District school and later attended the Milton Boarding School. When seventeen he entered Haverford College, then Haverford Friends' School, in the Class of Fifty-six. Upon leaving college he returned to Milton as associate principal.

He went to Baltimore in 1861 with the intention of opening a private school, but the outbreak of the Civil War prevented, and it was not until 1864 that he was able to carry out his project. The school was opened under the auspices of the Society of Friends, proving a very successful co-educational institution. Many of its students were among the first to enter Johns Hopkins University when it was opened.

In 1885 the school was moved and combined with the Laurens Street Friends' School, Professor Lamb becoming assistant principal.

One of Professor Lamb's first steps in reforming a school was the abolishment of flogging. He believed that discipline could be obtained by appealing to the pupils' conscience.

His alertness impressed all who knew him. Quick to grasp any situation he always proved equal to any emergency. He had a clean shaven face and looked all whom he met directly in the eyes. He was watchful in his manner and upon detecting any shortcomings in his pupils would correct them in a kindly manner. He never criticised, and always looked on the best side of all the characters with whom he came in contact. This it is which brought him both love and respect from the boys under him.

In speaking of Professor Lamb, Mr. Joseph J. Janney, a close personal friend, said:

"One of the strongest features of Professor Lamb's character was his unfailing cheerfulness. All during his life he was accustomed to having great responsibility placed upon him. He never shrank from it. He would always consider that his blessings outweighed his misfortunes and hardships and took a happy view of life. He had a pleasant smile and a kind word for everyone. He endeared himself to his scholars in such a manner that they grew to love him. He was known to nearly all of them as 'Cousin Eli.' His connection with the Park Avenue Friends' Meeting was a helpful one, as he gave sound and practical advice."

'08

James Carey Thomas is English master at Yeates School, Lancaster, Pa. He is also teaching history, both English and Spanish.

Ex-'11

George Mixter is travelling salesman for the Duchess Trousers Manufacturing Co., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'78

Charles S. Crosman, head master of the Haverford School, is spending the winter in Florida. In his absence E. M. Wilson, '94, has charge of the school.

'08

The marriage of Fisher Corlies Baily to Miss Dorothy Louis Hornbrooke, of Wheeling, West Virginia, will take place February twenty-third, at Wheeling.

'92

Christian Brinton has an interesting illustrated article in the January *Scribner's* on Winslow Homer and his paintings.

'81

J. C. Winston was captain of one of the teams for raising the \$1,000,000 Y. M. C. A. Fund.

'01

E. Marshall Scull was captain of one of the teams for raising the \$1,000,000 Y. M. C. A. Fund. Later in the year Scull and Alfred M. Collins, ex-'97, expect to take a trip around the world, starting westward and stopping in Africa to shoot big game.

'85

Rufus M. Jones has been elected a member of the famous AUTHOR'S CLUB of London, to which many of the most prominent writers of to-day belong. Rufus Jones was placed on the Board of Managers of the Y. M. C. A. \$1,000,000 Fund Committee.

'88

Dr. Henry H. Goddard, now in charge of the experimental work in psychological research at the Vineland, N. J., House for Feeble Minded Children, recently attended a convention at Cincinnati, Ohio, and delivered an address. During the past year he has completed an extensive lecture tour reaching to the Pacific Coast. He also addressed a convention in Brussels last summer, being one of the American delegation.

'07

The engagement is announced of George C. Craig and Miss Olive M. Kelley, of Port Jervis, N. Y. Miss Kelley is a recent graduate of Bryn Mawr College.

Richard H. Patton has been promoted from the Philadelphia office of Willett & Co., wool merchants, to their Boston office, 246 Summer Street.

On Thursday, January 26, Harold H. Morris and Miss Francis Westwood Jordan, of Clifton Forge, Virginia, were married. They have gone to Shanghai, China, where Morris will hold the position of resident physician in the St. Luke's Hospital.

The engagement has been announced of Joseph Cope to Miss Ellen Fussell, of Media, Pa. Cope has entire charge of J. P. Twaddell's large stock farm at Westtown, Pa.

'00

The class of 1900 held a meeting January 28th, for the election of officers to serve until June, 1915. The following were elected:

President, Rev. J. K. Moorehouse.

Vice-President, John Lloyd.

Secretary, Harry S. Drinker, Jr.

Assistant Secretary, W. W. Justice, Jr.

Treasurer, C. C. Febiger.

T H E
H A V E R F O R D I A N

Volume 33

Haverford College

1912

THE HAVERFORDIAN

JOSEPH MOORHEAD BEATTY, JR., 1913, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ALBERT LANG BAILY, JR., 1912 IRVIN CORSON POLEY, 1912
HOWARD WEST ELKINTON, 1914

BUSINESS MANAGERS

WALTER H. STEERE, 1912 (Mgr.) CHAS. H. CROSMAN, 1913 (Asst. Mgr.)

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

ENGLISH CRICKET TOUR*

HENRY COPE, '69

MR. CHAIRMAN AND BRETHREN:—When your Committee urged me to speak on this occasion, I said that I felt that you were tired of hearing from me, and would rather listen to someone else; but as they thought otherwise, I will try to give you some reminiscences and comments on our recent tour in England, and its connection with Haverford Cricket. Two years ago those of you who were most competent to judge felt that, for the prestige of Haverford, another tour should if possible be made in 1910. Correspondence was opened with our friends at the Public Schools, and when their very cordial replies were submitted to President Sharpless upon his return from California, he at once gave his consent and approval. As far as could be foreseen at that time the prospects for a better than average team seemed very good, and before I left here in July 1909 for a year abroad, Mr. Lacey, Secretary of the M. C. C. had arranged most of our Fixtures on the lines that had been submitted to him. Before my leaving England for the Continent in September, we had pretty much completed the schedule of matches; and I would like to say here that my reception as Haverford's representative was, as heretofore, a very cordial one by the many cricketers that I met. Once more your generous contributions financed the trip, and the fourteen players selected by your Cricket Committee sailed from New York, on June 11. Before meeting them in Liverpool, on the 20th I had, after my return to England in May, completed every possible arrangement for the tour; and I wish to acknowledge the kind assistance and many courtesies extended to us by the Marylebone C. C., and by individual cricketers at the schools and elsewhere.

It is quite needless to go into details of the games; you no doubt extracted from the "hot air" given out by the gas engines of the Philadelphia papers much more than the actual facts. But I would preface any general comments by saying, that the fine weather prevailing up to that date then "broke"; and continued "broken" nearly all the time until late in August. Haverfordians, which means players or judges of

*[At the recent dinner of the Haverford Alumni in Philadelphia, Henry Cope, '69, was expected to speak; but owing to lack of time that evening he asked to be excused. We are indebted to the President of the Alumni Association for a copy of his intended remarks.]

cricket, know that *dead wickets* and cold and rainy weather place Americans at a disadvantage with our English cousins, who are quite used to such conditions, and know how to meet them. Our scores were therefore often as large as the circumstances warranted, while our splendid fielding generally held down those of our opponents remarkably well. A few points I may mention. We had the best wicket-keeper (Taylor), and also the finest batsman since 1896—you know what that means. If Furness was not always as sound and safe as Lester usually was, his brilliant strokes all around the wicket were often better timed than any Haverfordian's I can now recall. Powerful hitting was combined with great judgment and mastery of the bowling. Whenever he got set, his batting elicited universal admiration, and his fielding was even more warmly applauded. As I now remember, I believe his best performances were at Marlborough, Malvern and Rugby, though he also showed good form in some of his shorter innings.

No one else was in the same class, of course, but Howson and Baily had good punishing powers, and hit out some fine scores. The way Baily collared the bowling at Harrow was a treat to witness; and I think Howson's freeest hitting was at Tonbridge, where he and Furness made a long stand. Roberts and David also played some very useful innings, and there were others whose batting was quite equal to, and in fact better than, that of many players on previous Elevens. Ritts should have been played more, as his Malvern innings showed. The disappointments to me were Baily and Howson; in that neither of them came up to their previous year's form in either bowling or batting. Nor were Downing's or Hartshorne's bowling always to be relied on; so that we were distinctly short in that department; which was a thing I did not expect. In fact Furness, although having too much to do, had the best command of the ball, as his top average proved. The other bowlers often failed to keep a good length. As to the fielding there is so little to criticize that it seems hard to distinguish particular ones; but after Furness I think Roberts and David were the safest, and were often brilliant.

I want to call your attention, by the way, to the fact that all but two of the team were sons or near relatives of former students. It has always been a pleasure to me to remember that five generations of my family have been connected with Haverford as Founders, Managers, Professors or Students. The time has come, when I personally, would like to see each year a Freshman Class of fifty (moral, mental and physi-

cal tests of course strictly maintained) who, if not near relatives, should at least be intimate friends of "old boys." We care nothing for "bigness"; and I see nothing narrow in getting recruits from the good old stock that we know. Haverford is neither a missionary nor a charitable institution; and so best can our "beneficent influence" be continued and maintained by our graduates; nourished from childhood with Haverford's ideals, and afterwards spreading those ideals world-wide if you please. Nor does this conflict, to my mind, with our benefactor's concern for "youths of slender patrimony"—I want no "rich man's college"; but let Haverford's standards be so high as to make it the most difficult college to enter, or to remain in. If you want new blood let them get it from their mothers! this however is no reflection by an old gentleman upon the "Haverford girl." Therefore for me the cry is: "Haverford for Haverfordians!"

There is nothing much new to mention in regard to our tour, as compared with the former ones. Our reception everywhere was as cordial as ever; and that we were willing to send over a comparatively weak and inexperienced team, and do the best we could, only added to our reputation for pluck and sportsmanship. And do not our colors stand for Blood and Iron? Sometimes my old friends would say: "Never mind, old chap, it was our turn to win; better luck next time." When Hinchman offered to shave off his moustache and get into the game, I quoted Grant: "No, we will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" Too much cannot be said of the help given us in many ways by Hinchman, our old Captain of 1900; a true and able cricketer, a "thick and thin" Haverfordian, I do not see how I could have gotten through the trip without him. He was as much at home with the team, as when he was "talking shop" to the dons that we met; and he knew his way about England as well as myself.

I also feel it my duty to expose the proceedings of "Baron" Smith ('86) yonder. About the middle of the tour he "loomed" on the horizon, accompanied by his entire family; after which time they saw nearly every ball bowled, and the Haverford lads were "kodaked" in all possible attitudes. Not content with this loyalty, at the end of the trip the team were kidnapped, carried off to the Lakes, and for a week were motored by land and water about the north of England. Then they were brought to Liverpool, and after one more last grand lunch at the Adelphi, were put on board the "Haverford"; smothered in bouquets and bonbons and literature, and with rugs *intended* for cold weather;

but really largely used, I have been told, in cosy corners at the bow and stern where the moonlight could not penetrate. I am afraid there was a good deal of co-education on both voyages. Not having been with the team after the Rossall game, I disclaim any responsibility in these matters. But I wish to say that it is the "Baron's" big heart which causes his broad shadow, under which any true Haverfordian can find shelter. And it is my pride, that in Haverford's devoted battalions there is many a heart that pulses with his!

I have already said it is entirely superfluous to recount to you the details of the matches. As to the result of the tour, let me quote what that good veteran Mr. Hirst (Haverford's staunch friend and neighbor) said to me the other day; "What matters it whether you won or lost? that is not all of cricket. That you made the tour is a credit and honor to the college, and it will prove a benefit to American cricket." But I am not here to make apologies for the team; I have never made apologies for any of you in the past, and never shall. Suffice it to say, they did the best they could; the best they knew; the best they had been taught. No, the apologies are due from the Alumni. It seems to me that when I journeyed into far countries, many of those, whom you had a right to expect would labor in the vineyard, wrapped their talents in napkins. The three captains of the previous English teams did valiant service at and for the college; especially our "little giant" over there, who in 1904 stayed at the wickets nearly all day, during two innings, at Winchester, and saved the match by carrying his bat for about one-hundred and fifty runs. And I must mention our own Dr. Freddie, son of our soil, and true son of his noble dad. But how many more of you were out at college last spring to lend a hand, or give any encouragement? For the most part the team (blood of your blood, Haverford blood) were allowed to go without a cheering word. If then you reaped in the summer a harvest of disappointment, it came largely from a sowing of indifference in the spring.

While there must be other sports at Haverford (the fewer the better, probably, for *our* numbers) yet there is no need to extol cricket to Haverfordians. It would be as superfluous as to eulogize the college itself or its President. Your long Roll of Honor in the Cricket Pavilion, which will compare favorably with anything of the kind anywhere, voices your answer. For over half a century, from the days of Theodore Morris in the '50s; the Mellors, Bettles, Starrs, Ashbridges and Congdon in the '60s; of Fox Lowry, Comfort, Mason in the '70s;

and later on the Bails, Garrett, Sharp, Muir and then Lester; not to mention a score of great cricketers of recent times—through all these long years, cricket has maintained a prestige for Haverford unique in America. And many a one of you will ever remember how, when our score was almost tied, he ran out the last man from cover-point; or, when the tail-ender joined him and three runs were needed to win, how he opened his shoulders and sent the ball into the maple tops. Ah, that “one hour of glorious life”! for some of us no more; an echo, a memory; which brings a gleam to the veteran’s eye, and glad tones in his voice as he watches his successors battle for Alma Mater.

Nor can we forget the victory in the old Haverford meadow in ’64, in the first match with Pennsylvania; Comfort and Kimber, and the score of 255 to 31 against them at Nicetown in ’78; Hilles’ and Baily’s bowling in the next decade; Lester’s unapproached record of eleven hundred runs and average of eighty in Public School cricket, and Scattergood’s hitting five successive balls into the boundary at Lord’s; Hinchman’s wonderful catch of Warner at the ropes on the same ground; Patton’s brilliant hitting at Malvern, and days when his or Adams’ bowling came off; or Godley’s carrying his bat right through the innings at Eton, and “Christy” at Winchester. Multiply these instances by one hundred and all of Haverford’s proud record would not be told.

And yet with all this, *indifference* may go a long way toward killing Haverford cricket. The day is far spent with some of us; the fight has been a long one; I cannot tell, this may be my last word to you. You men of the ’80s and ’90s and later must take up the burden; and by *your* personal interest and efforts and attendance see to it that the interests of *Haverford* do not suffer. While you are still able, let there be less “messaging about” with golf sticks, racquets, auto cars (!) and what not; and give more attention to the heritage that you were bred to. As you have been done by, so do you by your younger brothers!

Ask the men who, beginning fifty years ago, Americanized cricket; made it (in the words of Tom Brown) “more than a game, an institution” for Philadelphia gentlemen—Mr. Outerbridge, the Newhalls, Captain Green, the Wisters, the Evanses, Mr. Rawle and their long line of successors—ask them what the death of cricket at Haverford would mean. I think they would say, it would be the greatest calamity for amateur sport in America. For they regard Haverford as the only true nursery for our one untainted public pastime; and the cricketers she has bred as a type of the true sportsman. Not only is your loyalty as

Haverfordians, but your patriotism as Americans in the balance—I am sure that you will see to it that there is no shortage in weight!

For, either you can throw away your birthright, ignore your inheritance, forget and repudiate all your glorious traditions and record, and so sink Haverford in athletics into the ruck of small colleges; known as far as Camden on one side and, let us say, Media on the other—and not much further.

Or you can, on the other hand, by continued effort, maintain our prestige and reputation for clean sport; which, Haverford's sons have carried to every part of this country; and which also, through the "old boys" of the Public Schools, is known throughout that Empire "upon which the sun never sets"—the two Anglo-Saxon nations which control this little globe.

TO——

When the descending twilight casts a gloom
Upon my thoughts and brings up doubts and fears
Until those sad regrets bedim my sight with tears
As thoughtfully I walk the darkened room;
When each fond hope as the warm light of day
Departing leaves my little world so cold,
That in dull despair and with heart less bold
My eyes stretch blindly for a lingering ray!
Then from out of the darkness do I rise,
And to my window quickly turn my pace,
Where upon the horizon 'cross my way,
I see my guiding star of wondrous size,
And in its splendor I discern a face
That smiles and says, "I am that lingering ray!"

L. J. F., '14

THE ILLUSION OF THE MOTH*

CHAPTER III.



WITH cheeks all the prettier from amazement at herself, and a blush in the blue of her eyes at her impulsive and unpromising opportunism, Suzanne was in no fancy on the return from Slab-Sides to humor Sidney out of his absorption in his own thought, and his slight consciousness of things about him. The twilight of the autumn afternoon by now cast a sombre shade over a silent sea, and in the west through the trees the last colors of departing day faded in infinite depths—depths even shallow men call beautiful, and before which the man with a soul softens into profound reverence. Fortunately Suzanne was too much occupied with her own thoughts to interrupt Sidney's interest in the tone of the evening. But even as an artist, it must be confessed that his absorption was more objective than a matter of feeling, as if he were wondering how this or the other shade of green could be made so quiet yet so impressive in a picture. Indeed it occurred to Suzanne as she thought about this baby genius, so young, so much the thing he thought, how objective his interests were, how little tinged with himself, how, in a word, the prism of light in the west at this moment made *him*, rather than that he made the gorgeous sunset something felt in his own subjectivity. He was lovable because he was so young. Suzanne could not have got this clearly in her mind, or have expressed her blind feeling of it. And yet it was true. The thought almost frightened her, for it was not only for her a sad thought, but one of the few she had ever worked out for herself. So they reached Whipsurf without a word.

The library of Whipsurf occupied the greater part of the first floor from the front to the back of the house, so that the front windows looked out in the sea and the opposite ones faced the west. Sidney had arranged and cleaned the library, but the breakfast room and the music room had been left in utter isolation. When, upon entering the house,

*Under the distracting circumstances in which Sidney Holt had again been kissed, it is a thing wondered at in discussion among men who never parry kissing, what kind of fish blood watered his veins. And so there is this advantage in writing a story by such chapters as are hardly blotted before the monthly printer seizes them, that the anxiety of such frivolous boys can be packed in oil before the story goes further. But before we try to remember what kind of characters the previous instalments intended ours to be, we must remark that criticism thus far is quite confusing, because the *gentlemen* who read our *Illusion* continually expect poor Sidney to cry game while the *ladies* insist that in this dismal story our sweet Selma and Suzanne have been unsexed by an inexperienced

his attention was taken from the sunset, it dawned upon Sidney that Suzanne had said nothing since they had left Slab-Sides, and recalling her former vivacity, he wondered.

"Please take a chair, Suzanne, and excuse me. I shall be here presently with firewood."

No reply. Suzanne dropped into a leather chair and Sidney, ostensibly off for firewood, soon started an avalanche of tin pans in the kitchen. Embarrassed at the crash, he appeared quickly.

"Do you keep your firewood in the bread-box?" she asked with indifferent archness.

"No," he said, laughing, "but I was trying to fix the kitchen, and down rattled every pan in the place—and the firewood! Oh! I forgot the firewood!"

Left alone in twilight, Suzanne glanced around the dusky room, until her attention was attracted to the western windows, through which the colors in the sky were becoming deeper and darker, until the darkness lowered to a narrow ribbon of green behind the trees. It was a crystal green, lighter than emerald, a streak of pure and infinite color shining between the darkening sky and the black earth. For a moment Suzanne was lost in space, until the crash of birchwood on the grate awoke a brain which seemed by now in a stupor under the vague and empty feeling that nothing here was for her, nothing in what seemed for the moment a life full of great things in quiet reserve, in which, having no real understanding, she could have no sympathy; and yet her incapacity for it she had the intelligence to regret. She was no artist. She had failed, not only to overcome the lugubrious mood of Sidney, but even had caught herself the contagion of it. Before this she had been lonely in dismal Woodcliff, desperately lonely, but now the added element of failure in the achievement of the smallest things brought into

author. The inexperienced readers have not yet learned to accept the assured fact that the author is omniscient; and perhaps the very fact that these characters are *not* the kind you are is the moving cause in this ominous pragmatism. For this is a story of three foolish people.

In truth it must be said for Sidney, however, that he probably did not know whether Suzanne had or had not kissed him. None of us, of course, has ever slid down Slab-Sides into the pretty arms of an impulsive girl, nor, if we had suffered such a distracting jolt under such pleasant circumstances, would our shocked and careening heads or our dishevelled shaggy hair have felt a quick kiss from the lips of Suzanne. She is an impulsive creature to be sure, and a bit reckless from sheer loneliness, but here we wish flatly to deny that dear Suzanne would ever have thrown her arms around an unknown man in a trolley car, as one of our carping feminine critics has asserted. We love Suzanne too

her unaccountable blue devils which crept luxuriously through her miserable limbs, and filled her heart with sensuous aching melancholy.

Interrupted from her reverie, she turned from her window to see Sidney preoccupied in an incipient blaze of pine cones and birch, which having decided suddenly to leave to its own devices, he came over towards her almost joyously, reciting rhythmically,

"And not by eastern windows only."

"Look, Suzanne, what a gorgeous depth of green!"

"Yes, I have been watching it. It grows dark, and I must go home. I guess you will have to get your own supper."

"Now, Suzanne," he pleaded, "not after all this. I haven't seemed very enthusiastic, but please——"

Her face was against the pane gazing thoughtfully out into the sunset. As he watched her for an eternal moment in the quiet of the evening in which not a leaf sighed, nor a wave of the sea whispered, he became interested for the first time in Suzanne Archer—not only as a mere thing to be interested in, but as a creature who made him feel her presence more than objectively, at which he thought of Selma, and lost himself staring at Suzanne. She became at once conscious of his scrutiny and turned to look at him, his face serious in almost religious thought, and his hair tousled and lovely in the twilight. For a minute she looked seriously into his eyes, a wondering, questioning, dismal look, until her own eyes dropped in pain, and he watched her face motionless, except for her quiet breathing. In this still moment Sidney Holt took an immense bound in experience. What Selma had said was true—he had made her fill a vast gap in his imagination, but this Suzanne at the window, this was nearer reality. He raised his hand to smooth her hair, at which her eyes raised to meet his in a pretty smile, and she said softly:

much ever to let her do so startling, so unnatural, so heartless, so reckless, so shiftless a thing as *that*.

Selma is so different—and a little bit conscientious, and we think we had better allow her to get over it. The poor girl has to get married somehow or other, and the sooner she buys cosmetics and soft lamp shades the better. And here is the place to inform the readers that when Selma kissed Sidney in the first chapter, he did not half realize it then either, so you see he is a slow fellow, unconsciously a genius, and so absorbed in himself that he gives no thought to what happens to him. So it is a wise thing to have him kissed at the end of every chapter. The printer last month wrote us that in order to insert some poetry at the bottom of a page, he would have to cut off a paragraph of the chapter, remarking naïvely that he didn't suppose it mattered much, since the story was to be continued. We confess we were furious. Something awakening

"I must go home."

"No."

"Please."

"Please no."

"But Sidney, I must. I'm going. I'm sorry. To-morrow we shall go walking again, but now mother will be expecting me."

"But the supper?"

"Sometime again—and we'll make special preparations."

By now the lights in the western horizon had entirely disappeared, but the burning birch in the grate threw a warm radiance into the library. Going over before the fire, they stood talking, while behind them, unseen, their dim gigantic shadows on the wall melted together and flickered ominously, like shades of grim gargoyles prophesying pain. He held for her the soft blanket coat which she had thrown upon the davenport before the fire, and she half hoped for a moment for a pressure from his arms, but it was not there. He stood gazing into the fire, a little surprised and helpless in his new thoughts, interested this time most of all in himself. Suzanne had gone half way to the door and he had not moved. She looked back, quietly retraced her steps toward him, touched his arms with her hands, and laid her head upon his shoulder. He turned abruptly, startled.

"Forgive me," she said, "only I was lonely."

"Oh—pardon me Suzanne, I shall be with you in a minute, I—"

"No, no, I must go home alone," and she held out her hand. "To-morrow at two. Good night."

And when she was gone, Sidney threw himself upon his davenport, and in a voice entirely too serious for so young a lover, muttered to the spirit shades of light in darkness:

"Selma!"

And he smoked cigarettes all the evening.

(To be continued.)

has got to be done for Sidney every month, and no one objects to kissing. We wrote to the printer to ask him if *he* wouldn't like to be kissed by Suzanne, also whether Sidney was not quite worth kissing,—with the result that the business manager paid storage on the Muses. We appeal therefore to all our readers, and demand to know whether, since we are no longer encouraged at Bryn Mawr, we can not all kiss Selma or Suzanne as much as we please?

We must none of us try to think of what may be the outcome of this story, or who may be the moth, for it is really no matter for guessing. This business of writing a story does not necessarily imply that the author can end it any more to the satisfaction of all than you have by now experienced. And, in fact, this story has a dismal ending. It is so sad, and so inevitable.

PLATONISM ON THE HIGH SEAS

First Day—

WELL, after two hours, this voyage bids fair to come up to expectations. Of course I knew the Richards girls would be here, and Eloise Lockwood and her brother, Bob; then Jim, too, yon errant gentleman who is to be my *reise-kamerad*. But Evelyn Barclay's appearance was rather sudden; she's like a tornado compared with my zephyr-like friends, the Richards. My, how she did breeze aboard with that formidable platoon of pumpkin-headed youths. I remember meeting her at one of Conwell's dances last year. I understand that she is quite a *bird*. Well, here's hoping she hasn't forgotten me! She wouldn't look at me before the last "all ashore"; but now that the bevy has departed maybe I'll be favored.

Later: The Richards girls developed a preconceived hysteric *mal de mer* and would not leave their staterooms after supper. Jim monopolized Eloise. So Bob and I started out for adventure. The said Miss Barclay proved to be the object of our sally. We were extremely fortunate. She recognized me, the thirteenth time we passed her. She was promenading the deck with some insignificant lout from Harvard. She manipulated all three of us, like an experienced officer. By mathematical induction, she would certainly be a pretty good match single-handed. We noticed a girl, who walked up and down the deck incessantly, sometimes with an elderly gentleman, probably her father. I didn't know her, but thought her eyes rather pretty.

Second Day—

Jim and I got up early. It was beautifully clear and I experienced quite a thrill to think I was out of sight of land for the first time in my life. I met Winnie Richards on deck after breakfast, she having fully recovered. We had hardly started walking around the deck before we met Miss Barclay and Bob Lockwood, just coming up from breakfast. We four played shuffle-board all morning. Miss Barclay is certainly charming. What's more, my jokes don't go over her head as they do Winnie's; and she's going to let me read some Kipling to her this afternoon.

Later: I had a wonderful time this afternoon. She seems to enjoy Kipling almost as much as I do; and I believe that she actually prefers my company to that of Williams, that above mentioned *sad bird* who

claims connection with Harvard. I have been wondering if Harvard reciprocates. Miss Barclay likes to watch the sea, too, just without saying much. That girl with the strange gray eyes passed us again and again this afternoon. I don't know what to make of her. Miss Barclay says her name is Elsie Clark and that she is very nice. I think she's quite attractive, too, but she keeps looking at me as though I were some sort of culprit. I wonder what she knows about me.

Later still: D—— it! I wonder how soon I'll learn better. I wouldn't have thought a thing about the mere fact of calling Miss Barclay, Evelyn, or even of innocently holding her hand, if it hadn't been for that Clark girl. Now, how, in the name of Time, did she happen to wander out to the bow and interrupt us at that hour. There's a perfect evening spoiled!

Third Day—

I spent most all day in the Smoking Room, playing chess with a gloomy Dutchman. Considering my surroundings, I spent about as dry a day as possible. I suppose I never will meet Miss Clark now, and if I do, I will have to be ashamed of myself.

Fourth Day—

Everywhere I went, this morning, that blooming Evelyn Barclay tagged after me, and every time I had to stop and talk to her that Clark girl was sure to turn up. She makes me feel like a fool every time I look at her. No shuffle-board for me to-day!

Later: I stuck to the Smoking Room all afternoon and didn't ask Evelyn whether I might escort her to the dance to-night. Williams has asked her by now, I guess. She hardly spoke to me at supper. Jim said I was a "grouch" and Bob chimed in with an appropriate: "You old clam." I could think of nothing better than to ask them both to kindly relegate themselves to utter and extreme perdition. Gee, I can't go to sleep with that music. I guess I'll sneak out on the bow.

Later still: Per nomines deorum hominumque! Wonder if there's not some better way to spend the night than sleeping in a cooped-up berth. Steady, lad! You get to bed and you'll see Elsie all the sooner in the morning. Yes! Elsie! I think I've just spent the most delicious minutes of my life. I was sitting out on the front deck about as glum and sulky as a thunder-cloud. Then the moon rose and I saw something like a cloud between me and its monstrous yellow mass. The moon's pathway on the water was obscured, too. After staring about a minute,

I discovered that it was Elsie Clark; and I hadn't known there was a soul there. Well, I kept quiet five minutes and so did she; but that was the best I could do, so I blurted out: "Well, what are you looking at?" "The same as you, with the exception of myself," she answered without turning. Now that's what I call a good sport. She certainly is *fine*; and what's more, we're working a great game. It took me a long time to convince her that I wasn't in love with that awful Barclay girl. But now she really believes I'm not; and to help me vent my spite she went back and danced the last two dances with me and let me call her "Elsie." Um-um-m-m! How I did relish the withering glance that was bestowed on me in return for my sweet smile in the direction of Evelyn Barclay. Jim is sliding into his bunk now, after looking at me without saying a word for fully five minutes, just like an animated question-mark in pajamas.

Fifth Day—

Shuffle-board is a great game if you play it right. Elsie and I played it all morning with some other people. She let me keep on calling her Elsie.

Later: We spent the whole afternoon up on the Captain's Bridge and were the first lay passengers to sight land. She told me lots about herself and we compared notes on the size of the world. We found it rather small, because she lives only two stations nearer New York than I do. She thinks I'm clever because I've been at college a year longer than she has. That such false impressions last, here's hoping. She certainly shows wonderful intuition. She knew just when it was time to dress for dinner without consulting my watch. I am inclined to think she has about as little foolish philosophy about her as I have. Then she sings alto to a whole lot of Grieg that I know.

Later still: Well, a few hours to-morrow morning, then two whole July days in Venice (it's a new moon then; I looked it up), and then every day in September, and * * *; but that's looking a good way ahead. We had to stay out till after eleven to outlast the other moon-watchers. Oh, it was wonderful. Nothing like Evelyn Barclay. I didn't even think about holding hands. But I might have said something foolish if I had not been snatched up just on the brink. I'm afraid it was the old story of "let us be friends." But I remember distinctly she told me, this morning, in no uncertain terms that she hadn't the slightest faith in the lasting qualities of *Platonic friendship*.

H. F. JR., '12.

TO THE PINE

And thou, Oh! stately pine, art not the least,
That brings good news of Spring, of budding trees,
Of piping birds, green fields and bursting leaves,
Giving the world new life where life had ceased.
'Twas in the Fall when, all the land aglow
With Autumn's burning, all consuming fire,
Atune to Nature's magic, mystic lyre,
Thy bough, the angel spared as sacred, so
That through the bleak and icy months to come
Thee, man would see, a sign from God above,
And know the sun will rise and heat the earth
Melting at last the lake all cold and dumb
And warming up his heart with life and love,
A pledge to him which prophesies of mirth.

H. W. E., '14.

THOUGHTS ON READING "THE COMPLETE ANGLER"

I AM musing before my open fire and already I am back in those dim, distant days before Herpicide stood on my bureau and the vacuum cap was the skeleton in my closet. Even now I can see those two old volumes on the "Holy of Holies," on that sacred sanctuary—Grandfather W's dresser. Other books were relegated to the library, but these quaint old volumes still maintained their exalted station on the sacred property of that respected Elder of the B—Monthly Meeting. Ah, my impatient friend, your guess is wrong! The Old and New Testaments sturdily bound into one volume of morocco reigned supreme on one whole table in the library; but the book from which this most Christian old gentleman could not endure to be far distant even in his slumbers was Isaak Walton's "Complete Angler."

"The Compleate Angler" it was spelled in the fashion of the good, old days when men spelled as they pleased, before Women's Suffrage and Reformed Spelling and the other new-fangled ideas perplexed the minds of men. Back in those dim, distant days which I have mentioned I was not of the clan of Anglers and had perforce to pay a distant and awful veneration to the Divinity. For Grandfather, though in general mild, like most anglers, would have surely avenged an insult to his goddess. "Children must not touch" and "Spare the rod and spoil the child" were two mottoes which tripped along hand in hand in the excellent old gentleman's mental process. But in those days my worship was just a reflection of the adoration of the old fisherman. I had no idea of the hidden charms of the ancient volumes. It was not until years later, when I had long been an humble devotee of the cult, that I entered the hidden mysteries and beheld thy image, Divine Piscator. How short we have fallen of thy noble ideal, I can understand by looking at the modern anglers. Isaak Walton, that was an angler! When comes such another? Surely in none but a Golden Age.

Not that there are no anglers. The cult still has its votaries, if you may term them by a sacred word. Even the traditional sport, the country boy is contaminated by the materialistic spirit of the age. His purpose when he goes fishing is to catch fish, not sport for sport's sake. If he does not catch fish he wishes that he were busied in the nervously exciting sport of crabbing. So, in order to catch fish, he uses hand

lines. "It don't give 'em a chance to bite more'n once," he says, and winking wisely hums a lilt from that rustic song "Molligan my fat hen" and spits tobacco juice on the worm for good luck as a grand finale. But thank Heaven there are still a few country lads, who handle their bamboo poles right deftly, whose lines are lightly buoyed on the ripples by a corn-cob cork and who sit quietly, patiently waiting for a bite.

Mr. Winkle thinks that a handsome outfit and the latest thing in "piscatorian costuming" is essential to the complete angler. But we have already seen the gentleman on skates, or horseback and out gunning and a sorry figure he was, and so Mr. Dickens truthfully represents him in the *Pickwick Papers*. Therefore we won't give Mr. Winkle's opinion so much consideration as the grand old angler would a toadfish. Yet there are many who, thinking in the same vein, claim that clothes make the man.

No, my friend, to be a true angler one must seek the acquaintance of honest Isaak Walton. One must study to know and understand this trusting and simple child of nature. What a fund of natural lore he had at his command! Not only could he catch the fish, but he could give a recipe for its preparation which would cause the mouth of even Sir Epicure Mammon to water. Few anglers to-day have the calm and sweet disposition of the famous angler; few the time or inclination to philosophize. And now-a-days even the fish are rare. I never in my whole experience saw a pool containing twenty or so trout. Besides natural enemies the fish of to-day have to beware of gill nets, seines, trout lines, dyes from factories, dynamite, dams and paddle wheels of steamers. Is it a wonder that so few are left? Besides, the beauty of the country is being ruined by the abominations of modern society; the country is little different from the city. These causes have played a great part in the disappearance of the philosophic angler. The times have changed. No longer neat little ale-houses nestle in the foot-hills. Never in my wandering have I met one pretty milk-maid to sing for me,

Come live with me and be my love.

Milk-maids have I seen, but they were *not* dainty maudlins! It is only natural that with the romance and charm of the countryside the poetical and philosophical angler should also pass away. There are now no sentimental piscators. A pull at his flask is the only thing which will warm the heart of the modern angler to a weak semblance of sentiment that ends in a maudlin song or a round oath. Alas! The noble race of anglers is no more.

C. W., '11.

LOOSE LEAVES

SHERLOCK HOLMES HAS A NEW LEASE

NO longer does the murderer see a vision of the gallows as he draws his knife from the back of his victim—Sherlock Holmes' career as a detective is ended. His marvelous mentality, stimulated too intensely by drugs and excitement, suddenly gave way; and his body, sustained hitherto by his mind alone, succumbed to a long spell of sickness. He went to Italy to recover and on his return, wishing some lighter occupation, opened up an office as "Finder of Lost Persons." Scarcely had he posted his shingle when a handsome young lady called for consultation. "Kindly be seated, Madam, what can I do for you?" said Holmes. "I want to find a man about whom I have but little knowledge," she said, glancing timidly at his face, which, though still haggard from his recent illness, was a model of masculine strength. "How old is he?" said Holmes. "About thirty-five." "How tall?" "About your height, I should judge." "Dark hair?" "Yes." "Grey eyes?" "Yes." "Large nose?" "Yes." She answered his rapid fire of questions as in a dream, not noticing that he was describing himself. "How long have you known him?" She flushed, "I—I have never met him?" "Where did you last see him?" "In London." "Is he still in London?" "I—I hope so." "Why do you wish to find him?" After a pause: "I tell you in strict confidence, Mr. Holmes—if he will have me I want to marry him." A glitter of amusement shone in Holmes' eye. "Well, stop around to-morrow morning at ten—your man will be here," and he ushered her into her carriage. Hesitation was not one of Holmes' characteristics. Ere he had closed his door again he had made up his mind. Crash! went his hypodermic syringe as he flung it into the fireplace. "That's no thing for a married man to have around." And on the morrow at ten-fifteen his bachelor career was ended.

A. S. Y., '11.

THE ANSWER

FOR an hour neither had spoken. The man, standing *at the* mantelpiece seemed waiting,—waiting in *beastlike calm*. His eyes roved, unseeing, over the array of bright copperware, then glanced down at the fire and then at the girl and then with the same calm deliberation roved over the plates and bowls above the mantel. He was waiting,—waiting for an answer. If she built up the fire it meant "Yes"; if she allowed it to burn out it meant "No." A cricket chirped and she started. She had just been thinking of fortune and wealth and social position which had been the dream of her childhood and which Ivan could not offer. She sighed. For a long time she was very still. The crazy little clock seemed trying to keep time to her heart-beats and ever the eyes of the man roved, calmly, deliberately, from the copperware to the fire, from the fire to her face, and back to the copperware. The clock ticked on, the fire burned lower and still no word, no motion. And finally the last little flicker began to die away when with a stifled cry the girl threw herself down on the hearth—but too late! Like a spirit leaving its earthen tabernacle the last wisp of smoke fled up the great chimney and was gone.

M. B., '12.

A TRUE TALE FROM A MAINE CAMP

THE scene is on the shore of a lake in Maine on the afternoon of the Farmers' Picnic. Camp Megunticook was about to have its swimming exhibition. Among the *rustics* the excitement was intense, and even we *rusticators* were eagerly interested in anything that broke the monotony of a rather uneventful summer. What was euphemistically termed "local talent" had given us some "pieces" and songs—this word should be in quotation marks, also—but we had cheered up again as we saw the boats cleared away from the raft and the shivering boys standing ready to dive. Just then a good-looking girl, of the distinctly "summer" type, paddled a canoe straight in the line of the diving. The boys shouted to her to get out of the way. All unconscious as she was of the presence of the raft full of boys, the sudden shout startled her. She lost her head, screamed, dropped her paddle; the next moment, she was in the water. Her frantic struggles showed her to be ignorant of the first principles of swimming. Before the boys could get to her, she had swallowed enough water, evidently, to be quite unconscious. For perhaps half a minute she lay stretched on the raft and then moved her head. Wonder of wonders! Suddenly she stood erect! Marvel of marvels! What was she doing now? Taking off her dress? Scandal of scandals! but the truth! She stepped out of the skirt and he—the pronoun changes, you see—stood in a boy's bathing suit and we saw him laughing hard at the success of the hoax.

1912.

"THE SORREL HORSE"

THE "Sorrel Horse" Tavern on North Fourth Street is one of the most interesting of the remains of the Philadelphia of a hundred years ago. That particular part of the old city was well supplied with places of refreshment; just across the street from the "Horse" is a now dilapidated gin-shop called the "Tiger," and on the next square, nearly hidden by gilded beer signs, is the "Silent Woman." In all probability the stages for Bethlehem and the "Dutch" country, as Franklin called it, started from this district. To-day the front of the "Horse" has little to attract one's attention; it looks like an ordinary three-story tenement with a reeking saloon on the first floor. But step through this archway; you are in the old inn-yard. The court is surrounded on three sides by the tavern building, the fourth, which now opens on a back street, was at one time enclosed by the stables and the coach houses. There is a gallery which goes all the way around the building, opening into the second story windows; over in one corner of the yard are the remains of the old pump. The passage under the gallery is paved with old square bricks, but the flag-stones in the yard itself have been replaced by Belgian blocks. One of the old divided doors on the first floor still remains; its long wrought iron hinges attached to the weather-beaten oak with huge spikes. This was the old "tap room" door, and now opens into a filthy, modern "bar." This is just such an hostelry as the "White Hart" in London, where Mr. Pickwick first met Sam Weller, or the more famous "Mermaid," where Ben Jonson and his friends used to meet. It has sadly fallen from its former magnificence; the court is filled with junk and the state bed-rooms given over to dealers in old rags and bottles.

J. H. P., '11.

EDITORIAL

TO THE ALUMNI

The incoming Board presents to you no schedule of remarkable plans for the new year, but it will do its best to maintain a literary standard worthy of Haverford and Haverfordians. We ask your hearty co-operation in advancing the work of the magazine, not only by increased subscriptions and Alumni Notes (though these are most necessary!), but by occasional articles of general interest to the College. The avowed purpose of THE HAVERFORDIAN is to promote a literary spirit among the students, yet we feel that the impulse should not be entirely from within. The Haverford man of to-day will have better college spirit when he understands the college spirit of yesterday, and realizes what his predecessors are doing in the world outside. Every undergraduate will take more interest in his writing when he knows that the circle which he reaches is made up of busy men, who, however, willingly give a little time every month for reading his articles and passing upon them a little kindly criticism. The Board would like to know what type of magazine the alumni want—not merely by criticism of the present type, but by suggestions for the new. The alumnus who writes—"Kindly discontinue my subscription on account of the pernicious article in last month's issue," expresses his disapproval: We know what to avoid, but not what to seek.

We want THE HAVERFORDIAN to be the *best* college paper, both for the alumni and the undergraduates; to make it reach this ideal we need your unstinted support—and with this we begin the new year, with the hope that each issue may reawaken pleasant memories of Haverford.

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it *interesting*. But whether your mind turns to prose or verse, if you have been up in the Maine woods bring us a whiff of pine cones or balsam, or if you have spent the summer in the quaint towns of the Old World, take us away for the moment and let us see them again with you. If you are interested in history, reawaken some old legend. If you have ever written a story, write another; if you have not, you cannot begin younger. Or, finally, if you are a man who plays a game hard and has good red blood, get to work and put some of your enthusiasm into THE HAVERFORDIAN.

The Board expects to be so organized that criticism of articles can be made to the individual contributors. The Editor-in-Chief will try to be in his room every Tuesday evening from nine until ten o'clock to interview anyone in regard to HAVERFORDIAN work.

EXCHANGES

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Remotissimo occasu ⇨ neuf.

Were you perfectly unexpectedly to come up against this, would you be able to decipher it in a careless manner? You wouldn't? Yes, we agree with you, it would be rather too much of a job for even the justly celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. And yet it is done in a page and a half in the *Holy Cross Purple*, and done in a carefree, catch-as-catch-can manner, at that. The story in which this occurs (*The Cryptogram*) is of the highly conventional, hidden treasure type, claiming legitimate descent from Poe's *Gold Bug* and the work of Conan Doyle. The same issue, however, contains a delightful exposition of Milton's "Lycidas" which, while not stating anything startlingly new, does introduce much useful information, in a fashion far removed from the average pedantic college essay.

We once heard a devotee of bridge whist—she was "fair, fat and forty"—state as a result of the experience of years, "Cards run in grooves; I have had wonderful hands all summer and unspeakable ones all winter." This theory, while scarcely plausible in reference to cards, strikes us as being rather applicable to the minds of writers in college magazines, for in the same month as *The Cryptogram* we have another appeal to the Muse of Poe. It is entitled "*The Doctor and His Case*" (*Amherst Monthly*) and is a feebly neurotic assault upon the helpless reader, who, however, is only disgusted. An attempt at versification (?) appears in the same issue. This gem is called "*Growth and Decay*" and fulfills at least the last part of its name. In commencing it introduces the reader to

"The pale moon all serene
The earth quiet in bluish light
In the infinity of azure swinging"

and ends by informing us that "Death is but living, Life is but dying." This is one of those paradoxes which causes one to wonder whether the writer was quite sure that he comprehended his own meaning.

The *Wesleyan "Lit"* contains a very amusing essay on *Loafing* which comes as a refreshing breeze to a jaded exchange editor, and another essay entitled *What is Music?* which leaves this vast question unsolved.

Taken in its entirety the *Williams Literary Monthly* is one of the best of the college magazines that have come under our notice this month. Its verse is of at least average quality and its stories are really good. Among these, *The Committee*, a tale of modern politics, is skilfully worked up to a strong climax, and in *The Remodeling of You* the writer has successfully attempted to attain a child's viewpoint. It is reminiscent of Roy Rolfe Gilson, whose stories about *Father* and *Mother* we remember in *Harper's* a few years ago.

You all remember the time in "Prep." school when you edited the school paper? You remember how in the Exchange Column you said that the *Such and Such* was "a good paper, but needed a few more cuts?" Well, in the same strain we should like to state that the "tout ensemble" of the *Tuftonian* is marred by its singular make up and by the quantity of advertising that crops up in the most unexpected places throughout its pages.

In the *Magazine*, the publication by which the University of Texas represents itself, is presented a galaxy of prose and verse. Such prose! Such verse! The hero of one of its stories (*The Wilful Princess*) is described as having hair like "waving mid-night." Now, although we may be only displaying our lamentable ignorance, we must confess that we have never noticed such a phenomenon in our vicinity; where, whether owing to the climatic difference between Pennsylvania and Texas, or to our more temperate habits, the mid-nights are remarkably docile and conservative. *The Magazine* seems to be quite a close corporation, nearly a quarter of its contributions coming from the prolific pens of a single family.

After the usual run of periodicals it is a relief to pick up the *Vassar Miscellany*, which, like all good things, has been kept till the last. Its verse is good and its departments show evidences of a careful editorial board. Pre-eminent among its stories is *Hamlet—and Tommy*, which is delightful in all senses of the word.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The Haverford Association of New York is now holding luncheons once a month which are proving to be very enjoyable occasions. A private dining-room is reserved at the Machinery Club, 550 Church Street, 1 to 2 P. M., on the first Tuesday of each month, thus making it easy for members to drop in at their convenience. Any Haverfordians who may be in the city on these dates will be most cordially welcomed. At the January luncheon there were present: Frank H. Taylor, '76; J. S. Auchincloss, '90; M. P. Collins, '92; J. S. Roberts, '93; Alfred Bussell, '94; L. H. Wood, '96; F. S. McGrath, Fred Stadleman, F. A. Swan, '98; William A. Battey, Royal J. Davis, '99; Edgar Bolles, A. S. Cookman, J. B. Haviland, '02; Albert W. Hemphill, '06. At the February luncheon were: Stephen W. Collins, '83; J. S. Auchincloss, '90; M. P. Collins, '92; Alfred Bussell, '94; L. H. Wood, '96; F. A. Swan, Fred. Stadleman, '98; W. A. Battey, R. J. Davis, '99; A. S. Cookman, '02; C. F. Scott, '08.

The New England Haverford Alumni dinner is scheduled to take place March 11th at Young's Hotel, Boston. President Sharpless will attend to represent the college of the present and future; Professor Ernest Y. Brown, of Yale University, will act as toastmaster. The committee in charge are: Theodore W. Richards, '85, Chairman; Reuben Colton, '76; Seth K. Gifford, '76; Henry Baily, '78; Charles H. Thurber, '90; F. M. Eshleman, '00; Richard Patton, '01; Harold Jones, '05; Willard P. Tomlinson, '10; Thomas K. Brown, Jr., Secretary.

'49.

Albert K. Smiley, of Lake Mohonk, was one of twenty-seven trustees who were given charge of the Andrew Carnegie Fund to Promote International Peace. When wars between nations shall have ceased the fund is to be used for such purposes as to "best help mankind." The amount is \$10,000,000 in 5 per cent. bonds.

'85.

The next Faraday lecture of the Chemical Society of London is to be given on June 14th by Professor Theodore W. Richards, of Harvard University, in Faraday's lecture room at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, London.

'87.

Henry H. Goddard, Director of Research in the Training School for Backward and Feeble-minded Children, Vineland, N. J., addressed the Health Society in Baltimore on February 7th on "The Feeble-minded as a Menace to the State, Morally and Socially."

'00.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Julia Henderson, of Ludlow, England, and Walter S. Hinchman, of Groton School. Hinchman is abroad studying.

William R. Chamberlain is with John H. Graham & Co., manufacturers of hardware, New York. He is living in Winchester, Massachusetts.

S. W. Mifflin, who was captain of the Merion Cricket Club Soccer Team this year, has gone with the Gentlemen of Philadelphia to Bermuda to play cricket.

'93.

C. J. Rhoads, as chairman of Group I of the Pennsylvania Bankers' Association, which group includes all banks, trust companies and private bankers in Philadelphia County, presided at the annual banquet of the group held February 17th at the Bellevue-Stratford. About six hundred men were present, representing banks in various prominent cities. Speeches were made by Hon. Miles Pointdexter, Mr. George Wharton Pepper and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs.

'95.

Erroll B. Hay has recently opened an office in the Forrest Building, 119 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, for insurance and investments.

'99.

H. C. Petty, who is a leading member of the Sales Organization of the Crocker Wheeler Company, Ampere, N. J., not long ago was elected a director of that company.

'02.

R. M. Gummere delivered two lectures on Roman Sports and Games at the Oakwood Seminary, Union Spring, New York, on February 10th and 11th. The Oakwood Seminary is run by W. H. Wood, Haverford '01.

'03.

C. V. Hodgson, of the Philippine United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, expects to return shortly to the United States.

James B. Drinker is now connected with the Dravo Contracting Company of Pittsburgh, Pa., in the Auditing and Treasury Departments.

U. M. Eshleman is at Laneville, West Virginia, with the Whitmer Coal and Lumber Company.

Ex-'03.

Lately in the *Pittsburgh Leader* appeared a lengthy account of the work of David Blaine Miller, Special Agent of the Dairy and Food Commission of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Miller was born in 1878 in Rockwood, Somerset County, and entered Haverford in 1899. He left college before his senior year and later held a position in Pittsburgh under his father, who was then the Special Agent for the State Food Commission. In October, 1909, Miller was appointed to this position and has since done much work toward reforming the food supplies of Allegheny, Washington, Greene, Beaver and Lawrence Counties. Artificially colored oleomargarine, chemically preserved meats, embalmed milk, artificially colored soda water, ice cream and confectionery, imitation lard, adulterated bottled and canned goods, these and others have supplied the Pure Food Commission with work for the past year and a half under Miller.

Pennsylvania leads the United States in strict food laws. Since Miller's advent there have been enacted separate laws for oleomargarine, renovated butter, lard, ice cream, non-alcoholic beverages, fruit syrup, cheese, vinegar, fresh meat and two laws for milk.

Miller's greatest achievement has been the wiping out of the artificially colored oleomargarine sold as butter in Pittsburgh. Previous to the campaign there were one hundred and seventy-five shops doing illicit trade in the article. To-day it cannot be had. Oleo is sold as oleo at eighteen to twenty-five cents a pound. Formerly French peas were colored by placing a small piece of "copper-zinc" in each can; hamburg steak was prepared with poisonous sulphites; boric acid was put in oysters; saccharine, a coal tar product, was used to sweeten soft drinks; to a large extent milk was preserved by the addition of formaldehyde. All of these have been reformed. Lately Miller's attention has been directed to those stalls and markets whose meats and other goods are exposed to flies and the dust of the streets.

In speaking of his work, Miller has said:

"While the work of investigating impure food and dairy products is responsible, it is interesting. In a great degree the health of the public

depends upon us. Our labors are sometimes difficult and tedious—often they are disappointing and discouraging—but our motto has been 'Keep everlastingly at it—and win.' This we have, with all our powers, endeavored to do.

"We have never tried to persecute anyone, and our policy has been to correct the great evils with a minimum number of prosecutions. Of course, there are circumstances where we have to be severe. The work we have undertaken is no easy task, and there is still a multitude of wrongs, both of omission and commission, to be corrected.

"But we have thus far been well rewarded for our efforts, and we hope that by earnest, conscientious work we can further benefit the great masses of humanity by providing them with better and more wholesome foods and drinks. We feel that our labors in behalf of the public have not been in vain."

'04.

Arthur Crowell, who is connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, left Manila, Philippine Islands, on January 18th for home. He went to Port Arthur and thence to India, where he is now. He expects to spend several weeks there, will stop at Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, and will reach the United States next May or June.

W. T. Hilles is in the Philippines engaged in educational work for the government. He is particularly interested in work in connection with establishing the University of the Philippines.

Bernard Lester is head of the Small Motor Division of the Sales Department of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

E. P. West, who was recently a member of the West, Shelman Company, automobile agents of Philadelphia, has now withdrawn from the firm. He was recently in Pittsburgh for a few days' visit.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Isabelle Jessie Wardle, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. Granville Wardle, of Philadelphia, to A. Wesley Kratz, of Lansdale, Pa.

James M. Stokes has lately become the father of a baby boy.

'05.

T. S. Downing has recently moved to Pittsburgh, Pa., and is now a night foreman for the Spang Chalfont Company, steel manufacturers.

'07.

The class of 1907 celebrated their annual reunion on Friday, February 24th, in Founders' Hall. Dinner was served and a meeting

was held at which officers for the ensuing year were elected—Evans, president; Windle, secretary and treasurer. Those present were: P. W. Brown, Cadbury, Eldridge, Evans, Godley, Gummere, McGill, Morton, Nicholson, Rossmassler, E. C. Tatnall and Windle. Morton expects to take his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins this June, when he will enter the government service. Brown is now connected with Elkins, Krumbhaar and Morris, bankers, in the Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

G. H. Ward has recently left the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and is now associated with H. M. Hallett, Haverford, '00, who represents the Shepherd Electric Crane and Hoist Company and the Pennsylvania Crusher Company.

'08.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Gertrude Scott Haring, of Quakertown, Pennsylvania, to Frederic O. Musser, '08, of Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

The class of 1908 held its annual meeting and dinner in Founders' Hall, Friday evening, January 27th. Sixteen members were present—Brown, Burt, Bushnell, Drinker, Edwards, Elkinton, Emlen, Guenther, Hill, Leonard, Linton, Longstreth, Miller, Thomas, Troth, Wright.

Fisher C. Baily was married on Thursday, February 23d, to Miss Dorothy Louise Hornbrook, of Wheeling, West Virginia. Baily is in the employ of Joshua L. Baily & Co., of Philadelphia, and is likely to go to their Chicago branch.

The report of the class secretary will be given next month.

'09.

Walter Whitson is engaged in philanthropic work in Pittsburgh.

Ex-'11.

Daniel Birdsall is working for the Carnegie Steel Company and living at Williamsburg, Pennsylvania.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

JOSEPH MOORHEAD BEATTY, JR., 1913, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ALBERT LANG BAILY, JR., 1912

IRVIN CORSON POLEY, 1912

HOWARD WEST ELKINTON, 1914

BUSINESS MANAGERS

WALTER H. STEERE, 1912 (Mgr.)

CHAS. H. CROSMAN, 1913 (Asst. Mgr.)

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

THE ILLUSION OF THE MOTH CHAPTER IV.

ON a late afternoon in November, Sidney returned from a day's stroll to Land's End where he had anticipated taking some sketches, if for nothing else, to keep his fingers plastic. But the sketches were unbegun, and returning, he was a little cross with himself and his apathy for work. Suzanne had been gone since Thursday, and this was Sunday evening. She would be back to-morrow. That was refreshing—perhaps he would get some work done then. Perhaps she would help him, he thought. She could be a great help if she only would try—but she had failed miserably last week. And like all such youth he went on believing that she *could*. She had insisted that she did not understand—which only argued for him that she *did*. He threw down his folio, and the evening being cool, he built for his own desperate enjoyment a hugh fire of birch. This and cigarettes were the only things he seemed to own on earth, things to burn like all his hopes. Neither Selma, nor art, nor Suzanne, nor Sidney Holt—he had failed in all. And this solitary existence, how should he endure it all winter? A cold blast against the windows and the gray light as night drew on, everything contributed to the solitude. In a half enjoyable fit of melancholy and sorrow for the world he threw himself on the rug before the fire, and felt pleasantly generous in wanting to cry for tragedy everywhere. A man may take a quiet time out of eternity in which he may talk to himself, but he never can learn what his soul is asking for. It is an insoluble acrostic which becomes clear only after the time has gone by. So Sidney lay there moaning in behalf of himself and the world, and the wind moaned outside, and the sea moaned in sympathy. It was pleasant dejection.

The firelight glowed softly, and suddenly remembering a letter in his pocket, he drew it out and spread it on the floor, while he read with his shaggy head tumbled on his elbows. It was a note from Suzanne in New York.

Dear Sidney Holt,

My father has got the house in order so that I am here doing nothing

to-day (Friday). I tried to make some calls this afternoon, and nobody was in, of course. And now father has gone off on a business trip so that even here in town I feel about as isolated as at Woodcliff—more so. I expect to come back to Woodcliff Monday, and then I shall see you for only a short time, as mother has to be brought here before winter starts. It will be a dreary winter—you must not persist in staying there. It is so lonely. Why not rent a studio in town?

Without knowing why, I dread the winter season, and parlor talks with romantic youths and bridge with chits. But what can you do when you are just ordinary, and can't think without having it hurt? Not all of us are big enough to be egotists without manners—although genuine egotists with manners at heart—not so?

Yours S. A.

He looked at the "yours" a long time, amused, and not caring much what it meant—and yet not so impervious as he believed himself in his love for Selma. It is at least flattering to know that somebody is "yours" in some indefinite sort of way in which there are any number of possibilities. The youth of ordinary temper will read enough into a "yours" to start a romance. He felt without clearly thinking it, that if Suzanne could be his, so could Selma. He was proud, and he was willing to be loved by anybody. But he could not love Suzanne—not even Suzanne, a fresh delightful bud, loved, no doubt, by everybody, and yet he *could* get a faint flutter of the heart now that two weeks were gone by and Suzanne was to be beyond reach after to-morrow, having been once so near. It had been a vacation for them both, walking and bathing along the rocky and picturesque shore, and reading at an occasional log fire at Whipsurf when a winter afternoon came early. Outdoor life and exercise of the blood—most modern morbidity can be cured by these. If not, then something is the matter with the heart or with the philosophy. Wise melancholy exercises and goes to bed.

Sidney did not know how long he brooded in his warm winter fire-light when there seemed to come a tap at the door. He raised his head and listened. Yes, it was there. How impossibly wonderful if Selma could be outside, and he almost believed it. But when he opened the door and stared at the dark figure, it was Suzanne.

"Booh!" she exclaimed, "a surprise! I looked in at the window and saw you sleeping on the floor. Seven o'clock—have you had supper?" She threw a package on the davenport. "To-night we shall have the supper. Look! a rarebit, and *pink* champagne! Now please don't be

lugubrious, and please forget all about yourself—this is the end of summer.”

“But how do you come back a day early? I should think you would have been glad to get away from Woodcliff.”

“Well—it was stupid in town,” she sighed, “and Hewlett threatened to call this afternoon, and he’s such an egotist. So when I found this food in the pantry, I thought we might as well have that elusive supper. Mother expects me to-morrow, so I planned to come up on the afternoon train, eat supper, and go down to the house—”

“But how will you explain? Your family—”

“I can say I came up on the 10.40 accommodation. You’ll have to entertain me until 10.40.”

“It’s good of you, Suzanne, but—a little indiscreet as the world goes, not so?” he asked, certainly with an obvious lack of tact.

“O, the world and society and conventions and indiscretion! If you had to nod to them, you’d be desperate. I’m desperate and I don’t care. I’m ready to eat peas with a spoon, where is your chafing dish?”

She threw off her coat, and Sidney remembered that he had an appetite, and forgot to ask a question which he wanted answered. He found dishes by candle light, and Suzanne was soon manoeuvring creamed oysters and a rarebit on a single chafer. They were sitting on the floor toasting bread in the fire, when it occurred to Sidney to ask the question.

“Suzanne, you were talking of the world and conventions and indiscretion. Haven’t you lived in conventions long enough to accept them without thinking?”

“Well, perhaps,—but why?” she asked, pulling a toast from the fire.

“I was thinking,” continued Sydney, embarrassed, chiefly, because there was no reason to be, “I was thinking—I thought, being away from all those things made you so desperate and so lonely here.”

“Probably. This place is so absolutely evaporated, and with a nervous mother on your hands—”

“But you say—you say” he insisted, pressing a point which she was not interested in as much as in the crisp toast, “here you have just arrived from the city, and you say you do not like that either. What do you like?”

“I always did like it,” she explained, “only this year going back it seemed so maudlin. I suppose I should travel if I get so boresome that I love myself—I need something new, something like meeting you unex-

pectedly here. This was refreshing—but of course, rather hard for you. To-night ends it.”

He did not argue its being hard on him nor the ending of it. A little disappointed, she continued.

“You see, it is growing up that makes us champ the bit. For instance, my friends all look upon me as eligible for marriage, unpractical but pretty, shallow but tolerable, sentimental but worth indulging, and perhaps on the whole—desirable. Some day a cleancut-looking club man will get into my parlor. He will take an inventory of my characteristics, compare these with a vest pocket prescription which he has calculated for his soul, and perhaps he will carry me off as if in a bottle to be taken in small doses at proper intervals. Isn’t it cheerful to be thus labelled?” She threw a pine cone into the fire in utter disgust, and rose up to attend the chafing dish.

“Is life and society so dreadful though, Suzanne? I’ve often wondered—is everything so conventionalized. I’ve wanted to ask that.”

“It depends on the people,” she answered, stirring the rarebit, and biting off a crisp of toast with pretty teeth, “father says, to know the conventions is to know how unconventional you can be. I think it depends upon the people.”

“But it is choky, not so?” Sydney had the illusions of an ill-bred boy conscious of deficiencies.

“No, no, the reason,” she explained carefully, and getting very much confused, “the reason why a man who knows the conventions is better than a bohemian, is because—because he can be both conventional and bohemian too—don’t you see—his knowledge of the conventional describes for him the bohemian.” She gesticulated with the spoon and the champagne bottle, and Sidney laughing, she became confused.

“Well, that’s what father says. I’m sure I don’t understand it.”

“I see,” said Sydney, trying to do the conventional, “and now my dear Miss Archer, let us be seated on the davenport and eat your excellent repast from the wheel-table.”

“Will you set the table, Mr. Holt?”

“It will be a pleasure to be commanded, my dear Miss Archer.”

“And would you mind bringing the chafing dish?”

The dinner ready, he sat down to the table beside Suzanne. “There, I think we have everything—and the wine, do you order me to christen the feast?”

“Pray do, Mr. Hoyt.”

"*In vino veritas!*" he exclaimed as he poured for himself the first drop with Gallican dexterity. Then he filled Suzanne's and ended his own.

"What shall be the toast?"

"To melancholy," urged Sidney, laughing.

"No, to egotism," insisted Suzanne.

"No, to conventions."

"No, to art. That would be a good one."

"To the devil," said Sidney.

"Well then, to melancholy, egotism, conventions, art and the devil, all together." And the toast was drunk.

In the experience of the past two weeks there had been no such situation adapted as this to emotion. But here were a man and a woman, the man a person of restricted interests, but capable of immense intensity in them; the woman pardonable for her shallowness because she was conscious of it, tired of herself and of her world, in love with the man, and he had never thought of it. And this was the end of their acquaintance,—inevitably the end, for the wisdom of Suzanne in being able to see the impossibility of a real love affair was as much of a characteristic in her as her emotionalism. She had determined to get all out of it she could, so she had had the courage to be reckless just this once. The conditions were perfect. Sidney, though tired, was in good humor, which was most important, and then the warm soft light of the great fireplace, in which their faces were in all their possible beauty. Suzanne, beautiful by broad day when the sun looked severely at her pink white skin with treacherous truthfulness—to-night she was truly beautiful! The perfection of gold hair wound carefully in utter carelessness, truly in abandon she was an artist, if in nothing else. Not all the sex are made in matchless gold and blue, and to-night the blue of her eyes caught the color of her dress, a deep, velvet, unique blue, almost a part of her, it seemed, and of her grace and loveliness.

"O, I have not got enough dishes," exclaimed Sidney, after the libation. "I forgot the rarebit."

"Don't get up," she pleaded, "we shall make these do. Now that you've done the conventional excellently, see whether you do not understand the non-conventional which the conventions describe. We will make one dish do for the oysters and one for the rarebit. That's a good way to begin."

Somehow he took infinite delight in eating from the same dish with

Suzanne, and when he got ahead of the game, of eating her oysters from her fork, even after she had bitten into them as if her teeth were pearls, and she would feed him, laughing in tones like a flute. A rarebit made with champagne is food for angels, and there is enough left in a quart to warm the heart and to soar the spirit. Sidney felt that he was packing into a few fleet hours more enjoyment than the gods usually allow two mortals. Almost before the evening seemed begun, it was time for Suzanne to go. She rose and took Sidney's hands.

"And how long will you stay here, Sidney?" she asked, looking into his face seriously.

"Not long," and there seemed to be almost a note of sadness in his tone. He looked at her shower of gold hair, then into her face, and then to her shoe tips. But he did not look up again. "I guess—I guess I'll go back to Paris." The log in the fire broke, and a tornado of wind buffeted hard upon the window panes.

"You will not come to New York for the winter?—won't you see me again—to give me another chance—and perhaps yourself?"

"No," he said quietly, and looked into her eyes hopelessly. "I'm afraid it's"—and his voice grew hoarse—"impossible."

"Then this is good-bye?"

He looked at her a moment.

"May I kiss you once good-bye, Suzanne?"

Without a word she held her face up to his, and as he bent down to kiss her lips, he felt her arms close around his head, clinging to him as if he were the only being on earth to be loved. She had not dared speak her love for his ears to hear, but in the press of their lips she could say more than words, and tell more of love than the mind can speak. As he looked into her face, her eyes closed, for their clear and infinite depths were welling up with tears which hastened down her cheek like diamonds scattering over ivory. And now he saw it all, and he thought he loved Suzanne for being so patient when her heart was full. So he kissed her eyes until they ceased to cry, and soon they smiled through the tears, a burst of sun on morning dew.

But it was time to go. He had learned so late, she thought. But the 10.40 had probably left Woodcliff station ten minutes before. Suzanne must start quickly, to make her arrival plausible.

"Once more, and this the last," he begged, and she seemed almost happy. "I shall go up the road with you."

"No, I must go alone. From now on I am alone."

"Shall I stop to see you in New York before sailing?"

"Yes, do. But we shall be conventional people then."

He reached to open the door, but he had no sooner turned the latch when the wind threw the doors wide open, and sent the rugs and other light materials scattering in the room. It was a strong cold wind driving straight from the sea, and the huge waves could now be heard pounding madly against the rocky coast. Once on the porch he pulled the door shut with some difficulty, and walking with her to the steps he yelled.

"It is a terrific night, and cold too. You'd better let me go the way with you."

She had not heard. A little frightened, but too courageous to wince, she stood holding to the railing. The wind roared from all points of the compass, and the immense spray of the sea could be seen dashing and flung high, caught and flying in the gale, as each wave crashed against the rocks. She looked around at Sidney, and waved her hand, for speech was useless. But as she put forward her foot to descend the steps, a blood colored streak flashed across the sky and lighted up the vast prospect of the storm. Sidney saw her face and it was frightened. A piercing crash followed the lightning, and in the immense tumult of the elements, she instinctively without knowing it, grasped Sidney's arm. Coming closer he took her other hand, and felt her trembling pitifully,—at which he himself in fear, picked her up and hurried into the house.

"I wonder—I wonder," she said finally, "I wonder if the 10.40 will come to-night?"

Sidney had not thought of that. He poked the fire, considered for a minute, and then insisted on going to the station to see. In five minutes he came back, drenched.

"It is impossible to go," he said hurriedly, "but I just thought—the 10.40 doesn't run on Sundays. You will have to stay here, Suzanne, unless—unless I could get you back to your house."

Suzanne looked into the dying fire, her face a little frightened, but more beautiful than ever. There was gold in her hair, all loveliness in her face, and grace moved in every line of her body. She bit her fingers pensively, and then decided quickly.

"Yes, I guess so. I guess I will have to stay here. I do not want mother to—"

"You are a brave girl," he said, assuringly, without knowing what he meant.

"Not brave, but reckless. I shall sleep here on this davenport. Please, Mr. Holt, please get your wet clothes off and go to bed."

"Suzanne," said Sidney firmly, "we have got ourselves into this predicament, and we may as well be sensible. You can use my room at the head of the stairs—you must—I insist upon it."

She started to object. The wind outside suddenly turning, snarled, cracked, and roared, making the very house tremble. Then quick as a cat's paw it softened, as if gathering itself to blow the house off the rocks at the next gust. They listened. He handed her a lamp, and she ascended the stairs without looking at him.

Sidney threw a log on the fire, and adjusted himself to the comfort of a dressing gown and the davenport. He tried to sleep, but his brain had an evening packed too full of things to think about. Before that night in all his life he had never known the meaning of a kiss—lugubrious youth had missed for him the experience most men have to draw upon in times like these. This was a new experience, and though he did not know it, here was the beginning of a growth which Selma, whom he had loved as if struck by the magic of her far guiding star, knew that he did not have—or rather wished him to get. It did not occur to Sidney to go back to Selma with this new realization of love—as well Selma might never have been a part of his young life. He was now bewitched, even he, Sidney Holt, as impervious and self-occupied a genius as ever held crayon. He could not believe he loved, but the passion kept him tossing as restless as the storm outside. The gale blew in fitful tumult, pausing on the sea as if to plan some new angle of attack, then bursting on the house in mad and frightful fury. The fire died down again into glowing ashes, and after a long time he fell half asleep.

He might have slept an hour when he found himself sitting up in terror—there had been a crash somewhere. Half awake, he listened. Another shriek of the wind and sea, and another crash—the chimney in the front room! Suzanne's room! Listen!

"Sidney! Sidney!"

He rushed upstairs, and looking through the room he could not find her there. The roof was broken, and a cold draught blew roughly through a broken window-pane. Suzanne was not there.

"Where are you Suzanne?" he cried, with as much calmness as he could command.

"Here, here," came the faint reply. "O I am so frightened. What has happened?"

He followed the voice, and found her stalking in the dark of the hallway with her hands outstretched before her. She was trembling in utter fear. He lifted her and carried her like a child down to the fire.

"Look, Suzanne, don't tremble so, everything is safe."


"I am better, now, Sidney—Oh, why did you send me up into that wild room? I would rather have stayed awake with you. Oh! and the most horrible dreams!"

She clung to him, and rested her head quietly on his shoulder. Neither said a word. The fire slumbered, and the storm ceased, and drowsy senses left them asleep in each others' arms.

Either the gods made us wrong, or we do not understand what sin is. We are willing to be punished for our sins, what we object to is to be cheated in the sinning. Of retribution between the two there is no possibility, which is the greater sinner? Nay, the gods having done the cheating, they demand the price, and of two fine and sensitive natures, it is a fallacy that the woman pays alone. Perhaps of others also, even besides themselves, is part of the price to be required. The worst cheat of life is the cheating of the innocent.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE CHAPEL NEAR EVOLENE

 HERE is something about the undiscovered that instinctively draws us. A certain longing and enticement is mingled with that which is just out of reach so that men are willing to undergo almost anything in order to discover the new. It was this that called Dillon Wallace out of the heart of New York into the wilds of Labrador:

*Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!*

Was his immediate impulse. This same fascination called me away from the beaten line of travel up a narrow gorge to one of the quaintest, dirtiest little Swiss villages in the Catholic canton of Valais.

Evolene is nestled at the top of the valley d'Herens where the mountains widen so charmingly that they appear to have been providentially formed thus by a kind Creator. It is a village untouched by the outside world save by the European hotel and the Catholic church. Yet these two intrusions have not fully contaminated its uniqueness, for most of the chalets date back to the seventeenth century and the inhabitants still persist in stabling their live-stock in the cellar while they themselves occupy the first floor. There is a certain air of antiquity about this place that

is most pleasing. The cedar-log houses stained dark by the winter storms, the filthy little crooked streets with a charming glimpse of mountains beyond, all seem to suggest the past.

The most interesting to me of all the unique places was the old grist mill by the side of the very animated little glacier stream upon which it depended for power. A huge water wheel turns the large mill-stones one upon the other. By these stones the wheat is ground and then it is treated by a process which, though primitive in the extreme, seems to satisfy the needs of these simple people who trouble not their heads about improved methods! The miller himself is an odd old man blending with perfect harmony into his surroundings. He never troubles himself with the cares of this world and always trusts a kind Providence to supply the necessary where-with-all by which he supports his family of six sturdy little Switzers. Though rather careless he is most entertaining and it is from him that I gained a most informal glimpse into the inside life of these men of the mountains.

One afternoon, I happened to stop and see my miller friend after a short climb. I asked him about a little chapel I had noticed high up by the side of the road on an apparently inaccessible rock. On account of its peculiarly noticeable situation it had attracted my attention especially. The following story is only one of the many legends that are so prevalent amongst these mountaineers. This is especially so where superstition is coupled with the imagination of a mountain people.

"Many years ago, monsieur, there lived a young man in the ch  let yonder by those three crosses." Pointing to three crosses that were silhouetted against the sky on a mountain on the other side of the valley—"Pierre Baptiste was his name, a good hunter and a good herdsman. One gusty Fall day when the first snowflakes, the fore-runners of winter, were drifting aimlessly about, Pierre was bringing his flocks down from the summer pasturage for wintering in the village, as is our custom. On his way, monsieur, a very strange thing happened to him. About two miles up the cow-path that crosses the stream a little way below here, there is an old oak, which was claimed by our ancestors to be haunted. Past this tree Baptiste had to drive his flocks. Just as he was passing it a miscreant cow attracted his attention and, by an evil mischance, he forgot to cross himself as the priest has many times warned us to do. Suddenly up flew a flurry of snowflakes shaping themselves into a maiden. Shrieking in his ear she taunted his devotion then tossed him a little crucifix, adjuring him by the Holy Virgin never to tell a soul either about the crucifix or about the apparition, on pain of death.

"Pierre picked up the crucifix and went on his way rejoicing that he had come off so luckily. Since he was a pious soul he repeated very naturally, Ave Marias and Pater Nosters all the rest of the way home.

"Winter came and went bringing no apparent ill fortune to Baptiste on account of his adventure in the Fall. It so happened the next summer that father Jean, the parish priest, returning from La Sage, a little hamlet not far from here, found a strange maiden crying by the roadside. Apparently she was lost. He tried to find out from where she came but either she did not know or would not tell, for the only answer she gave was 'chêne.' Claiming her as a god-send he took her home and brought her up as his own child.

"Time passed bringing each day fresh beauty and grace to father Jean's daughter. She had many suitors among whom was young Pierre Baptiste. And as fortune would have it, after a twelve-month these two were wedded. Pierre prospered in the riches of this world. His flocks brought good profits and his wife made a loving and efficient help-mate. Several years passed by as merrily and as pleasantly as one could wish. The Baptiste family in the meantime increased from two to five.

"There were five mild winters bringing only the usual snow and cold. Then there came a bad one bringing a blizzard. A real Alpine blizzard. The kind, monsieur." Here the old man touched my arm and I could see far back in his eyes a touch of pathos, "the kind that we Swiss dread.

"All day long the storm howled and moaned around the four corners of the Baptiste chalet like some beast seeking a victim. The routine of evening duties had just been completed. The children were sleeping soundly in their bed by the wall. Pierre and his wife were also preparing to do likewise. For a moment they sat down before the great open fire. In silence, they sat listening to the whirling snow-storm outside and watching the fire on the hearth. Unconsciously Pierre fingered his crucifix which he had always worn religiously about his neck. His wife looking up asked him innocently enough, 'Pierre where did you get that crucifix?' He hesitated a moment doubting whether he should tell her or not, since he had never spoken a syllable about it to any one. But putting his fear aside as time had somewhat dulled his sense of obligation he told her everything. In patience she listened till he had finished his whole story. Then pointing to their three babes she shrieked in the ear of her husband that she would spare his life only for the sake of the children she had borne him. With a howl that curdled the blood in his veins she melted into a flurry of snow-flakes, just as he had seen her do on the

mountainside seven long years before, and sped up the chimney out into the night.

"Thus, monsieur, Baptiste was left alone with his children. Father Jean's daughter was none other than the ghost of the oak tree. The meaning of the word 'chêne' was only too plain. As a repentance for having been tempted by the devil incarnate, that chapel which you saw to-day was built to show all those coming to Evolenè the piety of Baptiste."

And sure enough there stands the little chapel a silent, yet impressive, witness of repentance to all the world. So interesting and natural was the old miller's legend that my belief nearly slipped over the edge of doubt into the depths of credulity. This little insight into the folk-lore of these people and my many rambles among their mountains gave me a real love and respect for them and their superstitions which I shall always hold dear.

H. W. E., '14.

A SOLILOQUY

I'm perfectly mad about dancing,
 I love the soft strains of a waltz;
 Indulgence in sundry two-stepping
 Has always been one of my faults:
 But what is the use of my striving?
 My fate surely could not be worse,
 For in spite of my utmost contriving
 I can't seem to learn to reverse!

No favors I get at cotillions,
 In fact, I have not the least chance,
 Some chaps can get partners by millions,
 But then they know well how to dance!
 I can not be one of those dancers;
 I know that I might as well stop,
 For I can't do the Barndance or Lancers,
 Nor "Boston," nor "Drop."

L'ENVOI.

So hence with this worldly illusion
 Terpsichorean antics I'll flag
 And end all this useless confusion
 By simply becoming a "Stag."

L. B. L., '14.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST DECADE AND AFTERWARD

We have received the following from Robert Howland, the oldest living alumnus of Haverford:

IT is a great pleasure to an octogenarian to hark back to the days of old—to auld lang syne; not that one would take the risk of living them over again. Every stage in life has its pressing duties, its joys, its temptations, its reverses, its lessons. For me the best expression is: "Leave the things that are behind and press forward toward the mark." The five years at the old Founder's Hall leave a feeling of serenity, of a good time. Distance gives a Claude Lorraine tinge of chiaroscuro to the whole. *Un tableau charmant.*

I would not live always for there is eternal progress for each soul, we all have a puff of the breath of eternal life from the Christ. I glory in the possibilities of eternal growth, of joy in advancing fruition, the pleasures of high communion, the realities of the unseen. God is love and all his grand intentions for us are the fruit of infinite love coupled with infinite power for good.

The college in those days was concentrated in one building; we studied, recited, ate, slept and lived in it. The first fence was the limit of our freedom. To the law-abiding, Law brings no dissatisfaction—perhaps a little temporary resistance.

As an optimist, I imagine no fellows had a better time than we had. There was a large Senior class that first year. I recall Dr. Hartshorne, a little giant in athletics and brilliant as a student, then his chum, Charlie Taber, his peer in quickness of intellect. There were two brothers Fisher, tall and attractive, two Collins men, the New Jersey one with a leap of twenty-two feet. Nereus Mendenhall was there part of the year, a man who all his life made himself felt. Two of the family of Cope, whose record is present with all, were also there. Altogether it was a class that we in the Preparatory looked up to with awe, as almost beings of another world, out of our reach, for five years to a boy of twelve is an eternity.

In the Junior class was Joseph Howell, a fine-looking young man, who was handicapped by deafness; we saw often by his side Thomas Kimber, Jr., a student with fine abilities, one who has made his mark. Then there was his brother Anthony, an excellent student and to-day our Dean. There was Robert Bowne, too, of most genial temperament, and who came to Haverford a little boy and motherless. The two Rodmans and a Morgan from New Bedford were there, as was Augustus Taber, a representative of a talented family. But as I come down nearer my own peers, my spy glass must have been reversed. I no longer see giants in memory arise.

Our superintendent in the year 1838-1839 was Isaac Davis, a man of marvelous contour. That first fall his great pockets poured out chestnuts that the small boys scrambled for on the pavement at the northeast corner of the Institution. It was his assistant who was principally in evidence, the terror of truants and lawbreakers, a rather ubiquitous official. Next came John Gummere,

with his absent-minded, mathematical temperament, a man who looked as though he belonged to the great age of the Medici and the time of Savonarola. In my last year Daniel B. Smith was at the helm. We looked up to him as the representative of learning and science. I distinctly remember his enthusiasm when at that time first appeared Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*. There are blessed memories of him and his noble wife, Hettie Morton Smith. Speaking of the ladies, there was Mrs. Davis, who was, I think, a Wistar, the admiration of the little boys, as was also the daughter, very attractive in her Friend's bonnet. The family of John Gummere attracted us by their amiability. William Denis, a son-in-law, and the son, Samuel Gummere, were highly respected professors. Blessings on Haverford for giving me five years of happy life. *Fond recollection presents it to view*. The youth is said to be "the father of the man." Haverford, I trow, is all the better for its *guarded* Quakerly beginnings, traditions, prejudices and precedents. They have their influence. You know the law of history—a good thing must have its roots in the past. The best results of a college life are found in character-building. The test of real value in its influence is in the character of the men it turns out. I know many good products. Haverford started for Quaker youth. May its students help to bring an ideal twentieth century Christianity, an era of self-sacrificing love of truth and right living after the perfect Pattern.

"God grant us grace,
Each in his place,
To bear his lot
And murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor."

—J. G. Whittier's version of Luther's great hymn.

R. B. H., '43.

LOVE IS ETERNAL

Out from the depths where the loud breakers roar
Up from the pits where earth's products smoulder,
Back from the vastness, from yon deep blue shore
Where the day star rolls in royal splendor,
Where sable night's mantle a sleeping world hides,
From the realms of the Zephyrs, from every portal
Comes ever the echo—*life is immortal*.
So the wood thrush this sweet message confides
To his small mate on the bough where he swings,
And the south winds whisper the same refrain
As they caress the wood flower so frail,
And the man and the maid, and all order of things
Repeat and repeat, again and again,
In sweet harmony—*love is eternal*.

J. P. G. '14

THE SEASON IN SOCCER

The college year has in many ways been quite successful from the soccer players' point of view, if you wish to put it that way. While the season is not over, (one game with Cornell yet to be played) yet we have a good chance of at least tying for second place in the Intercollegiate League. High hopes were entertained for the championship, but this is practically impossible, certainly improbable, since we were defeated by Columbia (1-0) and only managed to tie Yale (2-2). Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania were entirely outclassed, losing to us (4-0) and (3-1) respectively. Cornell who has usually been near the foot of the list, tied Columbia so that a great deal of interest is manifested as to the real strength of the former team. The games before the Intercollegiate games were always against very good teams and usually quite good soccer was played. With the exception of the Christmas holidays and one week lay-off in February to ward off staleness, the season has been continuous from December third, until the final game to be played Saturday, April eighth. Counting the Intercollegiate games, we have played seventeen in all. Of these we have lost five, won eight, and tied four—never losing a game by more than one point and never winning by more than four. Altogether our scores have been Haverford, 33, Opponents, 21. Considering the length of the season, and the fact that during the early part of the season four teams practiced with fair regularity we feel that soccer is a great advantage to Haverford in the physical development department. But we must not forget the second team. It has been unusually strong this year, and has had good spirit. Never has the first team been badly crippled for want of good substitutes. Being a member of the second soccer team is not quite so thankless a job as the scrub in football, for it has played nearly as many games as the first and with an equally successful record, though of course not against quite so good teams. The third team also had several games.

We would like to say in comment that the fact that Haverford plays Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania and compares favorably with them is of a very great value to us. The schools around Philadelphia, are beginning to take soccer up enthusiastically so that we need not fear for good material and interest, and we appeal to the Alumni to back us up in England's second greatest sport.

The following is quoted from the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, of March 8, 1911.

Mr. W. S. Seaman's article in yesterday's *Crimson* is food for much thought and I hope discussion among college undergraduates and the public at large.

"In it he tells of the virtues of association football, the skill and agility required on the part of the individual player, the keen enjoyment a player gets from a game, and above all the tremendous possibility it offers for general participation. Any healthy man can play soccer. It makes no difference if he stands four feet six, or six feet four, whether he weighs 125 pounds or 225 pounds. There are no signals for him to learn, no expensive uniform for him to buy, no blackboard talks from coaches, none of the hundred and one phrases of training that make American football a business rather than a sport. He simply joins a team of men of his own skill, puts on a pair of running shorts and a jersey, trots over to the field and commences to play. In an hour or less he is taking his bath and soccer has no more claim on him till the following day.

"Soccer came from England. The English have their faults but they have lived a good many generations and there is philosophy in their lives—also in their sports. There is philosophy in soccer. It is a great game for Tom, Dick and Harry, to play at school, at college, and when they begin to develop thin hair and curly figures. Soccer deserves to be popular in America. There's a reason."

1911.

LOOSE LEAVES

LORD CHESTERFIELD, PROVERBS AND MYSELF

WHEN you at a tender age struggled with the difference of seven and three and failed to get the right answer, did a patronizing teacher ever say to you with the maddening sweetness of long-suffering patience, "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again?" While yet in the toils of fractions, did you ever have a good-natured interest in decimals snubbed by a smiling "Don't cross your bridge until you come to it?" At the end of a hard day's play, when you stared into an open fire with a consciously vacant expression in your eyes, were you ever reminded that "Satan finds some evil still for idle hands to do?" If these expressions haven't been thrust down your throat, others equally choking and rage-compelling have. And that is why a thrill of delight came over me when I found these lines in Austin Dobson's *Vignette* on Chesterfield:

"Lord Chesterfield detested proverbs. For him they were not so much the wit of one man and the wisdom of many, as the cheap rhetoric of the vulgar, to which no person of condition could possibly condescend."

What I had hitherto regarded as an out-and-out weakness, to be concealed if possible, I now look upon as one of those vices so amiably interesting that they are cherished by their possessor more fondly than any but the most fashionable virtues.

1912.

PLOWING

THAT a world of dreary work this thought foretells." I remember how I used to hate to plough! The share would not stay in the ground—the off horse would not keep in the furrow—every stone would send the handles flying into my ribs—and to cap it all, out of fear that the horses might work too hard, I used to wear myself out pushing the plough along. Yes, it seemed to me the very essence of drudgery. But last summer I really found the knack and it was a revelation to me. The horses walked straight and true, there was not a rock in the field and the crumbling earth ran off the moleboard with never a break. I seemed tireless as I swung along behind the plodding horses and I was fairly intoxicated with the richness of the earthy smells as the gliding plough share changed the golden wheat stubble into the rich brown of the under soil. Far away a limitless distance across the prairie, they stretched side by side the dark brown and the golden yellow, and here was I alone with my team,—an insect on the great bosom of Nature. And I seemed to catch a little of her grandeur and sublimity. Enough at least to appreciate the fact that it was in just such close contact with Nature that Burns received the inspiration for his immortal lyrics.

J. A. C., '12.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

ANDREW McGill was happy, radiantly, triumphantly happy, and his honest Scotch face beamed good cheer and contentment, as his faithful clan gathered in the cosy little room over Scottie's bar, to complete their *magnum opus*. "Drinks all around," shouted Andrew in stentorian tones down the speaking tube in the wall. "And now, gentlemen," he began, rapping with an ale mug for order, "we have met to bring to a grand consummation our elucidating and refulgent exemplification of our lexicography. In other words, Gentlemen, our dictionary goes to press to-morrow, so we must complete it at once. Let me see Where did we leave off Ah, here we are *Wages*—sweet oil for human machinery; *War*—congregational worship of the Devil, wine-bottled fever; *Woman*—Ah—how shall we define her?" An unwonted hush fell on the usually quick-witted clan. Andrew waited, and naught but the muffled strains of a song arising from the bar room below and the rasping tick of the big clock on the mantelpiece broke the tense stillness in the room. "Can't we leave her out?" finally ventured a youth in one corner. "Impossible," thundered Andrew, with exceptional energy, as though to relieve the intensity of the situation, "no more than we can leave her out of the cosmos." "Might as well pass the apples then, Andrew," broke in a be-whiskered seer. "The intellectual garden isn't the first garden man has had to vacate from a misunderstanding of Eve." Then after a pause he added, "I say, Andrew, pass me a leaf of the manuscript, I want to light my pipe."

"Semper victrix viri mulier,"

murmured Andrew by way of benediction as the burning leaves soared up the chimney.

1911.

WORSHIP

PARIS was hot, stifling hot, and the heat waves, blurring the view of every object at which one could look, seemed only to intensify the blinding glare of the sun reflected from the white buildings and cement pavements. A middle-aged woman, of the laboring class, was slowly plodding along one of the broad, dusty avenues, taking advantage of every little strip of shade which an awning or projecting balcony overhead might afford. She paused for a short rest in the entrance to a very narrow alley and seemed to be refreshed by the coolness caused by evaporation from the pools of surface drainage. Soon, however, she shouldered her ill-wrapt, cumbersome bundle and moved on.

The Church of St. Augustine loomed ahead, majestic with its gothic tower and great rose window. Scarcely had she crossed the open space in front of it when, pausing suddenly, she retraced a few steps and entered the side door. Leaving her bundle in the vestibule she timidly entered a pew, where for several minutes she sat, directing a vacant stare on the altar, drinking in with her every sense, inspiration from the holy surroundings. The dull pain left her head, fatigue left her limbs, the glassy stare left her eyes; and when she finally rose from a parting prayer, a halo of reverence, peace and contentment seemed to surround her entire countenance. She had seen her God.

A. S. Y., '11.

WANDERLUST

ONE night last week when the usual orgies of the evening were over—don't mistake me, our nectar was that mental stimulus, tea, and our revels are but tame affairs to the more sophisticated—and when the contented smiles did not seem so full as usual after the draining of the mugs, we three looked at one another questioningly. There was bright moonlight outside, the moist odor of marshes was borne on the spring breeze, through the window. In us too, something there was that responded to that message of resurrection, and we left the pewter tea-pot by the flickering fire and stepped out into the cool, moist fairyland of that world of the moon, which so few of us know, and which so surpasses the commonplace sunworld in exhilaration, freedom, intimacy, and passion.

The call of the spring comes to all, but it never comes so strongly as when the breeze is redolent of spring and the moonbeams cast upon us mortals an enchanted pall. When the call comes, obey it; wander half the night, and come back heart whole and fancy free.

L. A. P., '11

EDITORIAL

A PLEA FOR OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE

HSPRING at Haverford! The phrase is one to stir the undergraduate to expectancy and the "old grad" to reminiscences. You know how keen the air is on March mornings, and how, some day you come down to breakfast to find the birds singing and the world all bright and full of sunshine, and you realize suddenly that Spring is here. The shrubs are a mass of yellow and the buds are beginning to swell. Then you catch yourself looking out the class-room window, and wonder whether the tennis-courts are rolled, and whether the "crease" is getting in good shape for the next match. What wonder if you dream a little, or wish that, perchance Virgil and Horace and various other worthies had been able to carry with them their ponderous volumes across the Styx. So you yawn comfortably, and say "I have the Spring fever," yet you are not the least ashamed to confess it, for at Haverford it means the joy of living.

It is a long step from the time when our predecessors trod the "Academic Walk" around old Founders and discussed Plato, to the present days of tennis and track and cricket. At probably no time in her history has Haverford offered so many inducements for sport for sport's (and health's) sake. In addition to the regular enthusiastic work in track and cricket, there should be greatly increased interest in tennis. The incorporation of the Tennis Association with the Athletic Association will do away with the financial excuse for non-maintenance of the courts. The new courts provided last year should be ready for use this Spring.

Of course, with the advent of good weather comes the regular cry of the baseball enthusiast for the taking up of baseball as a major sport at Haverford. A man who has lived at this College during one cricket season will, however, upon ten minutes' consideration, admit that as long as Haverford is to maintain her present individuality, baseball is an impossibility. The article by Henry Cope, '69, which appeared in last month's issue is sufficient to set forth the attitude of the typical Haverfordian to his traditional sport.

We need not, however, live our out-door life entirely on the College campus. There are innumerable walks that one may take on the balmy Spring afternoons. By walks we do not mean leisurely strolls down to Ardmore or to the Haverford Pharmacy! An alumnus of the early

nineties was recently discussing the *long* walks he used to have while at College—walks of fifty or sixty miles that would take two days. Of course the fellows were tired after such excursions, but by keeping in training, they had a great deal of enjoyment. The country within a radius of ten or twenty miles of Haverford is full of historic and natural interest. The College itself is in the midst of the country settled by the Welsh. Many of the names of the Welsh settlers survive—and many of them are *Haverford* names. Within a mile of the campus is an old meeting house in which once preached that greatest of Quakers in the new world, William Penn. Toward the west is rich farming country, full of quaint houses that one can identify by consulting a history of the county of Delaware, and further up, somewhat secluded, stands the little church of St. David's. It was built in the year 1719, and its mouldering gravestones tell many a curious sentiment in verse. Here is buried "Mad Anthony" Wayne, the hero of Stony Point to whose memory the Society of the Cincinnati raised a simple shaft. There is an air of peace and charming quiet about the place that makes one linger about it and forget the outer world. Near Philadelphia is Fairmount Park with its historic mansions and its treasures of art and nature stored up in Memorial and Horticultural Halls. Or, if we follow the old Indian trail up the Gulf Road, passing the site of Washington's camp at the Gulf Mills, and the old "King of Prussia" Inn, we shall come at last to Valley Forge, where the beauties of scenery scarcely need the allurements of history to attract us. And so we might walk all over the country-side, down the Mill Creek Road with its ruined mill and haunted house, or wind along delightful Rose Lane where modern art has made even more beautiful the work of nature. But the best way is to explore for oneself. There is alive within us an instinct that perhaps descends from some far-off adventurous forbear to "search out the land," to love to wander we hardly know where, and we discover new delights at every turn. So now in the long afternoons let us keep out-of-doors, somewhere, somehow, and enjoy to the full the life in the open that God meant for man.

All undergraduates wishing to try for the Editorial Staff of THE HAVERFORDIAN should hand in their manuscript before the twenty-sixth of this month since vacancies will be filled, if possible, before the publication of the May number.

On going to press we regret to learn of the death of Mrs. James A. Babbitt. THE HAVERFORDIAN extends its sincere sympathy to her family in their great sorrow.

EXCHANGES

*"The truth about that cat and pup
Is this: They ate each other up!"—Eugene Field*

It seems to us that an Exchange Editor must compromise and in a compromise sometimes neither aim is accomplished. He must be specific in his criticism to be of any interest or value to the various boards who skim his productions to see what he may chance to say about *their* paper, yet at the same time he must aim to be interesting to his fellow undergraduates who have not read the articles criticised. Thus the struggle of the cat and the pup; the Editor in trying to save the lives of both, accomplishes neither aim. This strain to be interesting, noticeable in most of the college papers, often produces an effect of forced flippancy.

Perhaps that is why I enjoyed the *Nassau Lit.* It is entertaining all the way through, but there is none of the tired-chorus-girl-smile effect produced by the average forced cleverness of college productions. For in *A Diagnosis of Current Poetry* the author says in a most assured way "*This is good and that is bad.*" We have too much of the pigeonholing effect, but somehow there is an honest straightforwardness about it that is attractive. Jesse Lynch Williams, whom some of us remember as the author of *The Stolen Story*, is a feature in this number and his article on *The Newspaper School* is really good. *The Storm* in the same number isn't bad but we must confess that we were rather discouraged when we found that the heroine's face shone "like ivory in the inky blackness." We also liked a poem entitled *When All the World is White*.

When this month's work was started, the pile of exchanges reached nearly a foot above the desk. We admit that the bright and cheerful appearance of *The Redwood* secured its consideration rather earlier than its position in the pile warranted. Here was to be a bracing breath from the West to send an exchange editor "back with renewed courage to the field" as the missionaries say at the end of a conference. "The best laid schemes of Mice and Men"—but we refuse to cast a gloom on the gaiety of nations by finishing such an obscure quotation. Before opening *The Redwood* we had imagined that the Sunday School story was dead, but no! *His Second Term* is a perfect example of the type. "*To Be or Not to Be—A Sport*" in the *Earlhamite*, is also infected with the same atmosphere of goody-goodyism.

Did you ever count up how many times you have read in an exchange column, "Such and such was a relief to a tired editor after the usual run of exchanges?" The fact that this is no idle jest is brought home to us when we strike article after article on Oberammergau and Chantecler,—and what makes it worse, each writer seems to assume the subject to be

virgin soil to the average reader. But it was the old case of the frying-pan and the fire, for in the *Guilford Collegian* there was a poem beginning with this promise of originality:

My heart is longing like a cooing dove
When sadly calling to its lifeless mate.
But mine has left me to a sadder fate
A broken heart and disappointed love.

Like the definition of an island in the old geographies, it was "entirely surrounded by water" contained in moralistic essays with such titles as *Habit* and *Are You Mortgaged?* Do you wonder that we turned to something that we felt sure to be good,—*The Smith College Monthly*. There was no disappointment. There is a delightful understanding of human nature in the stories *And There Was Light* and *The Understanding Heart*. As for *The Selection and Care of a Father*,—it's called a sketch, but it has about the most attractive and quotable humor of the month. There is a burlesque effect of Margaret E. Sangster's *Heart to Heart Talks with Girls* in such sentences:

"You want to feel superior of course, and a helpless, hopeless, disorderly man in the house assures you this pleasant feeling, but, on the other hand, it is bad, very bad for your morals to be constantly despising a member of your own family. Now you don't despise anything so delightful as a disorderly man, but—a patient man, a patient man, a man who trails meekly after a triumphant woman, who crawls around and hunts for a lost pin without saying or looking anything naughty, a man who, if need were, could dust a tea-table, stone raisins, or wait forty-five minutes for his dinner, a man with patience of that caliber would ruin you, mentally, morally and spiritually."

A clever and well read girl confided to us once, "At a summer resort, men like fools. So whenever a man asks me whether I have read such and such a book, I always laugh and shrug my shoulders and say, 'Oh, heavens, no! Of course not!'" In the *Smith* we have in *Aunt Holly as Stage Manager*, a story of a girl with brains who with the help of her aunt acts as if she had none, so as to make a social hit. The best thing about the story is the dialogue; we are not merely told that she mastered the art of small talk, but we are given a whole page or so of her chatter at a dinner party. It is delicious fooling, every bit of it!

We had been led to expect that the *Vassar Miscellany* was one of the very best of the college magazines; well, this month,—but as its editorial confesses a temporary backslide, we won't "rub it in." But we did enjoy the *Williams Literary Magazine* from its dignified cover to

its dignified editorial. *In the Room Above Me* has quite a good deal of charm about it, heightened perhaps by its quaint language. *Hopeless* is a very attractive little poem we should like to quote.

We know a middle-aged lady—you are going to hear about all our friends before we are through—who dwells with delight on horror stories and says at the end with a metaphorical smack of her lips, "Unpleasant—but *oh* how strong!" We feel as if the author of an immature story, *Shattered Ideals*, in the *Delaware College Review*, had felt this way about his own production.

There is quite a contrast as we turn to *Chances* in the *Wellesley Magazine*. Both this story and its successor in the same magazine, *My Ain Countree*, give the impression that their authors had good ideas that were not too big for them.

There is this same feeling of thorough grasp of subject matter in *The Old Swimming Hole* in the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*. The author has been there himself and in a very refreshing way gives us delightful local color in a style reminiscent of Eugene Wood in his *Back Home* stories. In fact there are several rather good essays this month. Two of them that somehow appealed to us were *Blushing, a Fine Art* in the *Trinity Archives* and *A Man of Parts* in the *Holy Cross Purple*. In *The Appreciation of O. Henry* in the *University of Virginia Magazine*, the writer shows a lack of reserve in his praise, but this is a pardonable, and in fact a likeable fault in an appreciation.

We quote from *The Nassau Literary Monthly*:

PARADISE

"A book of verses underneath a bough
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Thou
Singing beside me in the wilderness,
A wilderness were paradise enow."

* * * * *

My book of verses is all nature's song—
The rapids roar, the moaning of the pines,
The deep dark silence of fir and spruce,
Majestic hills appearing through the mist,
The driving clouds of autumn in the wind.
My jug of wine is but a crystal spring;
My songster sweet a thrush within the swang,
A white-throat sparrow in the evening's light,
Or lowly whippoorwill across the stream.

ALUNMI DEPARTMENT

NEW YORK-HAVERFORD ASSOCIATION.

The New York-Haverford Association held its annual dinner at Hotel Manhattan, New York, on the evening of March 7. The attendance of thirty-two comprised men from classes as early as '58 down to '12, but even old heads were young, and spirits went soaring, while the various courses of Chairman Auchincloss' dinner were wrecked by the diners. The spirit of the banquet was as immense a success as the food, and under the wise direction of Toastmaster James Wood, scintillating fun was mingled with fine Haverford enthusiasm. President Sharpless' speech was as usual in his brilliant after-dinner manner, and from his topic "Wild Boys I Have Known" he took various paths up and down the universe. H. G. Taylor '11 spoke informally on Cricket, Victor Schoepperle '11 on the College, and D. C. Murray '12 on Football. Those present were: President Isaac Sharpless, James Wood '58, Samuel Parsons '61, D. S. Taber (Sub.) '64, Francis Henderson '79, F. E. Briggs '83, S. W. Collins '83, W. T. Ferris '85, J. S. Auchincloss '90, M. P. Collins '92, Alfred Busselle '94, F. C. Rex '94, D. S. Taber, Jr. '94, L. H. Wood '96, R. C. McCrea '97, J. G. Embree '98, F. A. Swan '98, W. A. Battey '99, R. J. Davis '99, H. C. Petty '99, Edward Rossmasler '01, A. S. Cookman '01, Richard Gummere '02, J. B. Haviland '02, W. P. Phillips, '02, C. Linn Seiler '02, J. S. Tilney '03, J. K. Worthington '03, N. L. Tilney '05, Victor Schoepperle '11, H. G. Taylor, Jr., D. C. Murray '12.

The evening closed with songs and informal talk. C. L. Seiler '02 and Dr. R. M. Gummere '02 led the music. The same officers were re-elected for next year, and unanimously the same dinner committee with the addition of L. Hollingsworth Wood '96.

'67.

Henry Cope recently visited college. His return was the occasion of a reunion of the English Tour Cricket XI. The alumni present were, besides Henry Cope, Horace E. Smith, '86, Harold Furness, Walter Palmer and Edward David, '10.

'88.

Percival Roberts who is a director of the United States Steel Corporation, has been elected a member of that corporation's finance committee, succeeding former President Corey.

'92.

Egbert S. Cary, who for several years has been teaching at Westtown, has tendered his resignation and has accepted the position as superintendent of the Pocono Lake Preserve, Monroe county, Pa. His winter residence will be in Moorestown, N. J.

'93.

George L. Jones has been appointed to teach next year at Westtown Boarding School.

'94.

Henry S. Conard, of Grennell College, this summer will be again in charge of the department of Plant Ecology in the laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences located at Cold Spring Harbor, Massachusetts.

A daughter has lately been born to Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Comfort, of Cornell University. Dr. Comfort is, by request of the Senior class, to be the commencement speaker this year at Haverford. He contributed the article on Romance Languages to the first number of *Appleton's Year Book of American Scholarship*.

'98.

The engagement has been announced of W. W. Cadbury to Miss Sara Imbree Manatt. Miss Manatt is a daughter of J. Irving Manatt, professor of Greek literature and history in Brown University. Dr. Cadbury is professor of pathology in the University of Pennsylvania's Medical School in Canton, China.

'99.

Dr. E. R. Richie has moved from Moorestown, N. J., and has taken up practice in New York.

'01.

W. E. Cadbury is connected now with Elkins, Krumbhaar and Morris, Bankers, Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

A son, Frederick W. Sharp, Jr., was born on March 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sharp, of Clarkston, Washington.

Ex-'01.

The engagement has been recently announced of Theodore Grayson and Miss Tacey Baker, of Providence, Rhode Island.

'02.

On Friday, March 24th, fire totally destroyed the building in which was located the Longstreth Motor Car Company, W. C. Longstreth, president. The loss was \$60,000. On Monday, the 27th, the company was installed in new quarters, Broad and Race Streets, with a full line of both Alco and Pullman cars on exhibition.

E. E. Trout won recently the Round Robin Tournament in bowling at the Merion Cricket Club.

Dr. A. G. H. Spiers read a paper recently before the Browning Society, on the Spanish Ballad.

'03.

James B. Drinker has resigned his position with the Dravo Contracting Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and is now with the Mercer Rubber Co., offices at 222 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh.

Arthur J. Phillips has left Worcester, Massachusetts, where he was with the U. S. Envelope Co., and is now with the Haines, Jones and Cadbury Co., of Philadelphia.

O. F. Duerr was a recent visitor at the College. He was on his way from Everett, Washington, where he has been pastor in the Unitarian Church, to Boston, where he intends to carry on graduate study.

E. F. Hoffman was recently reappointed to the charge in the Methodist Church at Holmesburg.

'04.

Edgar T. Sinpes has been recently honored with the appointment to a judgeship in Hartford County, N. C.

T. J. Megear is now with the Longstreth Motor Co., Philadelphia.

'08.

Hill has been advanced to the position of Inspector of Instruments with Leeds & Northrup, electrical manufacturers, Philadelphia.

Longstreth is a member of the Faculty of Blight Preparatory School in its combination with the DeLancy School.

Scott now has a good position in the expert electrical engineering department of the Sprague Electrical Co., of New York.

Strode is now leading his class in the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania.

Kurtz, who is with Kurtz Bros. & Co., broke his leg recently in a soccer game between the U. of P. and Germantown.

Carroll Brown has resigned his position at Penn Charter School and has accepted a position to teach at Westtown.

Ex-'08.

A baby girl, Virginia, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Smiley, of Mohonk Lake, New York.

'10.

The engagement of Harrison S. Hires to Miss Christine B. Leland, of Philadelphia, has been recently announced.

Page Allinson has returned from the West.

Every other Friday evening a number of the Class of 1910 meet informally for dinner at Lauber's Restaurant, Philadelphia.

Ex-'12.

Roy Clement is in Ragville, Alabama, where he holds the position of assistant to the chief engineer in a cement works.

Carroll D. Champlin, Principal of the Benton Public Schools, Benton, Pa., is to be the Principal of the Columbia County Summer School, with an eight weeks' term, beginning May eighth.

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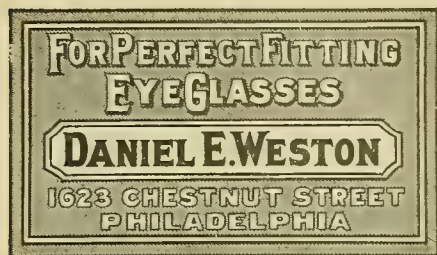
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

A CANOE TRIP IN ENGLAND

IAST summer my brother and I took what is in my opinion one of the most interesting short trips in England. It was a two weeks' canoe trip from Shrewsbury in Shropshire to Oxford. We were out to see the country and the people, so we did not camp on the banks, but stopped for the night and for meals at the little inns by the river side. Most of our baggage consisted of rubber coats and blankets. We thought we would make ample preparations for rain; but we found, before we had gone far, that in England no preparations are *ample*.

The Severn is a wide river, but by nature is shallow and rapid. The level is kept up by a system of *wiers*, or dams of stone, that cross the river every seven or eight miles. These are easy enough to cross unless the water is unusually shallow, though the description of them given by the watermen and guide-books is terrifying.

The scenery of Shropshire is quiet, but very charming. The Severn now winds through broad plains, now breaks through the straggling foothills of the Welsh mountains. Though the foliage is most luxuriant, the landscape itself has little variety and few attractions save its rich green trees and red clay banks and cliffs.

We enjoyed the interesting people we met more than anything else on our journey. I had never imagined that such a peculiar lot of people existed outside Dickens' novels. We met a broken-down, second-class actor who seemed to have nothing to do but volunteer information on every subject to anyone with whom he could start a conversation. Also there was a benevolent old gentleman, just returned from Australia, who tried to astonish us by lying very pompously about his ranch. At a little inn a strange man thought we were Frenchmen and tried to make us feel at home by breaking every now and then into very laborious French. His conversation was further ornamented by many quotations, mostly from Shakespeare, which he could never finish, but which he would round off with a wave of his hand, as if to say, "of course you know the rest." He had been *boots* to Lord Somebody and had risen in life, probably to the office of tax collector, for he spoke mysteriously of being connected

with the government. We met, at one of our stopping places, an old sea captain and his wife. He had spent twenty years at sea and she had never been on the water at all, so we took her a ride. She sat very still and straight in the bottom of the canoe, highly pleased and rather frightened. It was a study to see her, as we went through her little native town, nodding condescendingly to all her excited friends who screamed to her from every window and backyard. There were innumerable "Black Country men" as the men from the manufacturing districts of central England are called. They speak the most peculiar dialect of English known to man. I shall never forget an old Cornishman telling some Black Country dialect stories. The two dialects, neither of which I could understand very well, made a strange combination, and he was very much pleased by my appreciation of his humor.

At the first place where we stopped for lunch we were given cold meat, boiled potatoes and salad. A large red-bearded man at the table (he may have been the landlord trying to make us contented) said: "People who come to the country would not be satisfied unless they got this sort of meal." We found that this was a very prevalent impression. We had so much cold meat and salad that before long we were willing to go any lengths to get a real dinner.

The little English country inns are not designed for travelers. They consist principally of a large barroom with a fireplace in it where all the farmers spend their evenings. Over this place the bar mistress rules like a Juno with the sternest and most unquestioned authority. Her word is law, even down to the amount each man shall drink. There is usually a large dining-room, too, for excursion parties. The few bedrooms that must be kept to preserve the license are seldom used. We often had considerable difficulty in getting a place to sleep. Our first night was spent in a large attic room in company with the landlord's son-in-law and the hired man. The inn-keeper class of Englishmen are always ready to enter into any discussion,—political, scientific, or literary; for they wish it understood that they know about such matters. When I went to bed that night I found my brother amusing himself by an argument with the landlord's son-in-law on the philosophy of art. This was not the only place where we had difficulty getting rooms. Once it took us ten minutes of argument to be admitted into a little inn which was kept, as we were told, by a connection of Mr. "Oyler," the American candy maker.

Bank holidays, especially the summer bank holiday which overtook us on our trip, are very important affairs in England. Everything in the country is closed except the taverns and places of amusement. Many fac-

tories ship their employees to various seaside resorts, Black Country laborers are to be found in every roadside inn all over the country, and enough beer is drunk that day to float the British navy.

The night before bank holiday we spent at Bridge North. There are two towns of Bridge North: one a narrow street on the river's edge, and the other, approached by a winding flight of steps, on the top of the great isolated bluff that there lifts its steep red stone sides high above the river banks. On the edge of this cliff are the ruins of a strong old castle. A stone walk half overhanging the town, runs in a semi-circle in front of this and commands a most beautiful view of the Severn valley. Behind the castle lies the walled town, full of Elizabethan houses and monuments. The curving cobblestone streets are all *very* narrow or else *very* wide. The whole is dominated by a graceful church on a little hill in the middle.

The town was so charming that we resolved to spend two nights there, and not run the risk of finding all the riverside taverns filled with holiday crowds. We spent the day in walking through the well cultivated countryside to the quaint old town of Much Wenlock where stands a ruined abbey.

Next day, on the river again, we were surprised to meet great numbers of punts and rowboats and to see the river banks in the neighborhood of every little town crowded with happy couples. Everyone was laughing and having a good time. We had understood that bank holiday was over, but after dinner, in the crowded barroom of a snug little inn, we were informed by a very communicative gentleman that on bank holiday every one got so drunk that the factories could never open for a week or two afterward. The men never came back until all their money was spent, so it always took quite a while to get England running again.

Leaving the quiet fields of Shropshire we went on down the river through the manufacturing districts of Herefordshire and into busy Gloucestershire. We visited the large towns—Worcester, Tewksbury and Gloucester. They were very dirty and not very interesting except for their cathedrals and historical monuments.

Before we started we had heard a great deal about the land question in England. Herefordshire and much of Shropshire belong almost entirely to two or three great estates. All Englishmen have a passion for talking politics, so it was not hard for us to find out what the common people thought about the agrarian questions. To our surprise they were, with hardly an exception, entirely satisfied with existing conditions. There is no more striking difference between England and America than that lack of ambition for better conditions which prevails in England.

At Gloucester we left the river for canals. In the early part of the last century there was a great craze for canals, with which England is riddled. On account of the railroads there are hundreds of miles of canals with elaborate systems of locks, bridges, and tunnels that now do little but serve as a swimming pool for the farmers' ducks. Such was the Thames and Severn canal which we entered from a very busy one about twelve miles from Gloucester. It crossed the central divide of England, and in rising and falling, went, in all, through forty-four locks. There were no more lock-keepers for these and we had to get a winch and open them ourselves. This took more time than might be supposed. The water in the canal was so low that we had a very hard time paddling. It took us three days to make the twenty-eight miles to the Thames.

We did see many interesting things, however. At the town of Stroud we stopped at Mrs. Angel's Temperance Hotel. Mr. Angel, the only person to be found in this paradise, after serving us supper made this surprising remark: "This is a coffee house; is there anything I can get you from the tavern, sir?"


In Stroud we went to a moving-picture show. If you follow the crowd in a medium-sized English town you almost always end up at a moving-picture theatre. In this place a church had been turned into one and had a large and enthusiastic congregation.

Our only upset occurred in one of the dirty locks in a canal near here, luckily in the only one where we had no spectators. It took days to get the smell of stagnant water out of our clothes. My brother was regulating the lock, and it was my carelessness that upset the canoe. I swam around and collected the things for him to pull up with the boat-hook. It was reading "Henry Esmond" that made me neglect my business. That never happened again for the water entirely disintegrated poor "Henry."

The rest of the canal was lower than ever, with weeds in about the same proportion to the water as salad is to the dressing. We made slow going over this and were very glad to get to the clean smelling water of the Thames. We spent about two days on the Thames. Its upper course is through very flat country. Whether it is beautiful or not I cannot say. All I saw of it was an interminable, monotonous green bank of reeds and a broad blue sky, so that in spite of the good time we had had we were glad when at last, one evening just at sunset, we saw rising before us the towers of Oxford.

N. H. T., '13.

LEVIATHAN THE LESS

HE complexity of American collegiate life increases *pari passu* with the expansion of surrounding civilization. With the much-deplored variety of undergraduate interest comes an insistent heterogeneity of thought and ideals. Collegiate life is divided into compartments, not water-tight, but at least mutually competitive. A university man may be an athlete, a social lion, a professional student, or a good fellow. If he is a genius he may be more than one thing to different groups, but he is always bound to feel more at home in one group than in another.

Within each group there is a community of interest. Consequently any classical club, fraternity, or basket-ball organization is sure to be well managed, since it is in the hands of its friends, since from so large a body it is sure to find many supporters, and since there are usually connected with it alumni or professors whose permanent influence keeps its policy clear and its performance creditable.

Pardon me for making the eternal comparison. 'Twas Plato paved the way for those who contemplate the thing they want to understand and take first the large letters of the greater body, then turning to the small they read more clearly. Considering then the college we find compartments, but with free mutual flow, so that the leader of the Musical Clubs may also well enough be President of the Y. M. C. A. We have the same successful management of each group for the same reasons of friendly adherence and alumni guidance, but we have fewer organizations because of the paucity of material. An organization must make its appeal compelling or it inevitably perishes of atrophy in the fierce struggle for existence.

I want to call attention to exceptional groups which are not homogeneous and self-supporting like the others. To introduce a comparison *a minore* instead of that *a maiore*, I mean the conscience of the college, its Y. M. C. A., and the will of the college, its Student Council. I do not intend to imply that there is any fundamental relation between these two, but that they are unlike in certain respects to other groups of men that work together. When I call the Y. M. C. A. the collegiate conscience, I am thinking of it in its special function as the best means available for collegiate self-examination. In so far as precepts are concerned, have we not Moses and the prophets always with us? As far as good works go, a Y. M. C. A. is as homogeneous a body and as self-supporting as any other organization.

The mediaeval philosopher (present company always excepted) used to think of the mind as a conglomeration of indivisible unmixing atoms. The will presided and the person used his various faculties one at a time, as if to play with one toy he must for the moment discard all the rest. Just as truly as the mind is one single thing differing merely in its functions that vary always, but are still merely different aspects of the same object, just so is a college, especially if small in numbers, a unit; it is not an athletic association and a college association and an examination-flunking multitude, but it is all these at once potentially, and any one of them actually, at any time when it is exercising one of these particular functions. So then a college Y. M. C. A., I say, is a college examining itself with a view to self-improvement. Here then is undergraduate criticism halted, for a Y. M. C. A. meeting represents the whole college, not an exclusive group of men. It is only in so far as a Y. M. C. A. does not fulfill its function as conscience that it must look to itself lest it become not a function but a form.

In the same way is the Student Council not to be criticised as unnecessary; for the college needs a will. The faculty might do as well, except that their supervision is suggestive of the maternal apron string and the concomitant obloquy. The college body must have a will. It is itself its own will when it gathers for the purpose of a decision. But the college body is too cumbersome a body for agility of decision. The Student Council then is a convenience, and is a mechanism for the quick registering of collegiate decisions. It is, then, only so long as it maintains its intimate dependence on public opinion that it is useful. If it is unsuccessful in making decisions in accordance with the will of the college body, the college body will do its own work or invent some other method.


I want to emphasize the fact that there is no divine right of Student Councils, and when any Student Council tries to gain prestige by unnecessary activity it will find no rest for the sole of its foot. "Elephants all the way down" are at best but a precarious support even for dignity. If a Student Council then can forget its dignity and realize that it is only a servant of the college body, it will be immensely useful. I do not argue that a governing body may not have an educational function, but it must remember that its usefulness is its only excuse for existence.

It may very well be a compliment to a college body that its Student Council finds little or no need of activity. Nobody finds fault with a murder court if it luckily happens to have no cases before it. It may be just as useful in preparedness for an emergency as in actual service, and it may very well sit inactive with rejoicing because of the greater welfare of the community.

L. A. P. '11.

THE ILLUSION OF THE MOTH

CHAPTER V.

HE deck steward of the *Kron prinzessen Wilhelm der Grosse*, Nord German Lloyd to Cherbourg, yawned luxuriously. The two old men at the card table played silently at cribbage, as if all the world were bounded by the panelled walls of the smoking room. The deck steward flicked the case of his chronometer watch into another yawn, stretched his arms and legs, then he muttered to himself and to anyone else who should be listening—

"Vell, I guess I go up and shase down der sphooners."

But the jest was lost on the cribbage. The steward generally got a laugh on his joke, which he sprung punctually every night at eleven o'clock. This time he thought to himself, "They will laugh yet—this is only the second day out."

The cribbage game broke up with a genial handshake and the warm and mellow laugh which comes only with fine maturity. Despite their former quiet at cribbage, their sitting in the room had given a center for the attention; now the vacancy of the place was morbid. The rumbling of the ship's engines, formerly unnoticed, now became oppressive. Here was a room too rich for kings, dismally vacant, floating on the sea, and far under the room, the confusion of machinery which made its being possible, as the wearing and grinding underneath the surface of society make possible the ghastly uselessness of the rich.

A half hour after the room had been left deserted, a stir in the velvet curtains at the door ushered in a curtly tailored, self-absorbed youth, rather tall, but stooped, as if something in the pierce of his eyeballs were pulling his tousled head forward to look at something very serious, which seemed to be ever elusively going on before him. He looked as if he might be the son of some father who had too hard a youth, and who had resolved to give his boy all the possible chances not only to find the world even so pleasant as to become bored with it, but to express in the very cut of his clothes and his manner of holding a cigarette that there is not much new under the sun, because, as his affectations and manners indicated, he could buy everything under the sun to experiment with. This sort of people, despite the application of the word *blasé*, are at least fascinating to watch, even if we do say to our friends that they cannot possibly be interesting.

And Sidney Holt, as he dropped into the laziest chair and lighted a fresh cigarette, was as much worth watching as the actor on the stage

holding the audience in mute expectancy. He neither consciously acted the artist, nor inflicted the abused word "art" upon his acquaintances. For him it was enough to be able to drop his loose spinal column into an idle chair, and to watch the smoke curl and film and spread itself in space. But his eyes burned to-night, and one cigarette after another burned through life to death on nervous fingers, a life which was indeed a slow process of dying, while its spirit clouded the room with thicker haze. The thrum of the engines reminded him that this vacant room was pushing through an endless sea, with a chaos of water underneath and the infinite black all about—the ship was but the tiniest mote in immeasurable ocean and immeasurable night.

Whatever awful impressions a man gets from thinking about the universe, he is impressed because he is to start with a profoundly introspective melancholy before he begins to speculate at all. It is a nice question to inquire whether one needs great experience before he can think, or whether he needs to think before he can have great experiences. But it is not necessary to decide the matter. Sidney would have felt it rather picturesque to have been at the bottom of the sea, looking up through the ponderous weight of green water, and no light shining there, and about him there would be great sea shrubs, higher than the ship itself, wrapping their oozy, hoyden arms about it, as the wavering currents washed them here and there in weird gestures. A sponge bigger than a cloud might drift its cold, creepy web over his body, suck him up and slowly dissolve him into slime. A great, clammy, half vegetable, half-fish monster might stare at him with its relentless, cold, accusing eyes, and there would be no peace. Or else a sea of coral insects would drift upon the rotting hulk, and on it build a pink of atolls above the rift of the waves, and he—he would be a coral statue, even to the tip of his cigarette, there to quietly wait through the ages, until the ocean drained.

He roused himself suddenly from his stupor, and drew from his pocket, a book which he thumbed quickly as if to find some particular page. Suddenly he stopped, turned back a page, and bent over the list of Second Cabin passengers, and there it was again

SELMA HEATH

New York City

The words were there but he could not believe them. They stared at him from the page while the dull void of time and space ached in all his senses. He flicked the cigarette into an ash tray, doubled the booklet in his hand and stalked out of the room. And as he tossed on the berth until the morning hours, he knew that he loved Selma, and he was sure that God, whom he had never thought of before, had come into their lives to make all things possible.

He had thought to write her a note in the morning, but when he had destroyed a quire of the ship's stationery, writing the very words he had planned all night, he rose by impulse and sought the Second Cabin promenade. The chairs were all occupied, but she was not there. He asked of the steward, but the steward only looked thoughtful and said he did not know—and then he did remember that there was a lady in number ten, but she had been sick.

"Tell her," he said, producing a dollar, "tell her, 'Sidney waits for her here.'"

The steward came back shortly with a card. It said: "I cannot see you, I will write you a note."

That evening after endless waiting, in which he was sometimes hopeless, sometimes stung with the coolness of her response, a note came to Sidney in his stateroom.

"Dear Sidney:

I am sorry it happened thus that we should be both of us so surprised and so unfortunate as to be near, when we are not to see each other. I am sick and nervous—too much teaching they say, and I must go to a Kurhaus in the Alps. Do not try to see me again, promise me, for I am looking miserable, and I am to avoid excitement. I shall get well as soon as I have had a rest, alone in a Swiss chalet with a good Swiss fairy godmother to take care of me.

SELMA HEATH.

P. S. There were some interesting things in the recent exhibition at the Metropolitan. I suppose you saw it. I thought twice about your work there."

He was quiet for a minute. Then suddenly his soul burst within, and he threw himself upon the berth and the hot tears dimmed his eyes and wet the pillow on which his head rested motionless. "Selma, Selma," he cried, "you must see me, you must, you must, you must." And he tried to pray, but he did not know how.

That night he wrote a letter:

"Selma:

I cannot tell, but if I believed in God, I should believe that He has brought this about that I shall see you again. I do not know why else I should be here, for I do not know why I am returning to Paris, except that since you sent me away I have not held an easel, nor can I. I seem to have lost my work—to have lost everything, even the most certain thing in my life, which is—your love. And yet I must look back on your old letters and say, 'These are all lies,' and say to myself that I have loved a woman for experience—and after the experience I am

to have outgrown her. You are wrong, wrong, wrong, if you can believe I do not love you now.

I know you are not well, but that does not matter, except that you must let me help to make you better. You must remember that your life has been dismal these last four years, but I am grown now to a man, and now that I realize it, you cannot deny me the joy of making you well and strong. You are not changed, but only worn and tired, and whether you will or no, I am to take you where the air and rest will bring you new life. Whether you love me or not, you are mine until I make you well.

Yours,
S. H."

The next evening he strolled back to the Second Cabin promenade, but there was no one there except a few persons, whom he knew, even in the dark, could not be Selma. He did not suppose she would be out. Through the windows of the ladies' lounge he could make out some indefinite sitters, reading or playing at cards, others listening passively to some music which came from the piano at the far end of the room. The curtain obscured a clear view of any of the persons. He was turning away when a bar of the music caught his ear and he listened. It was some soft, quiet, rather mournful melody which he had heard before—somewhere before, but long ago. Then he remembered—it was the air he loved best at Whipsurf years and years ago—the time when he painted the youthful, half-finished portrait of Selma. It was nearing the end. He entered the room quietly and saw her seated there. Then he went up, and as she finished, touched her on the shoulder and said in a low, commanding voice,

"Come."

She arose and followed him. Some of the loungers looked up casually, then fell back to their books and cards. When he had reached the rail he turned to look at her. She looked away and gazed out into the infinite black of the night and sea. For a minute they did not speak. Finally he said:

"Did you get my letter?"

"Yes."

"And do you believe it?"

She looked at him questioningly and smiled.

"Do you pity me?" she asked.

"Perhaps I would if I did not love you."

She was silent for a long time. Finally she queried, "What have you been doing?"

He thought a minute and answered, "Nothing."

"Why are you going to Paris?"

"To work, perhaps. I have not even got an idea now, have you?"

"No; I am not to have an idea until I get well."

"And then what?"

"No matter," she murmured. "I am not looking forward. It's pleasanter to look back. For the present I am trying to let go of things, and I have more or less. If I could really believe your letter, I—"

"Please believe it, every word."

"I should be happy."

"Then you are, aren't you?"

"I will believe it—until to-morrow."

And then were spent three glorious days in steamer chairs, in which he made her drink in the air, and walk until she had to be sent exhausted to bed. And to please her he would read to her out of Bernard Shaw, whom he detested with a holy hatred. But they were happy then, but Selma would only believe it "until to-morrow."

On the afternoon of the fifth day he took her out upon the bow, where they could watch the waves gradually bear down upon the ship and break and seethe against the prow. Bernard Shaw was finished for the day, and they were seated on a rug against the capstan.

"I have decided," said Sidney, "to go to Paris for the winter. In the spring I shall come to visit you in your Swiss ch  let, but you must write me every other day meanwhile."

"Do not plan ahead," she begged.

"But that is settled."

She only smiled at him.

"And then," he continued, "you shall be well. Until then there is one thing for you to think about, and that is that I shall come then to marry you. There is nothing to say now, but when the time comes I shall take you body, soul and all, and carry you off to America. I am determined, Selma, and this shall be done, because I know I can love you forever. Will it make you happy?"

"Look! look!" she cried, "what a huge wave!"

An immense breaker was rolling directly ahead. In a second it would hurl itself over the bow. He disregarded it and pressed his question.

"Are you happy, Selma?"

In fear she caught his arm. He drew her close, and as he kissed her "lips" the wave burst over them. And all the ocean answered for her, "Yes."

(To be continued.)

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

ONE hundred and twenty-one years ago when Spring revived the fields, and brought forth the leaves and flowers on the trees; when the little birds began to chirp their love songs, there was born

“That cheerful man, who knoweth all
The songs of all the winged choristers,
And in one sequence of melodious sound
Pours out their music.”

The fourth day of May, on which John James Audubon was ushered into the world, is said to have been one of bright sunshine and effervescing song. In his birth America found one who was destined to give all nations a book which certainly surpasses in interest every other ornithological publication.

The name of Audubon is of French origin. It is extremely rare, and while confined in America to the family of the naturalist, has, in France, been traced only among his own ancestry. His father was an adventurer and a mariner, and young John obtained from him a vagabond nature. His heart was restless; otherwise he would never have achieved so much; he had to wander; he had to acquire; he was never quite easy at the hearth.

His love for nature was passionate, burning in him to the last. He had a constant desire to be in the meadows and dense woods, roaming about with a gun upon his shoulder, with his ears eagerly alert for every new wood-note, with his mental camera loaded and always ready to take the snapshot of the flight of one bird, or the position among the leaves of another. He always wished to be free from the heated city and possessed that feeling which Riley has so admirably portrayed in these lines:

“Orchard’s where I’d ruther be—
Needn’t fence it in fer me!—
Jes’ the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath—
Sorto’ so’s a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kindo’ has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len’t’hwys on the grass.”

Audubon was a man of genius, with the courage of a lion and the simplicity of a child. One scarcely knows which to admire most—the mighty determination which enabled him to carry out his great work in the face of difficulties so huge, or the gentle and guileless sweetness with which he throughout shared his thoughts and aspirations with his wife and children.

He was a typical specimen of hero as a man of science. To quote Christopher North: "He is the greatest *artist* in his own walk that ever lived." With untiring strength and resolute courage he painted and sketched birds at first hand with their natural background and their natural haunts. No one before or since has given the world such pictures of nature as those which come from his pencil. An eloquent writer says: "For sixty years or more he followed, with more than religious devotion, a beautiful and elevated pursuit, enlarging its boundaries by his discoveries, and illustrating its objects by his arts. In all climates and in all weather; scorched by burning suns, drenched by piercing rains, frozen by the fiercest colds; now diving fearlessly into the densest forests, now wandering alone over the most savage regions, in perils, in difficulties and in doubts, with no companion to cheer his way, far from the smiles and applause of society, listening only to the sweet music of birds or the sweeter music of his own thoughts, he faithfully kept his path." The birds of all climes seemed to recognize him as a friend, for he was well acquainted with them and could understand their faintest notes as well as their cries of war.

He was a scholar, a polished gentleman, a "great soul all on fire in a great cause." Wandering and following Indian trails through the primeval forests of America, he studied faithfully the birds in their woodland or meadow homes and sketched incessantly for fifteen years; then, with his work, went to Europe. In his trip through England, Scotland and France, his ready adaptability, his sprightly conversation with a slight French accent, his soft and gentle voice, his frank, strong, fine face, made friends everywhere. He met and conversed with the great minds of all nations. He hunted with Daniel Boone, dined with Sir Walter Scott, Daniel Webster and Washington Irving, and talked over his work with Sidney Smith.

It was during this trip that he conceived the idea of putting his works in the form of "The Birds of America," containing life-size plates. Thus the world was given a book which has enlarged and enriched the domains of a pleasing and useful science, has revealed the existence of many species of birds before unknown, has given more

accurate information of the forms and habits of those that *were* known, has corrected the blunders of his predecessors, and has imparted to the study of natural history the grace and fascination of romance. One sees in the habits and love-making of the birds the highest ideals of human life. Audubon supplies in them the divine things for which the soul craves. He makes them real beings of life, without the exaggeration which Ernest Thompson-Seton gives his wild animals. Audubon simply interprets their language in our tongue and mourns over the fact that there are so many who cannot understand their feathered brothers and sisters.

Audubon may well be said to belong to no special age. Fixed dates cannot be placed in contemplating such a man as he. He belongs to all ages. He was born, but he can never die. One could never be with this great bird-lover without having stamped indelibly upon one's mind certain qualities. The wonderful simplicity of the man was perhaps most remarkable. His enthusiasm for facts made him unconscious of himself. To make him happy one had only to introduce him to a rare bird or a fact in natural history. His self-forgetfulness was very impressive. One felt in his presence that a man had been found who asked homage for God and Nature, not for himself.

In a study of his life and writings one can find nothing but a plea for the birds, such a petition as the Audubon Societies of America are now making against a recent bill introduced in the New York State Legislature. The whole plea of Audubon is for the protection of our wild birds against the men who care not at all for the choristers, but much for the money that the birds' feathers will bring when put on hats.

To those who knew Audubon, he will continue to remain in their memories as a great living, loving soul; while to the artistic,* literary and scientific world, he has left a work that cannot easily be forgotten or equaled. Long after the bronze statue of Audubon shall have been worn and crumbled by the winds and rains of summer and winter; as long as the robin chirps in the orchards, or the meadow-lark whistles in the fields; as long as the owl's hoot is heard from the bough of the oak, or the nightingale's song is borne on the winds from the cypresses, the name of this ardent lover of nature and birds will be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen.

J. P. G., '14.

LOOSE LEAVES

SEEN IN QUAKER MEETING

GIRL and Boy were eight years old. Girl was brown-eyed and brown-haired; Boy was light-haired, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked. They were sitting next to each other in Quaker Meeting. On the other side of Girl was Girl's mother; on the other side of Boy was Boy's little sister, aged four, and Boy's mother. Boy had come in last, but had grasped the situation at once. But Boy was well-bred and duty came first; Baby Sister must be amused till all-pervading sleep should interfere.

Finally Baby dosed off with her head on Boy's lap and the mothers became quite engrossed in an inspiring monotone flowing from the gallery. The time was ripe, for Boy had been good and Girl had been waiting quite patiently. First, Boy looked at Girl, then Girl looked at Boy, and their eyes met and feasted, unabashed, on each other. Then out stole a little pink hand from one side, only to be crushed by another, more mannish perhaps, but equally tiny. Simultaneously they looked askance at their respective mothers. Baby still slept; the voice droned on, and all was well. Then with a glance of assurance at each other they began to indulge in a series of silent looks that meant more than worlds of idle talk. But the vision of Girl was too much for Boy, and Girl thought Boy a perfect lover. So Boy stealthily inclined in Girl's direction, glanced at his mother, and met Girl's lips, a little more than half way.

Baby woke up with a start and the monotone ceased. Boy's mother admonished him not to be so restless. Girl's mother did not understand Girl's blushes, so she only looked reprovingly. But Boy knew and Girl knew that nothing could alter love; and to think that the world did not know all, was a wonderful satisfaction.

H. F., JR., '12.

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

WHEN riding on a train, did you ever get self-conscious and wonder what sort of impression you were making on your fellow passengers? Sometimes their opinions are written very legibly on their faces. I know once or twice, when I have been with a big crowd of college boys coming home from a class banquet or a football game, that about one-third of the passengers grinned amiably at the uproar with a "Gather-ye-rosebuds-while-ye-may" look upon them; the other two-thirds have had the appearance of saying to themselves either "Have that noise stopped," or "You stop it or I'll stop it for you," according to their temperament and sex. I remember going to a dance the night before a statement on some Biblical Literature reading was due. Consequently, I was intently pouring over a Twentieth Century New Testament. My evening clothes implied the hours of gaiety to come. Across the aisle sat an ultra-respectable old lady, and I feel sure from her encouraging smile that the spectacle of a young man stopping to refresh himself with Scriptural aid against the possible temptations of the evening did her kind heart good. But, in the oft-quoted words of Mr. Bernard Shaw, "You never can tell." And that is just the fun of wondering what strangers are thinking about you.

1912.

TO A CIGARETTE

Frail bit of paper wrapped around a weed,
 Such is the outward structure of the whole.
 Yet a benignant goddess, when in need
 She rests a cloud of balm upon my soul.
 Sweet Nicotine I stand before thee
 And as a pagan would I fain adore thee.

A flame, a breath, a minute, all is done;
 Your fragrant life has reached its wonted end,
Requiescat in ashes, you have won
 Your goal; and made me your protector and your friend.
 Sweet Nicotine, I do not blame thee
 For making ill, pariahs who defame thee.

L. B. L., '14.

HABITUS DIVERSOS

HE was a funny-looking little shaver. His skin was as black as any that ever came from Africa, and his large, round, inquisitive eyes looked all the larger in contrast with it. He was barefooted and his much-patched trousers were held up by a dilapidated suspender passing over one shoulder. His shirt looked as if it had been patched oftener than it had been washed. On his head was a bright blue something,—no longer a cap,—in violent contrast with the jet-black kinky hair. He was standing in front of a shop-window of one of the city's large department stores. In the window was a magnificent ball gown, gorgeous enough to attract anyone's attention. To describe its richness would have taxed the ingenuity of a society reporter. And the little darkey was standing there gazing at it, wrapt in wonder. I thought I could guess pretty nearly what he was thinking about. Don't you think you could, too?

L. R. S., '11.

THE FOIBLE OF GENIUS

TEA is a drink that even the most vehement reformer has never ventured to assail, and as yet no sordid trader has ventured to proclaim a substitute for the amber concoction that makes the heart leap and the face brighten. Such is the magic power in a piping cup of tea that no doubt some day we shall find a diligent Teuton maintaining in numerous tomes of learned ponderosity the thesis, that there is an intimate connection between the discovery of tea and the rapid progress of modern science. One can hardly imagine a man of intellect without his cup of tea. And however crabbed may be the man of genius, when once he feels the moving impulse of the golden stream a-coursing through his veins, bringing alertness and vivacity to every part, then—witness Dr. Johnson—his sourness blossoms out into humor and joviality. The very name lucubration suggests the inspiration of the ardent fluid. Happy are we then, who though we may not share the felicities of genius, have yet in common with them, that universal consolation and joy, the cup of tea.

L. A. P., '11.

EDITORIAL

THE QUESTION OF HAZING

IN the next month it is probable that there will be more or less discussion about the hazing of the incoming Freshman class. It is an old question—so old that most of us are tired of hearing about it, and so worn out that it has become farcical. Yet there are some, and many, who are not satisfied with existing conditions, and in this article we shall try to set forth the matter as fairly as possible.

Hazing as practised at Haverford is antiquated. Some years ago the professors ran the College. Below them were the two upper classes, who by virtue of their seniority assumed the right of controlling the two lower classes, especially the lowest class—*by means of force*. That is, there was at Haverford a kind of *aristocracy of power*, a feudal system, if you will. To those who would call back this system we would say, that while it may have succeeded a few years ago, the College has changed and the times have changed so that such a return is impracticable. For if we pursue the analogy a little further we shall see that student government is essentially a republican institution. If the Student Council is to succeed at Haverford it must consist of men unprejudiced on account of class. They must serve the College first and not that artificial group in which accident of the year of entrance has placed them. If class prejudice has a place in the deliberations of a body representative of the whole college, then is past the usefulness of that body as a governing unit.

This seems to be a digression from the subject, yet if we admit the possibility of discord, we are forced by elimination of other motives to admit that its prime cause is hazing. The class hazed has a contempt for the class that abuses its privileges; the class doing the hazing feels that the contempt is justifiable, but their *class spirit* forces them on to redoubled efforts. The feeling of hostility thus begun may continue, and *does* often continue, through the college course. The two classes which should work together spend their energies in checkmating each other.

We would not have the uninitiated believe that Haverford is a camp of warring factions. Quite the contrary. The good feeling between the Sophomore and Freshman classes has never been equalled, even by the friendship between 1912 and 1913. But, as we have said, *some* are not satisfied with existing conditions, and *some* even make purely

personal inconvenience a subject for speeches in regard to the passing *dignity* of the Senior. What is college good for anyhow if a Senior cannot have a hallowed bench, where the touch of the unholy may not defile him? Even the sacred precincts of Lloyd are invaded by the *profanum volgus*, and an *Upper Classman* runs the risk of being hit by a baseball from the hands of a *Rhinie*! And our disgruntled individual hold up his hands and prays for a return of the good old days. For he loves, "the uppermost room at feasts and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi."

We do not mean that Senior privileges should be abolished. Nor do we mean to imply that the above are the sentiments of the Senior class. But, as we said, *some*, not only in that class but in *every* class, are not satisfied with existing conditions. It is right that the men in college who have had the most experience should have the most to do with its affairs. It is right that the majority of the members of the Student Council should be from the two upper classes and that the captains and managers of teams should usually be Seniors. *This* success is merely the logical outcome of three years of work, and it brings good both to the individual and to the college. It gives the Senior a sense of responsibility without inflating him with self-destructive conceit. *This* is the legitimate ambition of a Senior, and though it will not produce in the under classmen the fawning subserviency for their *master*, it will arouse their honor for the *man*.

The man who gets most out of college is not he who works for his own interests, but the one who has friends in every class and who does not spare his service for them and for the college. The Senior who can claim this distinction, is in a unique position; around him is a little group of friends who are about to go out with him; before are the older friends, behind, the younger ones who have yet to complete their course. He goes out, drawn irresistibly into the current of striving humanity, but strong in his understanding of men. This is a Haverfordian! It will matter little in after life in what class we go from college; it should matter only that two men have been there together. Let us have class spirit by all means, when that tends to rivalry in sports, in scholarship or in service of the College, but let us break down every barrier of class distinction whenever, through misuse and misinterpretation, it becomes a menace to the unity of Haverford.

It would perhaps seem presumptuous to have spoken thus without submitting a plan for the spreading of that spirit of unity that has

begun to spring up in the last two or three years. Without seeming to dictate to the succeeding Sophomore classes we would suggest the following plan. The cane rush is not a part of the hazing, therefore it needs no discussion. The general sentiment in regard to the first night, the "Parade," and the Entertainment seems to be that the whole business is a huge joke, which the Freshmen enjoy more than anyone else. If this is the case we see no reason why it should be discontinued. But here the hazing should stop. So far, everything has been fun. It is the hazing for the following two weeks that works the harm and engenders dislike between the classes. Hazing does not make a Freshman a gentleman; hazing does not make him honor the Senior. Some men come to college fools, and as fools they leave it, hazed or not. Most of the men that come to Haverford are *gentlemen*. They do not need to be dumped every night and told to keep off the grass in order to learn that they have come to a college *for gentlemen*; the fools fail to grasp the logic of the procedure. Every Freshman hates the sight of a Sophomore hat, and though the rules come off with the end of hazing, it is a good two or three months before the *consciousness of class* disappears. But to continue—

On the night following the Parade, we would suggest that the president of the Student Council, or better still the captain of the football team, give the Freshmen an informal talk, in which he shall give them some points on college etiquette (for that is all that hazing was expected to teach). From that time on, the question of discipline shall be entirely with the Student Council, of which three men, from the three upper classes shall constitute a Committee on Freshmen. If a Freshman is to be punished in any way, the responsibility will rest with the Student Council and not with the Sophomore class. In addition, the feed given hitherto by the Sophomores to the Freshmen at the close of the year shall be given about the first of November. And finally, as a little digression from the question, let the seating in the Y. M. C. A. not be according to classes. If there is one place where distinctions should be placed aside, it is here.

But, our friends will say, "What about traditions?" If the history of the past two thousand years has shown anything it seems true that *we should preserve tradition and precedent as long as they advance a good cause; when they become worn out, reject them*. We have come to a point where we can either stand on the tottering bridge of the institution of hazing until it falls, carrying us with it, or we can strike out

for ourselves and build up the new foundation for an undergraduate life undergirded with class friendship and college harmony.

We announce with pleasure the election of the following Associate Editors: Hans Froelicher, Jr., 1912; Norman Henry Taylor, 1913; Jesse Paul Green, 1914. The maximum number of Associate Editors is eight. We shall award the remaining places after further competition.

THE NEW INFIRMARY

BY the time that this magazine appears, Haverford will be well on the way to having a new infirmary, that is, if her friends are willing to contribute to the ten thousand dollar fund which the students are raising. The two rooms at the top of Founders are, as President Sharpless says, "comfortable—when you are asleep." They are not fitted out with scientific appliances. They are removed from the active life of the College. If a man breaks his leg he has to be carried up to the third story of an old-fashioned building; when he is convalescent, if he tries to come down the winding stairs on crutches, he runs the risk of breaking his neck. If the infirmary has more than three occupants it is crowded. Sometimes, for lack of proper heating appliances, the nurse has had to heat water over a candle so that she might have some of proper temperature to bathe wounds. There is no isolated ward for contagious diseases. If a man should contract scarlet fever he would either close the whole infirmary to other patients or be sent to an outside hospital.

This condition has been deplored for several years, yet until the past month the matter was given little attention. Then, several of the authorities and students took up the matter and made plans for a vigorous campaign. Fifteen thousand dollars were to be raised in fifteen days. Of this amount, President Sharpless agreed to obtain five thousand dollars and the students, the remainder. On the evening of May 2nd, a mass-meeting was held at which several of the Alumni spoke. The undergraduates under direction of captains began their work on May 3rd.

The Alumni responded with their usual readiness, and by the generosity of that most loyal Haverfordian, Mr. John T. Morris, '67, the new building is assured. The question is now of its endowment. Shall the building have an independent fund for its proper maintenance? The answer rests with you. The infirmary as planned will be worthy of its situation upon the college grounds. It will not merely be a room with two beds in it, it will be a building where the sick may get well quickly, where they can see what goes on outside, where they can

get their fill of sunshine. It will have a detached ward for contagious diseases and porches for the convalescent.

No contribution is too small to help, and no Haverfordian can contribute to a more worthy cause. Contributions should be sent to any of the authorities or students of the College.

EXCHANGES

*There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who was so excessively thin,
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade,
She said, "I'll take it without a straw, and fool you."*

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

You may have noticed that we have a weakness for a supposedly humorous versified introduction. But now, like the young lady mentioned, we are not going to grasp at this straw for an opening, but we'll start right off on the *Harvard Monthly*, and fool you. This is the Dramatist's number and it was exceedingly interesting, at least to us, who confess to being somewhat of a fanatic on things theatrical. We had no idea how many of the recent plays are to be grouped under the Harvard school. One of the points made is that the course in play-writing at Harvard does more than teach a man how to write drama; it lends dignity to the stage by emphasizing its opportunities as a field for the abilities of intellectual men. While speaking of the drama we mustn't forget "*Of Dancing I Know Naught, At College I Was Taught*" in the *Vassar*. It is a satirical modern morality play—if there is such a thing—and it's one of the cleverest things of the month. And, since for the moment, "the play's the thing," we must not fail to insert *A Condensed Drama*, from the *Trinity Archive*. It is something that every one of our sex should know and we commend it to your study.

A CONDENSED DRAMA

Entitled

HOW IS A MAN TO KNOW

Cordellia (at the drug store) "Oh, that impossible Ben Smart! I do believe he is coming over and I detest him so."

Julia (at same place): "So do I."

(Enter B. Smart) Smart: "Good afternoon. How are you both?"

Cordellia: "Why, Mr. Smart, I haven't seen you in an age."

Julia: "Do sit down, won't you, and tell us why you have neglected us so. I was just saying to Corddy that I hadn't, etc., etc."

The piece is evidently from the realistic school and the performance is not a new one, but merely a revival of an old favorite. *Sea Moods*, in the same magazine, is rather interesting, and there is one other poem, *The Soldier's Complaint*, that rather caught our fancy. That the author is not totally unfamiliar with Mr. Kipling's *Tommy Atkins* is evident, however. *The Dripping of Water* in this number just misses giving the intended thrill, and we were also left unconvinced by *What Shall It Profit a Man?* although both stories are readable. In the *Holy Cross Purple*, a story of similar title, *What Doth It Profit?* is so far removed from the facts of real life that it might as well be a fairy story, except that it lacks the lightness of touch necessary to give charm, and a few minor accessories, such as the presence of fairies. Here also was a rather perfunctory essay on Chatterton; we caught ourselves wondering for what course this had been prepared. Even though not so original, the essay on *Milton's L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* in the *Wesleyan Lit.* was very much more pleasing. It makes a rather interesting defense of Milton's lack of minute knowledge of nature, by saying that he is "a poet who feels its total influence too powerfully to dissect it."

The essay seems to be *Wesleyan's* strong suit. *Sun Dials* and *A Tilting Match* are typical; they are unpretentious in their cleverness and, most important of all, they give an appearance of ease. *The Observer* is especially good, and we are looking forward to that department next month.

One of the best essays of the month is *Love Songs*, by *Undergraduates*, *Mainly Masculine*, in the *Mount Holyoke*. It has ideas and concrete examples and it is entertaining without being tiresomely ironical. If you're not tired of the type, you'll like *The Fat Man Versus Literature* and *The Joke Practical* in the *Williams*. We enjoyed them both and there are a lot of clever touches that give little flashes of insight into human nature, such as:

"It is the nature of man to crave that which he hath not—a trait which some call ambition, others ungratefulness. Was there ever a black-eyed maid who did not sigh for eyes of palest blue, or a curly-haired lad who would not prefer the coarse bristles of a butcher's pompadour? Yet strange enough; go search through all the world for a lean and hungry Cassius who would rather be a Falstaff. No one wishes to be fat."

This same understanding is shown in the *Conversion of the Colonel*

in the *Nassau Lit.* Here are a few lines that seem too good to omit:

"Any man has a right to consider that another's opinion of him is warped and one-sided. Where the average man makes his mistake is in not realizing that his own opinion of himself is not a trifle warped and one-sided too."

We always have an uneasy feeling in stories with a Biblical setting; we realize that, as a stranger, we are liable to be taken in. Maybe that's the way it was in *The Test of Speech* in the *Vassar*; but we liked it, and the Biblical atmosphere of the story somehow rings true. A mixed metaphor, like the atmosphere ringing true has an exhilaration all its own, but a mixture of another kind, *Mack*, in the *Williams*, was not quite so refreshing. This story combines in some inexplicable way, Kipling, Jack London, and—to employ a political phrase—the "People's Favorite," Laura Jean Libbey. The frequent use of the word "damn" adds "strength" in a way that reminds us of a little burlesque of Kipling we saw once:

"A swear-word here—say, damn—
It is my style,
Lest you forget, lest you forget!"

Fun, mostly of the unintentional kind, is afforded in *His Choice*, in the *Randolph-Macon*, giving the "eternal triangle" in amusingly harmless form. We enjoyed more of the same kind of fun in *The Adventures of Frederick the Great*, in the *Sweet Briar Magazine*. Here a young lady aeroplanist—in this story a biplane seems to be as casually used as an automobile—does a little Sherlock Holmes work in tracing her lover. But come, we'll give you a little taste of it:

"I told you yesterday that I was interested in aeroplanes," she explained. "It was easy enough to find you too. The station agent at Kingsville telegraphed that you'd started to walk to Warrenton for the Washington Express, so I guessed you'd been lost. After I got to Warrenton I just went over all the woods looking for a fire. I thought you'd have sense enough to light one for a signal. Let me see—" and she spread out a map on her knee—"we're now headed straight for Washington. We'll be there in a few hours. Pass me a chocolate, please—the kind with a candied violet on top."

Substitute tobacco for the candied violet and can't you see Sherlock continuing, "So you see, my dear Watson, what was so mystifying to you was in reality extremely simple?" The best thing in the *Sweet Briar* is *How Br'er Rabbit Won the Prize*. In a manner satirical and yet somehow sympathetic (we were glad it was done sympathetic-

ally, because we should have hated to have had Brer Rabbit ridiculed in earnest) the author has paraphrased the delightful *Uncle Remus* stories.

We heard a little verse recently that fitted in with our mood when about three-quarters through the Exchanges:

*The cow's in the hammock,
The cat's in the lake,
The baby's in the garbage-can,
What difference does it make?*

Well, *Gib*, in the *Vassar Miscellany*, made us see that things *do* make a difference. There is a sure touch in the presentation of the story that convinces you that if the author *did* know of such an experience in real life, she was enough of an artist not to be deceived into believing that the actual necessarily rings true in fiction. We also liked "S" in the *Harvard Advocate*, which describes, without too much exaggeration, the amusing story of a grind's attempt to be a stage "Johnny."

There was much unexpressed poetry in the soul of the grind in "S," but it is time we are having our fling—of bouquets, not brickbats, this time—at more of the verse of the month. So many magazines prophesied the great influx of poetry with the Spring, that we were a little afraid the authors would be scared off, but no! the seasonable poems that were not called *Spring* were called *April*. We liked *Spring* in the *Holy Cross Purple* and *April* in the *Williams*. The latter has a good deal of the real lyric quality. The things that pleased us most were *Great Lonely Men* in the *Nassau Lit.* and the *Canoe Song* in the *Vassar*. We are going to give ourselves the pleasure of reprinting the latter:

CANOE SONG

I.

If to-night you should float, float away,
Down a glimmering, wind-haunted way,
To the land of the twilight that never knows dawn,
Where bloom as wet roses the nights that are gone—
If through dream-haunted mist you might seek but one bloom,
Which rose would you break in the garden of gloom—
If to-night you should float, float away
To the twilight that never knows day?

II.

If your prow broke a shimmering way
Through the pearl-misty shadows of day,

Toward a gleam of still water, where closed lilies grow,
 Would you linger to know if the fast-folded glow,
 That all night in the heart of one lily had lain,
 Was a flushing of joy or a shadow of pain—
 If your prow broke a shimmering way
 Through the pearl-misty shadows of day?

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Ex-'35.

We record the death, on April 3, of David Stroud Burson, Richmond, Indiana. He was the oldest Haverfordian, dying at the age of 95.

On April 4, the regular monthly luncheon to Haverfordians in New York was held. Those present were: Stephen W. Collins, '83; Minturn Post Collins, '92; James H. Wood, '93; Alfred Busselle, '94; L. H. Wood, '96; Roswell C. McCrea, '97, Professor in the New York School of Philanthropy; John G. Embree, '98; Frederick A. Swan, '98; Royal Davis, '99; Edgar Boles, '02, who is Assistant Solicitor of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and Arthur S. Cookman, '02.

'83.

Stephen W. Collins has changed his office to No. 63 Wall Street.

THE HAVERFORDIAN is pleased to announce that the annual baseball game of '89 vs. '90 will take place this spring as usual. For a time it was thought the game might not be played. The usual gold medals and silver tankards will be presented to the holders of first and second place.

'90.

H. P. Baily took the part of Mr. Cheeseacre in a Trollope Sketch entitled "Mrs. Greenough and Her Lovers," given at the Merion Cricket Club, Thursday, May 4. Mr. Cheeseacre was a rich, pompous farmer madly, nay violently, in love with Mrs. Greenough.

In a business line Mr. Baily has undertaken the management of an extensive partridge ranch upon his estate near Ardmore. He has now been engaged in this business for several years and is hoping to open it up to the public this spring. Pheasants, partridges, grouse, quail and chicken-hawks are all raised. Prices range to suit all pockets. Pheasants, which are the specialty of the Game Growing Corporation, are listed as follows: two year old—\$5.00 each, \$10.00 a pair; one year old—\$4.02 each, \$7.80 a pair; spring broilers (coop not ready yet)—60c. a pound; week old chicks (for raising)—25c. each; dead chicks—8c. a

quart. Mr. Baily will be pleased to answer any inquiries by personal letter. Address, Baily Game Growing Corporation, Lancaster Pike, Ardmore, Pa.

W. G. Audenried, who has been absent in Europe for some months, has returned much improved in health.

'94.

D. Sherman Taber, Jr., was married to Miss Charlotte Bliss, formerly of Pittsfield, Mass., but now of New York, on the evening of April 12, at the home of Mrs. F. C. Backus, in Pittsfield, Mass. Among the ushers were T. Hollingsworth Wood, '96, and Alfred Bussell, ex-'94. Mr. and Mrs. Taber are to live at 44 Morningside Avenue, West, City of New York.

'98.

Morris Lee has been elected business manager of the *Evening Bulletin*.

Eldon R. Ross is manager of the London House of Underwood and Underwood.

'99.

William A. Battey has a son born in March.

Royal Davis is on the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*.

E. H. Lycett, Jr., of Ardmore, Pa., is one of the directors of the new Ardmore National Bank.

'01.

Ellis Yarnall Brown, Jr., was married on April 29, at Bryn Mawr, to Miss Mary D. Godley. Mrs. Brown is the daughter of Mr. Philip Godley, and a sister of Francis Godley, '04.

'02.

Arthur S. Cookman, who is with Ayres, Bridges and Company, has changed from 129 Front Street to 80 Wall Street.

The Queen of Orplede, a volume of verse by C. W. Stork, has been published in America by J. B. Lippincott. Of this book the London *Times* says: "Mr. Stork writes charmingly of romance, but makes most impact in dealing with nature. 'Rain' is a really good descriptive poem. In 'Aetacon,' as previously in his 'Day Dreams of Greece,' he shows his ability to write smooth blank verse."

'03.

Dr. George Peirce is the author of an article on "Ferments" that appeared recently in the Journal of the American Chemical Society.

'05.

Elias Ritts is the father of a son born the latter part of March. Arthur Hopkins is expecting to leave the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he has been an interne, this spring.

'06.

J. W. Mott and Miss Elizabeth Robinson, of Newport, R. I., were married April 19.

Ex-'06.

Ex-'06 Buck Haines is one of the four internes at the German Hospital.

'08.

Edward Aiken Edwards and Miss Sidney Garrigues were married at Haverford, on April 19th.

E. Linton has gone to Montreal to take more actuarial examinations.

Ex-'08.

Thomas Lightfoot Green was married on April 26, in Philadelphia, to Miss Lucretia Shoemaker.

Among those present was Cornelius Jansen Claasen, ex-'07, who came on from Omaha, where he is trust officer of the Peters Trust Company. On Saturday, April 29, Claasen was given a dinner by the organization of the "Nasty Nine," '07, at "The King of Prussia."

T. C. Desmond has moved to Los Angeles, California, where his address is, "In care of the Y. M. C. A."

'09.

R. Mott is selling National Cash Registers in Dayton, Ohio.

'10.

Samuel A. Rabinowitz is attending a theological school.

Ex-'10.

In the Oxford-Cambridge sports, March 25, P. J. Baker won the half mile and the mile for Cambridge in 1.58 1-5 and 4.29 2-5 respectively.

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OXFORD AND THE RHODES' SCHOLARSHIPS

 HE HAVERFORDIAN's request for some "impressions" of Oxford is some months old, but I have purposely deferred writing until now. I have no wish to parallel the achievement of one of this year's Rhodes' Scholars, who sent home a long article fully describing Oxford life and ways, three days after his arrival.

It is difficult to write about Oxford. The difficulty is one which all those who have been there will realize. I might tell you many things about her picturesqueness and glamour, and the magic spell she weaves over the imagination—of crumbling stone and pealing organ, of stained glass and green quadrangles, of sounding bells and sunny gardens bright with flowers. But the quirks of many blazoning pens have dealt with her beauties, and in the pages of Andrew Lang and numerous others you will find expressed the essence of her charm. And, therefore, it seems that a few words about the Rhodes' Scholarships are more appropriate.

In the first place, there is no doubt that the opportunities which the Rhodes' bequest offers are not appreciated in the United States. At the moment of writing I am away from Oxford and have not the facts with me, but it is my impression that in about a dozen States only one candidate passed the qualifying examination last October; and in four States *no one passed*. When one considers that this examination is merely to qualify as a candidate for the scholarship (i. e., no high grade is necessary to pass it), and is certainly no harder than the Haverford entrance examination, it seems, indeed, extraordinary that the greatest scholarship in the world should go begging in this way. The Rhodes' Trustees have seriously considered withdrawing the scholarship from certain States in which it has not been appreciated.

I say "the greatest scholarship in the world" advisedly. What other scholarship exists offering a man three years abroad, the opportunity to study at one of the world's oldest and most famous seats of learning, a chance to imbibe English ideas and ideals at first-hand, to travel and study on the Continent, to visit at leisure places which the most fortunate

Americans generally see only between trains—and (last but not least) to do these things on fifteen hundred a year? And yet there are men who think it not worth their while to learn Greek in order to win this great opportunity.

It is obvious from the lack of competition that America is not sending her best men to Oxford. The Rhodes' Scholars are generally excellent fellows, and most of them have done very well over here; but they are not the *best* that America has. It is the firm conviction of all Americans now in Oxford that this gigantic scheme of Cecil Rhodes deserves that America shall send the flower of her young manhood. I have met no American Rhodes' Scholar who does not admit that he knows other men who would have represented his own State more worthily than himself, but who were unwilling to compete. I admit this most cheerfully in my own case. It is our earnest hope that in the future, Americans at Oxford will be not merely good men, but *the best men*, not mere grinds or mere athletes, but all-round men with unusual ability in some one direction. When the competition is ten times as keen as it now is, this may be possible.

Consider for a moment the future of the Rhodes' scheme. There are already in the United States about 130 ex-Rhodes' Scholars (many of them engaged in teaching), an enthusiastic band of propagandists who publish a journal (*The American Rhodes' Scholars' Alumni Magazine*), and are indeed spreading what might be called an "Oxford Movement" in America. This June over forty more will return, having completed their three years. In fifteen years' time there will be over six hundred. Soon, in all parts of America and in all walks of life there will be men who have been to Oxford, men firmly convinced of Oxford's message to the Anglo-Saxon world, and each as loyal to Oxford and her traditions as to his original Alma Mater.

Many Americans, it seems, think that Oxford is a place where one drinks tea, wears baggy trousers and meets very pleasant people, but that little real work is done there, and graduate study, so-called, is impossible. One of an amusing series of post-cards entitled, "American Tourists in Oxford," illustrates the following incident: An American lady, prowling about in the ancient quadrangles, enters one of the rooms; but finding in it several young men, recoils, saying, "I beg your pardon—I had no idea these old ruins were inhabited!" This anecdote, though presumably fictitious, is significant. Too many Americans think of Oxford as a dear, quaint old place, a place of charming gardens and

memorable vistas, but, after all, only a place to look at, like Kenilworth Castle, in no wise ministering to the present needs of the world. They turn with pride to (let us say) the Idaho Industrial Institute or the California Cottonweavers' College as evidences of a "practical education." Need an education be any less practical because it is shrined in a beautiful setting, because it teaches as well as inspires for the future, a regard and veneration for the past?

Oxford at every turn bears earmarks of the past, but she is none the less alive to the present. During term-time the streets of Oxford are an interesting sight. All sorts and all conditions of men (and women) pass through the streets of this most cosmopolitan of all university towns. From India, from China, from Australia, from Canada, from Germany, from France, from both Americas—from every quarter of the globe, come men both young and old to test their wits against those of the keenest youth of England—the men who will be the rulers of the British Empire in two or three decades. And the first misconception which the American must rid himself of is that the path to an Honour degree at Oxford is an easy one. Many men who have graduated *summa cum laude* at American colleges have found themselves very small plums in the Oxford pudding. There have been American M.A.'s known to fail in "Pass Mods."—an elementary examination which the English "undergrad." takes after five months' residence. America has always looked to Germany as a hotbed of postgraduate study. But Germany is sending some of her best men to Oxford every year. I have heard that there are two hundred candidates for every German Rhodes' Scholarship. There must be something in the Oxford system after all.

One of the most interesting experiments in modern education is now taking place at Oxford. Men who are presumed to be the picked results of our American collegiate system are being re-tested in England—and the Oxford verdict is not always the same as the previous American one. Read the recent report of the Carnegie Foundation for the opinions of the English "dons" (professors) on their American students. They say we are "attractive, but superficial." I am inclined to believe there is something in the latter allegation. American scholarship must send its best men as its ambassadors if it will uphold its reputation.

I would not minimize the social side of life in Oxford, for surely there is no place where it may mean more. But this phase of Oxford has been so often enlarged upon that there is danger of forgetting that it is, not only a place where men can and do work, but where scholarship is

respected and not deplored. And nowhere is there a more healthful balance between work and play.

I have heard that an American lady said, with some surprise, of a returned Rhodes' Scholar, "He is just as nice as before he went!" It is not necessary for one to become a worse American for living three years in England—on the contrary. And it is very illuminating to see America through the other end of the telescope. England and America are in many ways complementary: each one supplies what the other lacks. A man who enjoys college life on both sides of the Atlantic is extraordinarily fortunate. The only way to appreciate the Oxford system is to see and live in it. Here I can but vaguely intimate that for Americans Oxford may be not only pleasant but highly desirable.

But the chief wish of the two Haverfordians now at Oxford is that more Haverford men should find their way over here. Haverford sends over cricketers—why not Rhodes' Scholars? Or better still, Rhodes' Scholars who are cricketers! Moreover, cricketers have to be supported by the Alumni, whereas R. S.'s don't! Haverford has probably more affiliations with England than any other American college. Englishmen have a healthy regard for Haverford's prowess on the cricket field, and the chances are that the Haverfordian who comes to England will find himself in a congenial atmosphere. Rendel Harris once said that the two essential characteristics of what we love to call "a good Haverfordian" are that he should be a good cricketer and be able to read his New Testament in the Greek. Train your Haverfordian to do these two, and he will stand a good chance of becoming a Rhodes' Scholar!

No man can claim to be educated who has studied only at a small college; and the man who has been moderately successful in a small institution with very little competition has a very healthy surprise waiting for him at a large university where there is a good deal of intellectual fermentation. A man may have been first in an Iberian village, and yet not even second in Rome! Haverford is the best of small colleges, and most efficient as such; but it is highly desirable that a man should, if possible, see something more complex. You remember the story of the fly that sat on the cart-wheel and said, "What a dust I raise!" I have seen men like that at Haverford. Such an attitude is impossible at a large university. But this is perhaps off the point.

The Rhodes' Scholarships are one of the many movements of the twentieth century which are binding the nations, and especially the Anglo-Saxon race, closer together. Politicians may dicker with reciprocities and

treaties, but the words of Cecil Rhodes stand true, "Educational relations make the strongest tie." America will not be fulfilling her share in this far-reaching scheme until ever-increasing numbers of her college-men present themselves as candidates for the scholarships. The American Rhodes' Scholars have been widely commented on of late in various journals, not always favorably, often by those who know little about them. If you hear anything derogatory to the Rhodes' Scholars themselves, believe half of it. If you hear that the Rhodes' bequest is not doing much to unite the three greatest nations (England, America, and Germany) you may nail it as a falsehood. I earnestly hope that many more Haverfordians will reach this ancient university, which was flourishing before Columbus set forth on American soil—even before the Swarthmore game!

C. D. MORLEY, '10.

MEMORIA

Slowly the phantom splendor of the West
Dies out into the dim blue death of day.
Grim Melancholy holds her pallid sway,
And through sweet reveries steals on her quest.
Yet through the sleeping sadness of the hills
A madrigal in moonlight doth arise,
And with it to the turrets of the skies
The sorrow flees dislodged, and gladness fills
The drear abode of anguish for all whiles.
Oft so the beauty of a memory
Of one who passing by has farther gone,
My dream of woe to ecstasy beguiles,
And passing 'neath our gaze a symphony,
Enters the silver silence of the dawn.

D. W., '14.


A LAMENT OF LIFE

And this I dreamed or saw it in a vision:
I saw a garden fair, and there within it,
Upon the ground, his head bowed low, and weeping,
The gardener sat, and at his feet all wilted
A flower drooped, and from its stalk was hanging
A dying bud upon the verge of blossom.
The gardener raised his head. "Great Heaven gave
Long since to me a seed to plant and cherish;
I set it out, and watched it grow, and daily
I gave it water, dug the soil around it,
And watched this dying bud grow into beauty.
So was I happy in my little garden.
The King of Heaven spoke, and this he told me:
'Be faithful, true and constant; watch thy flower.
There comes a woman who shall stoop to pluck it
And breathe upon it, and the petals bursting
From out their case shall bloom in wondrous splendor.
Then she shall place thy flower in her bosom
And stay and help thee working in thy garden.'
And so I watched and watered it, and waited,
And kept the canker worms and insects from it.
I cared for it, and loved, and cherished it,
And while I cared and loved it grew and flourished.
So passed the years, and women came, and seeing,
Some passed, and some asked leave to smell the fragrance;
One begged a leaf, one asked a budding petal,
One said, 'Let me but touch this bud you cherish,
I will not hurt it, will not break or bruise it,'
And though I heard I had not understanding.
I granted her the wish. I took her fingers
And clasped them round the stem, and lo! it wilted.
Its leaves are drooped, the bud that might have blossomed
Is dried and dead, and I myself destroyed it.
The only bloom is sapped, and I have killed it.
At last the woman came but did not want it.
My flower's dead. My hand alone destroyed it."
And thus he ceased and beat his breast, and I
Passed on and left him bowed, in silence weeping.

A. L. B., JR., '12.

THE ILLUSION OF THE MOTH

CHAPTER VI.

HE dilemma in which Sidney Holt would have found himself had his temperament been one which allowed clear thinking, in reality never occurred to him. The particular idea of his being "grown now to a man," led him in May to the Kurhaus in the Alps, where he found Selma not so much improved as either he or she had hoped. And in her loneliness there, in spite of love letters from Paris, an increasing consciousness had come to her of the weakness of her body, and worse, her lack of friends—even those in New York, to whom she had seemed important while she was there. The green maturity of Sidney seemed to make this knowledge insignificant, for he was one thing to cling to, to be sure of—and yet sometimes even he failed. She attributed it to her nervousness. So in June they returned to New York. He insisted, with all the fervor of his self-absorption, that she would improve if only he could be always near. A week later she married him.

He proposed a summer in the Canadian woods, for they had both travelled too much of late to be inclined, either of them, to take a wedding journey. Selma proposed Whipsurf, where they had both first been together five years before. Sidney demurred, but without giving reasons. He had told her about Suzanne, but he had not told her all. To his own conscience he had excused himself on the ground that Selma was not well. It would only make her nervous, and worry her. And so when she grew enthusiastic for Whipsurf, the same weakness which had made him defer all the important matters, allowed him to give in. He loved her too much, he thought, to worry her by disagreeing. And yet his memories of Whipsurf were disconcerting. He would explain it all when she grew well.

So the arrangements were made, and they were married quietly, and they went to Whipsurf the same afternoon. At the evening meal, which the new maid served oblivious to the real fact that this was a wedding breakfast, Sidney could not help remembering the last meal he had eaten there, and the ugly circumstances of it. He contrived to conceal his gloom, and succeeded in being apparently cheerful. But the dessert of the occasion on which lovers have become man and wife—the kisses, somehow seemed to him to have a shuddering ghastliness there in the house in which he had sinned. To Selma it seemed, now that the great event had come true, that there was not quite the glorious feeling of new

life which the great event always had seemed to promise. But he assured her laughingly that it was always so—just at first. For he remembered, he said, the joy he had had a year ago anticipating his seeing her at the dock, when first he came away from Paris. But when the time was come he was cold, he said. So he drew her close in his arms and kissed her until she felt half-conscious, and he felt more assured himself.

At early morning before breakfast, Sidney went alone for a walk along Coast Road. His plans for his life were not very well thought out, and none of these things must be discussed with Selma—she must not worry. When he got back to his art, she would help, he thought, but the thing to do now was to get back. In his walk he chose to go up the beach, for this direction led away from the houses of Woodcliff. After fifteen minutes he was at Slab Sides, which he studied for awhile, thinking. It was a magnificent ancient rock, so defiant to the sea, so sombre and dignified, that it seemed to him almost to have a soul of its own, in its aged and massive grandeur. He saw the slanting alley up which he and Suzanne, less than a year ago, had attempted to climb. And he remembered the trivial consequences which had since become so momentous. Where was Suzanne, he wondered. Would she be apt to have come to Woodcliff for the summer, or is she married to the clean-cut club man she seemed to dread?

He was thus musing on his return, when a figure of a woman coming towards him on Coast Road stopped and looked at Whipsurf, as if to go in. Then she looked away and passed the house, coming nearer to him. Her stopping was curious, he thought, but perhaps it was just a whim of one of the Woodcliff cottagers out for an early morning walk. As she came nearer, his breath stopped and his heart jumped in his breast. It was Suzanne. They met face to face and stopped at a distance from each other. Neither said a word. But there was a terrified look in Suzanne's eyes that threw their beauty into distress. Her face was pale and worried, and her lack of color and the pursed lips, that once were so lovely laughing, gave her face an expression that was ghastly. Finally, she gasped his name, and stared at him as if not knowing where to find words further. Sidney was frightened, but calm.

"O God, where *have* you been?" she burst out finally.

"Why, Suzanne, what is the matter. You—"

"Matter!" she cried, "O, I have written you everywhere, Sidney. My father has looked for you everywhere. Thank God, my mother is dead that she did not live to know of this."

His face flushed scarlet, and he stared at her for a minute as if he

looked at her through blood. His voice refused to speak the words on his lips. In that mute interval he decided not to tell Suzanne, lest she should kill herself. Finally, however, he faced the truth and said brokenly:

"Suzanne, I am married now to another woman."

"I do not blame you," she sobbed, after the full force of his admission was upon her. "I do not blame you, for the sin is mine. But I had hoped for the sake of the boy—"

"Trust me," he urged, "trust me to act the man in this. But we cannot discuss it further here. Will you see me privately to-day? This afternoon? Come, come, Suzanne, you must not make such a display here. Please go on up towards Slab Sides, and this afternoon sometime. Please don't walk to Whipsurf with me."

She ceased her wild gesticulations, and, controlling herself as well as was possible in the circumstances, she passed on towards Slab Sides. Sidney, thinking of something further, called after her and retraced his steps. When he came up to her he looked into the depths of her soul.

"Swear, Suzanne, swear to me that you will not kill yourself."

"I promise," she said slowly, "not for your sake, but for your son's."

He was relieved when he returned to the house to find that Selma was not down stairs. He could not think. To act the man as he promised was a problem which his nervous brains could not solve. He paced the floor of the library, like a ghost driven by the furies. To tell Selma seemed to him, murder. To carry the affair on secretly, faithlessness. To keep Suzanne in her position, cowardice. The thing seared his consciousness, no matter what solution presented itself.

Presently he heard a rustle on the stairs and tried to compose himself. Without knowing what he did, he seized a canvas which lay on the table and pretended to study it intently, his back towards the curtains at the entrance. It was the half-finished youthful portrait of Selma, but the man never knew what he held in his hand.

His wife at this moment, having reached the bottom of the stairs, a little disturbed at his pacing back and forth which she had heard from above, drew back the curtain very slightly to take a cautious glance, to see why he should be so nervous. There stood her husband staring at her youthful picture, the picture that was true no more. She was frightened; so she lifted her finger from the curtain and tip-toed into the dining-room.

To have her husband so nervously ranting about so early in the morning, and then to see him fixed on the portrait of herself as she was

when first he loved her—these odd circumstances frightened Selma into a sensitiveness that was terrorizing and depressing. She could hardly find courage to ring the breakfast bell.

He came into the dining-room busily, and kissed her tenderly. At this all the love her soul was capable of coursed through her, and yet with it all a strange and desperate feeling of inadequacy. She could not understand. She did not speak.

"Are you blue this morning, love?" he asked sympathetically.

"No," she assured him.

A silence.

"Why were you stirring about so early?" she asked finally, rather disinterestedly.

"I couldn't sleep, and it was such a glorious morning. I walked up to Slab Sides. Did it bother you?"

"No," she said, forcing herself to eat.

She could not help her silence.

"Selma," he said finally, "What is the matter?"

"Will you let me ask a question, dearest?"

"Yes."

"Who was that woman you talked to on Coast Road this morning?"

He tried to force his voice into a calm. But the blood rushed up into his face. Then later he answered squarely.

"That was Suzanne."

"You promised once to tell me all about Suzanne— 'Everything,' you said."

"I can't now, Selma," he pleaded, "let it go until some other time. Not now. I am a little worried this morning—about my work. I must get to work. I'm going to write a letter after breakfast to get some materials, and I think I'll do some sketches while we're down here."

When they had finished he went over to the arm of her chair.

"Don't worry, will you sweetheart?" he said, "now I shall go up to write my letter, and then we shall go for a walk."

But he did not write the letter and she knew it. His manner at breakfast, his strange inconsistencies—these Selma could not understand. It had been awkward and forced. She knew more than ever that she was not sure. She knew that she was inadequate, because there was something in his mind which she could not know, which she knew she must not know. Did he love Suzanne? What was the meaning of that strange and wild meeting which she had watched from her window? Has he discovered at last, she asked, that the Selma of now is not the Selma of eighteen? What was this fit of restlessness, this looking at her

old picture? He had now realized, she thought, the falseness of it all. Necessary to him? she asked herself—not necessary, but useless. Perhaps, even in his way, a burden to his happiness. Desperation ached in her heart and numbed her senses. This weak, nervous, little woman determined to make the one great sacrifice.

Half an hour later a barefoot boy lying on his stomach on the headlands which overlook the coast was blowing dandelion seeds to the wind, occasionally looking up at the sea, and at Slab Sides, tall and gaunt, standing defiantly on the edge of the coast. The sun was long up, but was by now just peering over the top edge of Slab Sides. The boy did not look often now, because the sunlight dazzled his eyes. He was about to get up and go away when he noticed a woman in a dressing gown, toiling over the rough rocks just at the edge of the coast. She stumbled once, but quickly rising she pushed on bravely, without seeming to notice the sharp rocks and stones among which more careful wanderers pick their way. Once at the foot of Slab Sides, at the base of the alley-way which leads like a fire escape to the top, the woman kicked off her shoes, and tore the stockings from her feet. Then she looked up and started to climb. Up, up, she struggled madly, the crevices and sharp edges of the smooth alley tearing her bleeding feet. But she crawled higher and higher with a heedless, wild determination until she reached the top. The boy could see her outline clearly against the sun. At the top she knelt and bowed her head. Then, after a while, rising, she stepped to the edge of the cliff, faced the sea, and, outstretching her arms, looked upwards toward the sky. Suddenly, as if a pain in her heart had twinged the cord of life she fell forward and disappeared into the sea. For a moment the boy wondered, listening to the quiet, peaceful lisp of the waves. Then he took to his heels and made for the Pleasure Pier at the summer cottages.

Early in the afternoon, Suzanne was sitting in her bedroom, rocking to sleep a tiny baby all smothered in white clothes and linen. She sang a slow, thoughtful lullaby, and there were tears in every note of her flute-like voice. Occasionally, she would look out the window, then with a graceful sweep of her hand she would wave back her beautiful golden hair. She was studying the face of the baby, now asleep, when suddenly she heard the front door downstairs thrown open heavily, and steps stalking about in the lower rooms. Then they stamped up the stairs. She arose, taking the baby in her arms. Sidney rushed into the room.

"You! You! *You!*" he yelled fiercely, "you killed her, damn you!"

He rushed at her in a frenzy, his eyes blazing accusation, and his

voice rasping in harsh oaths. She did not move or speak. He would have seized her throat, but she held out to his clutching hands—his son. He raised the baby high in the air, roughly, as if to dash it to the floor, when her calm eyes met his, and she spoke calmly and with command.

"For her sake, then, if she is dead, do not kill your son. *Kill yourself.*"

There is a picture in the London Gallery which is Holt's one great piece of work. It is a picture of Slab Sides. On the top is a woman in a dressing gown, looking heavenwards, with outstretched arms toward the sea and the sky. The sun is bright there in the East, and the waves seem to whisper. Holt called it "The Illusion of the Moth." He said once, before he died, that "perhaps a woman's intuition is right after all."

THE END

A SUMMER SHOWER

The glitter bright of summer light
 Upon a weary pool.
 The hum of bees amongst the leaves
 Linked close by shadows cool.

'Cross yonder sky arises high
 A shadow-bringing cloud.
 The cloud-bank lifts and weirdly drifts
 Into a dismal shroud.

Afar and near the lightning clear
 Forth flashes liquid white.
 The thundrous roar of angry Thor
 Now aids in Nature's fight.


* * * *

From off the eaves and silvered leaves
 The fallen rain drops drip.
 The flowers dry and bearded rye
 Stretch forth each thirsty tip.

The ripple bright of sun-red light
 Upon the swollen pool,
 The creeping breeze amongst the trees,
 Makes sweet the twilight cool.

H. W. E., '14.

A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD

HE great magician shuffled, cut the cards and turned up a two-spot. Thereupon a new soul was born.

I met him first at the club. I was alone, he was alone. We dined together, drank together and spent the evening together. He talked, I paid. Thence dates our friendship. I say he talked, but in doing that easily paid for his dinner. I don't think I have ever met a man with such an extended fund of information. The subjects ranged from the best way to cook venison to the latest religious fad. He had read everything and been everywhere. I learned many things that evening and left him with the impression that I had been with a celebrity. But somehow I couldn't remember seeing his name in the papers. James Greenough? He said he was in Real Estate.

A short time later my friend called at the office on business.—Wanted to sell me a set of Stevenson,—subscription. I was surprised and said so.

"Oh," he explained easily, "my employer and I couldn't get along."

I had asked him to call at my rooms, on that first evening, and use my library. He accepted with alacrity and the visits became frequent. I liked to have him around. Always pleasant, interesting, witty, ready and willing to do anything for you. It was always most amusing to hear his tales of business ventures. There was always a fresh one on hand, never two alike. A list of his jobs would make a city commercial directory look like a pamphlet. About once a month he'd come in, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Got a new one," he'd say.

Then a few weeks later I'd come home early to find him in my bathrobe and slippers, with his feet on my table reading one of my books.

"Oh, I couldn't stand that man," of his employer. Or, "couldn't keep my mind on the ledger."

But with it all, he was one of the most lovable men I have ever known. He would have been an ideal companion for a cripple if you could make him think he was doing it for pleasure. Once I caught scarlet fever and almost died of it. I would have if it hadn't been for Jimmie. He sat up with me night and day, sleeping only by fits and starts, taking his meals in gulps from one hand while he filled ice bags with the other. He couldn't have taken better care of me if he had been my mother. Then when I asked him why he didn't go in for nursing, he said:

"I did once, but I lost interest in the second patient and he died."

And so it went, I argued with him and pleaded with him for his own sake, for my sake, to stick to some one job. Each chance he had he would say, "This time I will." But Lord, there was no more significance in it than the curl of smoke from his pipe. Then I tried a new trick, ridicule. I told him he was lazy, had no will-power, was selfish, and cursed him when he agreed with me. What can you do but swear when you try to point out a man his faults and he agrees with you? Finally I gave it up as hopeless. One can't cure a man of perpetual youth. That was all he was, a kid of thirty-six. But oh, such a fascinating one. With his unconscious good looks and grace, his silvery tongue and ingratiating ways, he could dent the hardest heart.

Then he went away and I lost sight of him. What a hole he did leave in my little universe. I knew vaguely that he had a new job, but what it was he didn't tell me. He said something about a lady, horses and New York, but I didn't connect them till I saw his name in the papers as the rider of one of Mrs. Cornelius Rich's high class saddlers in the horse show. Then I became absorbed in business and he was shoved from my mind. A little piece of wreckage had come into my port of anchorage, rubbed against my dock and gone out with the tide.

Some few months later I had occasion to visit my sister among New York's "Four Hundred." I said good-bye to my snug little rooms in Philadelphia, and the quiet of that home city, drew out my surplus cash and after a preparatory night's rest, started for the scene of gayety, spendthriftiness and carousel.

It was as I expected. When I arrived, there was an awning over the side-walk, a block full of carriages; a butler separated me from my card and suit case, my sister flew into my arms and dashed me down a line of Mrs. and Misses so fast that when I arrived in my room to dress for tea, I could see in my mind a veritable Hydra stretching forth its hundred heads at me and saying, "Cream and sugar?"

Then followed in quick motor-fire succession dinner and the opera. Where, wonder of wonders, I saw Jimmie.

It was a fashionable box-party where every one talks, and Jimmie was the life of the evening. He was on familiar terms with everybody. He kept up a running conversation with the whole crowd, and with one girl in particular so busily that he had only time for "Hello, old man, glad to see you," and his old smile and grip.

He would come up and see me as soon as he could, but his dates were pretty full.

Next day I saw him again at dinner, again the life of the party, carrying on a conversation with everybody, but especially with the same lady of the night before.

The next afternoon was bridge day. Again Jimmie was the life. And incidentally he was high score. If I remember rightly he and his partner, the same little lady by the way, had amassed a total of \$500.

Thus passed a whole week of New York high life, during which time I saw Jimmie daily, always with the lady, always the whole show at the theatre, opera, dinners, bridge. Why it got to the stage some hostesses would put his name on the invitations in order to draw a crowd.

Finally Sunday came and with it Jimmie, the same old grinning, handsome, talkative, happy-go-lucky Jimmie. If anything, he had been through more functions in the past week than I, yet he was well and fresh, while I was worn and fagged.

We talked on the subject of the fashionable set for a time. Jimmie gave me all the current scandal, more intimate even than that found in *Town Topics*, until I could hold in no longer.

"How do you do it, Jimmie? Did somebody die and leave you a million."

"Pooh, pooh," said he. "My son, I am at present holding down the ideal job."

Then he stopped to light his pipe, taking so long about it that I could have kicked him. Finally at my exasperated, "Hang you, go on," he said:

"Listen." Then standing up, he placed his hand on his heart and bowed.

"Behold the official entertainer and court jester, par excellence, for the wives of the idle rich. I may even marry one some day."

"Got your eye on that young lady you go round with so much? Who is she, anyway?"

"Oh, perhaps. Just now though she's only a client. Can't count on anything now. Her husband may not get a divorce after all."

The Great Magician reshuffled, laid down the cards and began laying the plans for making a man.

D. C. M., '12.

THE AMERICAN PROBLEM

BY RICHARD J. M. HOBBS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This oration won the Alumni Prize in the Annual Contest, 1911.*



FIFTY years ago a dire conflict was in the first stages of its destructive course. The guns of Sumter had pealed forth the first notes of negro freedom. The martyrdom of John Brown still burned red in the heart of the North. Garrison had not ceased to go about the land inflaming his hearers with lurid pictures of Southern brutality. He liked to portray the defenseless, cowering negro kneeling with uplifted eyes, a prayer upon his lips, while above him glowered the imperious Southerner, with bloody cowhide.

Such rankling language has ceased to characterize discussions of the Negro Question. The clouds of war long since sank behind a far-off horizon. The animosity and hatred of Reconstruction have given way to the cool, clear radiance of unprejudiced reason, tempered with moderation and sharpened by a desire for the facts, the actual conditions, their causes and remedies if there be such.

The true test, by which to measure the negro's standing is to examine his economic progress. It is untrue to say that he started penniless in 1865, *for in all the trades there were but few skilled workmen except the negro*. In the North he has been mercilessly crowded to the wall by the unions. In the South he has lost his grip on the trades, and his condition grows more precarious. Negro barbers, butlers, bootblacks, coachmen, and caterers have decidedly lost ground in the North. Some years ago in Boston, a negro, especially qualified by appearance and training, after advertising six months for a household position, and being repeatedly turned down because of his color, said, "Why do these people talk so much about negro betterment and give their millions for negro education in the South, but refuse an honest man work?" What is the reason that the negro is losing out in these occupations? It is because white men want them; and are willing to study the business and be on hand; while the negro wants to loaf about, spending his surplus on cheap finery.

The enemy of the negro is no longer the man who would drive him with the lash to work, but the man who would take his work from him. White competition is the most serious danger confronting the negro to-day. It is an important fact that all experiments with purely negro management and labor in manufacture have failed. Why? Because life is too easy without work, and continuous employment is irksome.

If the negro cannot stem the tide of white competition and industrial

progress, we say that he has a certain haven of refuge in the cotton field. But this is not so true as it once was. Italian labor has proven more profitable and dependable in Arkansas. And within the last ten months a cotton picking machine has been invented which will seriously threaten negro supremacy as a cotton hand.

What are we to do in the face of such a grave and serious problem? What hope is there for the negro against such heavy odds? Let us turn to the remedies advocated for the solution of the American problem.

First, there is deportation, a drastic but effectual remedy; but it is altogether impracticable and unthinkable when its effects on Southern labor conditions are considered. It deserves mention only because first Jefferson and then Lincoln advocated it.

Others propose segregation, but straightway arises the question which State will we set aside for the African? Mississippi? Because its population is densest negro? No State in the Union is prouder of her history and more tenacious of her birthright. Here is the stumbling-block for segregation. No State will consent to abandon its existence; and there is no more unsettled land available for such purposes. The negro is with us to stay and he is needed amongst us. Hence his future must be worked out as an American citizen.

This nation has been termed a melting-pot, in which the races of the world are blended into a new and youthful race. It is to be hoped, however, that the ruddy hue of the Anglo-Saxon will never, by amalgamation be clouded to the muddy pallor of the mulatto. There is little cause for fear, however. Laws forbid intermarriage of the races in the South, and everywhere they are drifting further apart.

The immortal Grady advocated race separation. This we now have to a great extent—separate schools, churches, waiting rooms, and restaurants, but further separation pre-supposes the capacity of the negro to carry on a complete commercial and industrial system alone. "It removes from a backward race that which it most needs—the sympathetic contact with influences which bear for uplift and progress." It obliterates that kindly interest of employer and employee, that infusion of culture and moral principles which is the mightiest influence among the white people, and substitutes for it, a bitter competition.

The great mass of Southern citizens, whose minds are unclouded with prejudice, recognize that the rise of a community depends upon the progress of each individual in the community. Every Southern business man sees that he is worse off because the negro is not better off. By what means, then, is the negro to rise? Religion has not done it. The

negro church has but little value as a moralizing agent. Its ministers are notorious for their immorality. What, then, is the remedy? Education! Industrial education! What the negro needs is property, and the knowledge to manage it. Let him lay up for himself treasures on earth, yet awhile. He must gain a foothold in our industrial system. To do this he must be trained to meet the demands of modern industry. Let the negro listen to the wise direction of his great leader, Booker T. Washington. He has the sympathy of the South as well as the admiration of the North.

The negro's economic position is in danger. In place of Latin and Greek he must be made familiar with the trowel and sledge, and prudent in the truck patch and cotton field. With this industrial skill he must be taught thrift, persistence, and purpose. As Booker Washington says, "Let them not be mere seekers of jobs, but makers of jobs!" Then his position will be established. Let them make for themselves comfortable homes, exercise judgment, steadiness, and moderation; the ballot and political privilege will come along as they are ready for them.

The South has neglected the race at its back door. It must be led to *act* upon the conviction that its own prosperity depends partly on that of the humbler race.

Efforts at racial betterment must be in the line of improving the mutual relation of the two, for the whole problem is one of relationship. We must not favor the one and antagonize the other, but promote a friendly understanding and appreciation of each other.

We have a great problem before us—unsolved and perplexing. Can it be solved? It is worth an honest effort, because the race involved is a vital factor in the industrial progress of a great section. It is our duty to study the question as it is our economic gain to do so. We need not go to the Orient to find people to save. Here, within our gates, are people that have been cast out and left to educate and Christianize themselves if they can. And they have found it a disheartening process. The energetic find the avenues of ambition blocked and well garrisoned; the sluggish and aimless find life at the bottom too easy, the path to progress too steep and thorny, and its crown of glory too dimmed, and far distant.

Yet a brighter day will dawn for the negro if the Anglo-Saxon race will fulfill its sacred trust. We must reach out the right hand of assistance and raise from degradation a prostrate people. With sympathy, patience and kindness we must lead them to the portals of prosperity, and make them partakers of the highest blessings of a Christian civilization.

LOOSE LEAVES

THE BAA-HOUT

A POOR, belated Brahman traveler was once making his way along a lonely road, which led through a gloomy and extremely dense woods. There was barely enough light to make out the narrow path or to enable one to perceive objects by the side of the road, so that the traveler was almost opposite a figure lying under one of the trees when he became aware of its presence. He seemed to feel that something *was* there rather than to *see* it; but, nevertheless, this instinct was enough to bring him to a sudden halt and to cause him to tremble violently. For he had been warned of the terrible "Baa-Hout" which haunted these woods, and had been urged to take another road instead of passing the place at night. If this figure which he could dimly see was the dreaded spirit, he knew that one single glance from it would destroy him. An so he stood, afraid to pass and equally afraid to retreat, for fear of disturbing the seemingly sleeping form. After a while, as nothing happened, his fright passed somewhat, and then he began to think over some means of escape. As his courage rose he conceived the bold plan of stabbing the "Baa-hout" and freeing the community of the terrible creature. Very slowly he crept forward, pushing the vines and undergrowth cautiously aside, until he was right over the *thing* which lay there wrapped in black. He raised his arm and struck, but in descending his arm caught in something and the blow fell glancing. The creature rolled over quickly and sprang up, uttering something which sounded very much like an Indian oath. The traveler turned to escape, but the pseudo-"Baa-hout" was after him, and easily overcame his efforts at defense. During the fight the Brahman was knocked senseless and in this state carried by the erstwhile sleeper out of the forest to the town. Great joy ensued next day, for the terrible "Baa-hout," the destroyer of so many travelers, had been caught. What did it matter to the natives that this spirit was merely a human being who claimed to be innocent? The dead were now avenged.

1913.

THE INSOMNIAC

THE moaning of a soul in torment is the most pitiful sound that comes to our ears. How often have we tossed feverishly upon our comfortless couches praying for surcease? Like Job we long for morning when it is night, and when it is morning we wish it night. The gray light stealing in from the leaden east reveals us haggard and distraught, weary from gazing at the world, hopeless from being gazed upon. The dull, lurid sunset pales before our eyes, but we sit staring out into vacancy seeing nothing. The heat of noonday and the oppressive pall of night equally pour bitter gall upon our sluggish bodies. There is no hope. The rest of mankind decks itself in smiles and flowers in fickle scorn of our misery. There is no one to notice, no one to care if our exhausted frames should totter and fall by the wayside. All our future is darkness, all our past enshrouded in sepulchral gloom. With trembling lips we implore help from earthly or heavenly sources. All around us is still the sable terror. Hope's candle has flickered and gone out. If life would but pass away and leave our bodies to the attack of the elements! There is no response. We live on and on in a dungeoned, all the more horrible because just beyond our reach is peace.

J. S. B., 1911.

EDITORIAL

SINGING AT HAVERFORD



WHEN a man enters Haverford, the first thing that impresses him with the *brotherhood* of college life is the singing of Haverford songs in the dining-room, in football meetings, or on the field. When a man leaves Haverford there is nothing else that so stirs the memories of his college days. It is this same instinct for song that arouses college spirit and urges on our teams to victory. Our football team does not go on the field singing, but it has every reason to expect that the singers in the grandstand will do their best to win the game. If one has ever heard without a thrill the men of Princeton sing *Old Nassau*, or the Ithacans sing of Cornell, he has lost the joy of music which is his by right. And far more base is he who can sing *Comrades* with as much spirit as a singing doll.

Eight years ago a few men, intimately connected with the college, collected her songs, which then existed, and published them in a book. We doubt whether at the present time there are in the whole college ten copies of *The Haverford Song Book*. The interest in singing has decreased remarkably. Between football seasons one almost never hears any typically Haverford songs except *Haverford Forever* and *Here's to Good Old College*. *Comrades* is saved for important occasions, which is proper, but not conducive to harmonious rendering. We cannot beg the question. Our singing is abominable. We must admit that the *Song Book* does not contain all the latest football songs, yet there are enough good songs in it to justify its use.

We cannot blame the poor singing entirely on the fact that the Glee Club was discontinued to make way for the Cap and Bells, yet here, certainly lies one cause for our lack of interest in things musical. The Glee Club did *not* include all men in college, but it *did* stimulate interest by keeping the college songs before the undergraduates. Furthermore, it trained a group of men so that on all occasions, by a few at least, the songs could be *well* sung. It is a significant fact that practically the only men in college who know the non-football songs are those who were in the Glee Club or who sang these songs in connection with *The Big Match*, given by the Cap and Bells in 1910. When these men leave college, under the present system, we shall have no one to take their places.

It is somewhat difficult to suggest a remedy for this condition. We

do *not* want a return of the Glee Club, for this would merely add another to the already long list of college activities. The Cap and Bells Club satisfactorily solved the problem of the Junior play by producing in its stead a *college* play in which undergraduates of all classes take part. The music for the two productions was written, to a great extent, by C. Linn Seiler, '02, who gave a great deal of time to the training of the caste and chorus. Last year the music of *The Big Match* was published; this year, unfortunately, the music of *The Patient Philosopher* was not published. If the Cap and Bells is to be a permanent institution, it seems to us that its duty is to perpetuate its music by publication, and in that way increase the number of Haverford songs.

Three methods of procedure next Fall present themselves. The first is to put everything into the hands of the Cap and Bells, to let it manage our vocal education. Yet here we have the difficulty that the whole college would not participate. The second plan is to put everything into the hands of the cheer leader. We think, however, that a plan should be adopted which would be a combination of both the others. The first thing to do is to secure good singing of the football songs. Football meetings begin with the first week or two of college. There is a piano in the gym that is unused during the first quarter, and with very little trouble this can be brought over to the Old Collection Room or, if this is impracticable, we can use the Union. In the football songs we do not need part singing, but simply strong voices to carry the tune. In the dining-room and on the field we can practice without an instrument.

After the football season is well under way, the Cap and Bells could do great service by having a concert of college songs. This would not only familiarize the student body with the songs, but it would train a group of men to act as a sort of choir to lead the remainder.

We hope also that the Senior Class will have frequent and varied singing in the dining-room. If it is possible, we recommend the selection of a quartet from that class to start off the singing and make it go.

When we have singing worth while, the next step will be to publish a new collection of songs including the latest ones and the most popular selections from the Cap and Bells plays. But this cannot be done until the College will back it up.

Haverford cannot, of course, compare with Princeton or Yale in volume of sound, yet there is no reason why we cannot sing with even more spirit. And we cannot sing with spirit until we know the words of our songs—until we know not only the first verse, but all the verses.

EXCHANGES

DID you, gentle reader (for it seems customary to assume the docility of readers), did you ever venture so far into the land of romance as to go behind the scenes? Perhaps one of the chief charms of such an experience is the novelty of the point of view, and it is for this reason that I always like stories told successively by different characters. You remember how Wilkie Collins thrilled us in *The Woman in White*, by giving the story first, from the standpoint of Walter, and then of Marion, and finally (we have a delicious shiver as we think of him), from that of that masterpiece of villain creations, Count Fosco. And now in the *Nassau Lit*, we have the story of Andrea del Sarto from the point of view of Lucrezia. There is, of course, a good deal of intentional imitation of Browning, but the poem seemed to us thoroughly good, and we should like to hear more from the writer. While on the subject of art, we might mention as being interesting, *The Artist's Quest*, a poem in the *Williams*.

And now we want to tell of the successful quest of another kind of artist—an artist in words or a book agent. She had managed to button-hole an aunt of ours, and on describing, in the sweetest of tones the book, written by the lady herself, as being “blue, you see, robin’s egg blue,” she said, “you’ll find pathos in my work; you’ll find humor. Oh! there’s many a quiet laugh in these pages!” As it happened, all selections, whether pathetic or humorous, produced hearty roars *at* and not quiet laughs *with*. We felt a good deal the same way when we read *Little Drops of Water* in *Trinity Archive*. It was signed by “L’Homme qui Rit,” and we were glad he did, because we didn’t. It was obvious that the author had “enjoyed many a quiet laugh” in writing this plea for the use of umbrellas instead of “slickers.”

Gossip in the *Nassau Lit*. has some words to say in reference to this subject that rather struck our fancy. Though written about fiction, it is applicable to the type of essay to which we have just referred. “Gossip” is speaking to the “Kettle”:

“You have hit upon the greatest triumph of modern fiction, its boycott of thought. For a substitute it has invented cleverness. . . . Novel-writers used to worry about their ‘messages’ and ‘influence’ and things of that sort. Fortunately we are done with all that. Why trouble to say something when you can say nothing much more effectively, and more pleasantly for yourself and your reader? . . . So instead of George Eliot’s periodic paragraphs on Nemesis, we have dialogue of such remarks as: ‘In the college of life co-education is a necessary evil.’

It doesn't mean anything in particular, but one gets a pleasantly stimulating sensation without being affected at all."

Recently, an acquaintance told us an aphorism that *does* mean something in particular: "ANY FOOL CAN GO TO BED; IT TAKES A MAN TO GET UP!" We were reminded of this when reading *On Getting Up* in the *Smith*. The subject, as the author says, is one of universal interest; for "it is the essence of all that is personal, shivering, and inevitable in winter." In most ways the author has fully grasped the possibilities of her theme; but it seems to us that she might have given more of a lyrical outburst of praise for those who do "get up" when they plan to; they deserve it. As usual, the *Smith* had several good things; notably the verse. *Idleness and April*, *My Mirror*, and *Fairy Revels* were all attractive, and we enjoyed the nonsense verse in this magazine exceedingly.

Usually, we don't care for amateur dialect verse (it's too much trouble to work out the meaning!) but we liked *Lazy Bill* in the *Williams' Lit.*, because it is like Riley, and because his temperament is so readily understood by our own. Paul Laurence Dunbar has also inspired imitation; or, at least, so it seemed to us. But that didn't prevent our liking *De Watermilyn Patch* in the *University of Virginia*. With the exception of *The Mantel of Crime*, a sombre study of a mind worked upon by conscience, and *Double Note*, a rather quaint romance with the interest centered upon a game of chess, we were not enthusiastic about the magazine as a whole. *The Two Halves of a Quarter* was rather pointless, and we wanted to rename *Her Sacrifice* to *Conrad Kate's Sacrifice* or *The Night Ride of the Outlaws*. In the words of the girls in the "Pure Food Store," "Have a Sample?" Well, here it is:

"The two, side by side, worked their way towards the door. No one tried to check their progress. There was an ugly gleam in the outlaw's eyes and a sarcastic smile hovering about the twitching mouth of the Queen that seemed to act as a warning against any gun play on their parts. As they reached the door Jim turned."

"Gentlemen, we don't want no rumpus, but the first man what pokes his carcass outside a this here door will have lead soup fer breakfast."

But there were some good short stories this month. *The Telling* in the *Wellesley* gives a rather grim ending to an otherwise pleasant story of a mother sharing absolutely the life of her son. A mother of an opposite type, though alike in her absorption in her son, is described in *The Visit* in the same magazine. But this mother is a mollusc, and she wishes to keep her son to herself at any cost to his best interests.

After reading one number of the *Wellesley*, we told a Wellesley graduate of our acquaintance that we thought the magazine extremely good for a college paper. "Yes," she said, "if you don't see it too often." We since have had something of that feeling. There is a certain sameness about it, not noticeable in the *Williams*; and it was in that magazine that we found what seemed to us the best story of the month. *The Priest* is gripping from start to finish, and the author has the Defoe gift of making an unusual situation plausible by the matter-of-fact way in which it is treated. We also enjoyed a poem, *Robin Redbreast*, in the same magazine; it tells of the Southern flight of the robins. "Not a bit seasonable!" you comment. No, it isn't," we answer, and thank Heaven for it. We dislike anything seasonable, especially now in examination time, when we hear everywhere the pleasantry, "Well, I suppose you'll be having your finals soon." We shall live up to these principles, and, since this is the June number, we shall print an April poem from the *Smith*, that seemed at once sad and yet so inevitably true!

APRIL FOOL

Did you think the spring was coming?
Was the air with new life humming?
Did the sun shine warm and bright?
And did it go and snow that night?
April Fool!

Did you think that you could dance?
Balance, pirouette, advance?
Make the drill without a doubt?
And did the teacher leave you out?
April Fool!

Did you work on English C
Very conscientiously
So you thought your fame was made?
And did you get a nice low-grade?
April Fool!

Do you want Spring Term to come
When they'll let the work down some?
That, at least, is what you hear,
But that, too, will be, you fear
April Fool!

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

'35

LAST month we published the notice of the death of David Stroud Burson. Since then we have received a letter from his daughter, and an account of his life which we give below, David Stroud Burson was born at Stroudsburg, Pa., April 18, 1816. The year after his birth his father and family moved to their Bucks County home, thirteen miles below Easton. From here, at the age of thirteen, he was sent to Westtown Boarding School, where his mother had been before him. At the end of three years he became a student at Haverford College. During the course of his study he became very fond of Latin, Greek and French, and he also laid especial emphasis on mathematics. In fact, he enjoyed his work so much that he spent the next seventeen years of his life in teaching. As a young man he went to Ohio, where he studied medicine at Miami Medical College, Cincinnati. He was married there in 1838, and soon moved to Richmond, Indiana, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was interested commercially in the oil industry up to the time of his retirement from business. From this time on he spent much time in valuable study and reading. During the last of February of this year he caught a heavy cold, which developed into severe bronchitis from which he died on the 3rd of April, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. It is the warmest sympathy that we extend to the family of the deceased; he was the earliest known matriculate of Haverford College.

'66

A book in honor of the late Dr. A. Marshall Elliott, comprising a series of studies in the Romance languages and literature, is to be published by the Johns Hopkins press. The studies are by prominent men the world over, who have studied under Professor Elliott or have been connected with him in their work.

'61

Edward Bettie, Jr., has just recovered from an illness which has kept him indoors all spring.

'75

Miles White, Jr., and his family are going abroad this summer.

'76

F. H. Taylor will deliver a lecture at Cambridge, England, this month.

'85

Rufus Jones and his family sailed for Europe on May 25th. They

will spend some time in England resting, and thence will go to Germany, where Dr. Jones will prepare copy for a new book.

'86

There will be a special reunion of the Class on Alumni Day.

'89

Warner Fite is the author of a volume of four lectures on Individualism, published by Longman, Green & Co.

'90

J. M. Steere expects to spend the summer abroad.

'92

J. W. Muir is now with the American Pulley Co., of Tioga.

'93

J. G. Taylor, secretary of the Philadelphia Medical Club, was toast-master at the banquet lately given in honor of President Taft, at the Bellevue-Stratford.

'96

John A. Lester and Miss Margaret Garrigues will be married June 22nd, at the bride's home in Haverford.

'97

A. M. Collins has recently been elected secretary of the Bryn Mawr Polo Club.

'00

Harry Drinker was married on May 16th to Miss Sophie Lewis Hutchinson, of Haverford, Pa. James B. Drinker acted as best man. The wedding was a very quiet one, being celebrated at the bride's house.

Ex-'01

H. F. Babbitt is now sales-manager of the Bauser Oil Pump Mfg. Co., with offices in the Hudson Terminal Building, N. Y.

'02

C. L. Seiler and family expect to go shortly to Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Wistar expect to spend the summer at Northfield, Mass., and will return to Central America in the fall.

Earle E. Trout is the father of a son.

William Dennis, '02; D. L. Burgess, '04, and Morris Longstreth, '08, will be located this summer at Camp Megunticook, Maine.

'03

H. J. Cadbury will remain at Haverford next year in charge of the Greek department.

Howard Moffit Trueblood won the John Tyndall Scholarship at the Harvard Graduate School for 1911-12.

C. V. Hodgson, who has been in the Philippines for the last four years, was recently at the college.

'05

W. J. Regan has been appointed Professor of Philosophy in the Friends' University, Wichita, Kansas.

'06

Thomas Kite Brown, Jr., was one of the winners of the Thayer Fellowships at Harvard for 1911-12.

Charles Ruglas Hoover won one of the Thayer Fellowships, 1911-12, at Harvard.

W. H. Haines, Jr., has a son born May 20th, who is W. H. Haines, 3rd.

'07

M. H. Marsh, formerly in charge of pig iron and coke sales for Frank Samuel, is now with J. K. Dimmick & Co., Philadelphia, in charge of pig iron sales.

Harold Evans has opened up a law office in the Arcade Building, Philadelphia.

'09

F. C. Hamilton has left the employ of the Reading R. R., and is at his home in Stamford, Conn., for a few weeks.

G. S. Bard has left White Haven and is now at Avondale, living with James W. Crowell.

'10

It has been proposed to hold a Haverford College Alumni dinner in London during coronation week or later. C. D. Morley, of New College, Oxford, is in charge.

Page Allinson, Chris Morley, Guy Wheeler, '10, and Ed. Levin, '11, expect to spend the summer abroad together. They will take a walking trip through Germany. Levin and Wheeler will sail June 21st. Allinson sailed on the 3rd.

C. M. Froelicher is employed as a cashier in the Grand Rapids, Iowa, Traction Co. He has accepted a position to teach in the Baltimore Country School next school year.

Ex-'10

P. B. Strassburger was married on June 3rd to Miss Alice Burchell, of Germantown.

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MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MACKINAC ISLAND FROM MY JOURNAL

ACKINAC ISLAND is at the head of Lake Michigan and Lake Huron, on the north side of Mackinac Straits, and about two miles from the mainland on every side. It used to be called Michilimackinac Island, but now is usually called *Mackinaw*. The island has a fine road running around it at the water's edge and it is on this road that one meets so many sights of interest about which there are Indian legends.

Many of the inhabitants are of French descent, and are descended from those who were not massacred by the Indians under Pontiac, the Ottawa chieftain, about the time he attacked Detroit. I suppose most of the people were up in Fort Mackinac and made another kind of "French descent" when the Indians got after them. Old Fort Mackinac is at the top of the hill overlooking the harbor, about one hundred and seventy-five feet below. Lately it has shown symptoms of a general breakdown, but the government has begun to make repairs.

The view from the fort is superb. Down almost at one's feet are the docks, where the boats look as little as playthings; then straight across the waters of the straits are Bois Blanc (pronounced Bob Blow) and Round Islands. Bois Blanc is a small inlet with a long, narrow spit of land extending out into the straits, and with a lighthouse and foghorn on the end of the strip. Off to the left are the blue waters of Lake Huron, shining and shimmering like blue satin under the light of the bright sun, and off to the extreme right is the mainland or the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

A little way down the Beach Boulevard is the Arch Rock, perhaps the greatest object of interest on the island, except "Sugar Loaf." The Indians thought that the Arch Rock was the entrance to the island for their god, the Manitou, god of the Lakes, whenever he visited them. While I was standing there gazing at the huge arch, one hundred and fifty feet above the water, the spell of the Manitou came on me, and I longed to see the great grey-bearded god come stalking over the waters

and stoop to pass under the arch. What a lonely fellow he must have been, dwelling there in the woods, hearing only the raucous cries of the crows calling to each other through the forests, or the sighing and the moaning of the wind sweeping through the pine trees. The eternal silence of the island seems to be broken only by the lapping of the waves on the shore. I suppose the arch was formed by the decomposition of the lower part of the stone bank. A lady is said to have ridden on horseback over the span, but now the arch has so crumbled that it is almost gone, and soon will no longer be a point of interest.

Right back of the Arch Rock is a road leading to Sugar Loaf, the wigwam of the Manitou. This is a conical shaped rock, ninety feet high, and has a cave, the Devil's Oven, part way up the side. The rock is the same kind as that of the Arch Rock and has crumbled away to some extent at the base.

Another beautiful spot of interest on the island is "Lovers' Leap," a great bluff over at the west side of the island. A long time ago, many years before the white men settled Mackinac Island, Mechenemock-enungoqua, a beautiful Ojibway girl, just maturing into womanhood, often wandered to the top of the cliff and gazed from the dizzy height, down at the war canoes of the large hostile parties of the combined tribes of the Ottawas and Ojibways, as they sped far southward in search of scalps and fame. There she sat humming the Ojibway love songs which her lover, Geniwegwon, had taught:

*"Mong e dogwain in de main dum
Mong e dogwain in de main dum
Wainshung ish ween neen e mo shane
Wainshung ish ween neen e mo shane
A nee wan wan san bo a zode
A nee wan wan san bo a zode."*

Translated roughly into English the words are as follows:

*"A loon, I thought, was coming,
A loon, I thought, was coming;
Why it is he, my lover;
Why it is he, my lover;
His paddles in the water gleaming
His paddles in the water gleaming!"*

From this bluff she often watched and listened for the return of the war parties and for Geniwegwon, with his head decorated with the war feathers and the *grand coup* plumes which only a brave could wear. Often she heard the songs of the men as they left Pequotenong (old Mackinaw City) to make their journeys. One day the Ojibway chieftain came to her with sorrow in his storm-beaten face and brought her the news of her lover's death. He explained how Geniwegwon had fallen, with his heart pierced by an enemy's arrow. With his face turned toward the setting sun he begged the chieftain to carry his love back to the maiden. Mechenemockenungoqua's heart grew cold inside her breast as she heard the story, and as she brooded over her sorrow, Geniwegwon seemed to appear before her, beckoning from the spirit-land in the west and bidding her come to the happy hunting grounds.

One morning her mangled body was found at the foot of the bluff. She had gone to join Geniwegwon and to travel with him to the Land of Spirits.

About a hundred yards along the top of the bluff is the promontory known as Pontiac's lookout. It is not known definitely whether the chieftain ever stood on this spot, though it would have been an admirable position to stand and spy out the war canoes coming across the straits. At the foot of the bluff is the "Devil's Kitchen," which used to be the home of a shoemaker.

There are many stories told about the Manitou, Gitchie Manito, and his fight with the great Bear. One of the most charming is the story of the Sleeping Bear Bluff and the Manitou Islands.

Manitou had long been trying to get the medicine chest and box of charms with which to treat his Indian Warriors, from the Great Bear of the North. Accordingly, he stole over the icy waters of the lake to the Upper Peninsula, and while the bear was away stole the medicine chest and two of the cubs, and then started back home. The cublets cried out piteously and the Great Bear hearing them started out in pursuit. Nearer and nearer she came to Manitou, and he could hear her angry growls and feel her hot breath upon his back. In desperation he threw down one cub, and a moment later another, and arriving at the mainland, he disappeared in the forest. The two cubs were drowned, and after their death turned into the North and South Manitou Island. The Great Bear gave forth a mournful cry and spread herself out on the shore to look out upon her children and guard them. While lying there she fell asleep and never woke. Tucked in between her forepaws, a little gray-shingled United

States Life Saving Station, and off to the south is the Point Betsy lighthouse and foghorn. The Indians there near the island, say that whenever the foghorn blows, during the misty night, it is the voice of the Great Bear calling out anxiously to her lost children. R. L. F., '12.

AN IDYL

When the drowsy kiss of evening beckons down the golden dreams,
And the things that are, seem those that used to be,
Then I love to see her standing with her hair tossed by the wind;
By the west wind as it whispers to the sea.

When she smiles her lips are playing with a teasing charm of old,
On me she smiled, tho' smiled but on a boy;
Yet I standing there adored her as the Argives worshipped Helen;
Helen looking o'er the battlements of Troy.

As she spoke her low laugh trembled as a dove upon the wing,
And died away an ever-living tune,
Then I thought I'd e'er content me with that memory of evening;
That eve with her—the nightingales—and June.

Even now that silver twilight fades into a fatal vision—
Two eyelids gaze into eternity—
Though now I know those eyes are looking toward the shore where we
shall meet
And where the west wind comes and whispers to the sea.

D. W., '14.

JOHN BARTON

ANY huckleberries, Doctor?"

I started. The voice came from behind me, and as I turned I saw that its owner was standing at the foot of the steps of the porch on which my friend Dr. Lane and I were sitting. A strange little man, this, all stooped, with crippled feet which seemed to travel in opposite directions. His beard was unkempt, his clothes were plentifully sprinkled with patches, yet his brown eyes were steady and their glance was kind.

"Certainly I will take some berries," said the Doctor. "Mrs. Lane was saying this morning that she hoped you would come. Three quarts, please." Turning to me, "Brereton, I want you to meet my friend Mr. Barton, who knows these mountains from bottom to top."

Barton nodded. "I have walked them for nearly seventy years. And you get to know them well. They are like people, almost; your impression depends on the light you see them in. If you want to see these at their best, get up at sunrise or watch the sunset from the peak over there." He pointed up the mountain.

"Then the sunsets are beautiful?" I queried.

"They are," he replied almost brusquely.

He took up his kettle, measured out three quarts.

"You'll be up to the schoolhouse to-morrow night, Doctor? I hope you will come too, Mr. Brereton. It's just a little meeting we have on a Sunday evening; the Doctor usually comes up." Then he gave us both "good-day," and went on down the hill, with crooked steps which seemed to make but crab-like progress.

Doctor Lane looked thoughtfully after him.

"Joe," he said, "you may think that up here in the mountains, we have no romance, but there goes a man whose life has in it more romance, yet more tragedy, than many a life down there in the cities."

"That man!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"Yes. I suppose you wondered why I introduced you to him. Because he is a *man*. You noticed that he is a cripple. If you have the patience, I will tell you a little more about him."

I leaned comfortably back in my chair and blew smoke-rings while the Doctor told me the story of John Barton.

"You know, Joe," he began, "I have often told you that I have lived here all my life. I was born on a farm, a little down the mountain. Until I went to college, my life was not so very different from that of most of the mountain boys, except that I had to study. My father had

decided that I was to go to college and become a doctor, for he had had a fair education and wanted me to have a better one. But I am off my story. I was about eight years old when I first met John Barton. My father hired him to do the hard work on the farm, and he lived with us like one of the family. He was about twenty-two years old then and as husky a young fellow as there was on the mountain. He was strong and quick, and although not tall, he was well developed. He was not afraid of man or beast, yet he was as gentle as a woman with us children. He was rather dreamy at times and liked to go out at night and watch the stars. He told us strange stories of the woodfolk, so that we shuddered at the hoot of an owl and cried to go home. Then he would laugh at us, tell us it was time to go to bed, and would carry us off to the house on his broad shoulders.

"The girls on the neighboring farms were not long in setting their caps for 'Bart,' as we called him, yet the more we talked about them, the more reluctant he seemed to make himself sociable. Before long, however, a change came.

"You know that it used to be the custom up here for the school teachers to 'board around' at the different houses. By this time it was pretty well settled that the teacher should board with one of the directors. Mr. Ellis, the man who had taught the year before, had gone to Albany, and the new teacher was a woman, a Miss Awbrey, of New York. I remember the day she came, what a slip of a girl she was and half-afraid of all the men standing around when the stage pulled up in front of the store. Father was one of the directors, and it had been decided that she should come to our house.

"Pretty soon we noticed that Bart, though shyer than ever, was beginning to 'fix up' in the evenings. He used to sit in the corner of the big kitchen (we all lived in the kitchen in those days) and listen to everything that Miss Awbrey said. She was not a wonderful conversationalist, but she was pretty and as she told of men and women who seemed to live in a different world from ours, of great men, of life in great cities. Bart would lean forward in his chair and drink it all in. Sometimes he would ask a question. Although he was too old to go to school, we noticed that he began to try to read. It was slow work, for he had never read anything except the school-reader. My father had a copy of 'Ivanhoe,' and Bart took it down from the shelf one night, as he said, 'to look at the pictures.' Miss Awbrey 'looked at the pictures' too, and together they started the first chapter. Miss Awbrey helped him, patiently explaining, until he could follow her quite rapidly. Father often asked him

how he was getting on, and his answer was either, 'So, so,' or, 'Ask Miss Awbrey.' As time went on he usually said, 'Ask Miss Awbrey,' and Miss Awbrey always gave encouraging reports.

"After the Winter, Spring coming, brought with it the longer days and the possibilities for long walks. Every evening after supper Bart and Miss Awbrey climbed up to the crest to look at the sunset, and came home in the gathering twilight. The two were lovers now; everything looked bright for them. The Summer vacation was approaching but both tried to forget this separation and to look forward to the Fall. When the time came for Miss Awbrey to go, Bart took her to the stage, and then went to work.

"I have never seen anyone work harder than Bart worked that Summer. He seemed to take pleasure in getting tired out in the field and in forcing himself to read in the long twilight. When it became dark he went inside to his candle in his bedroom. On Sunday evenings he went to look at the sunsets. He would stay up on the mountain for hours, and when he came down, we children were afraid to talk to him. In the Fall, Roberta, for we called her that now, came back, and Bart was happy again.

"Soon after her arrival she told Bart of a great plan. You know, up here in the mountains, even so near the village as we seem now, a half-century ago there were some people who did not know distinctly whether New York was a city or a foreign country. This sounds improbable, but it is true, for even now the berry-pickers sometimes use the pine-tree shilling in reckoning the price of their fruit. The people were superstitious, too, and knew little and cared less about the white man's religion. Roberta's plan was to hold a meeting every Sunday night in her schoolhouse—just two or three hymns, a prayer, and a little talk. Father spoke to the other school directors about it, and they agreed to give her the use of the school and the services of the janitor. She told her scholars to spread the news, and the opening Sunday quite a number were there. Bart 'lined out' the hymns, for they had no books, and Roberta taught them the old tunes. So the work was started and before Winter set in, the little meetings had become a regular Sunday-evening institution.

"The farmers said, that the winter of 1864 was the hardest in fifty years. The first snowfall came early in November and from that time on there was snow on the ground. The mountain folk did not come to the schoolhouse so often now, but Roberta and Bart were there every Sunday evening. One Sunday the wind had been blowing up strong all morning; early in the afternoon it began to rain and sleet, and by night

the sleet turned into snow. Bart made several trips to the door to see how the weather was, and every time he came back he looked more doubtful than before.

"I think we had better stay home, Roberta. It is snowing so hard that we couldn't see where to go."

"Roberta was willing to take his advice, but added:

"We really ought to go, Bart; some of the poor creatures may come to get warm. I know Jake has been up to make the fire, and—it isn't far up there."

"That settled it. They started off. In about an hour and a half they were home again, worn out with battling against the wind and snow. Jake had not been to light the fire, and they had found the door banked up with ice-crusted snow. We thawed them out as well as we could beside the fire, but about nine o'clock Roberta said she had caught cold. At first none of us thought it was serious, but by ten o'clock she was so much worse, that Bart said he would go for a doctor. He told us not to tell her he had gone, and then, wrapping up in his great coat and taking his lantern, he started on the two-mile walk to the village.

"In the whirl of snowflakes the lantern threw its rays only a few feet ahead. The snow in many places was drifted and Bart had to make long detours in order not to become stalled. "If he had not had the mountaineer's sense of direction he must have lost his way. He fell more than once, but always kept on helped by the wind at his back. At last he reached the doctor's. The doctor had gone to bed and would not come out on such a night. He got up, however, and gave Bart some medicine, and said he would come the next day. Bart would only wait long enough to take the drink of hot brandy which the doctor gave him. Then he set out again.

"He had now to face the wind. It seemed to be increasing in velocity; the icy particles stung his face; icicles hung from his beard and eyebrows. He walked mechanically, always repeating a prayer that he might be in time. The path had long been hidden, the snow was drifting until the tree stumps nearby became mere hummocks, and then a part of the even slope of white. Sometimes Bart staggered in snow above his knees; sometimes he went a little beyond the borders of the path, and stumbled on hidden stumps. His feet felt very heavy, and a numbness began to creep over him. Suddenly his lantern went out, and startled by this catastrophe he pushed on more eagerly. He missed the path, and fell, striking his head against a stump. He never knew how long he lay there. When he regained consciousness he felt drowsy and not uncomfortable,

but very cold. Then he heard a shout close at hand. He had just strength to answer it faintly, and he became unconscious again.

"Here we found him about three minutes later. Father had become worried at his long absence and we had started out on a searching expedition. We carried him into the house and brought him to in a little while. His first act was to give us the medicine, but it was of little use. Roberta grew worse. The doctor came the next morning and several mornings after that. Sometimes he stayed several hours. On the night of the fifth day she became unconscious. At the last she knew us all, and when we carried Bart in, she smiled and said very sweetly:

"'Bart, you must carry on my work.' Then she passed over.

"At first we were afraid Bart would lose his mind. For more than five weeks he could not leave his room; his feet were hopelessly crippled. All this time he would lie still and read. Yet every page brought up memories of the one who had taught him the love of books, and often those who came into his room would notice that his eyes were wet, and sometimes I heard him sobbing through the long night.

"One day he asked us about the little schoolhouse up on the mountain.

"'Does anyone go there now?' he questioned.

"We could only answer, 'No.' After Roberta had gone there seemed to be no one to take her place. As Spring approached, Bart grew more and more eager to get outside again, and frequently he spoke about his 'work.' We did not understand immediately and spoke lightly of his farm work, thoughtless of the fact that he could never do hard work again. He explained that he meant his school.

"'They were our people,' he said. 'They still belong to us—and God.'

"When he became a little stronger we told the mountain people to come on Sunday evening to the service as if there had been no intermission. There we took him, and there was no demonstration, only a great peace. . . . For nearly fifty years, John Barton has gone to the little schoolhouse every Sunday evening, crippled as he is, and in the summer he gathers huckleberries to eke out the meagre living he earns as janitor of the school in the winter."

The doctor paused; for a moment neither of us spoke, then as if in answer to an unspoken question he said:

"To-morrow evening we shall go up to the schoolhouse."

The next evening we started out at half-past five, for the service was early so that the people could get started home before dark. We reached the door just as the bell was sounding. The building was unpretentious enough with its windswept stones and tiny belfry. Inside there were

about twenty mountain people, knarled and warped like the rough wooden benches on which they sat. They sang with such heartiness that one did not listen at all for discord, for one felt that here was sincerity which did not need perfect harmony to express itself.

John Barton spoke earnestly yet with a simplicity that might baffle many a college graduate. He was not eloquent, I cannot recall his words, yet when he had finished there was silence more full of meaning than many words, a realization of a common chord of life thrilling through us all.

After he had dismissed his people the Doctor and I waited until the others had passed out. Then we helped him to close the shutters for the night; he no longer had Jake to rely upon. He walked with us part way home. When we reached the last ridge from which we could look far out over the hills he paused and touching my arm,

"Look!"

Over the horizon the west was a golden crown of light which threw its beams far up into the sky. We stood and watched it until the gold passed to silvered rose and then to blue again. Even yet we waited as if for some new sight, and the twilight crept upon us almost imperceptibly. John Barton turned to the Doctor,

"She would have loved this, Doctor," he said; "Good-night." Then he walked down the path which led to the forest, and disappeared in its obscurity.

1913.

LONGING

When I'm lonely dear, and weary,
When the world seems dark and dreary
And troubles like sea billows roll;
O'er my heart there comes the longing
For the clear and brighter morning
When you will whisper to my soul.

When my heart with grief is throbbing,
When my breast from pain is sobbing
And tears like mountain rivers flow;
Then a word from your lips smiling
Sends Dame Care with love beguiling,
And happiness my life doth know.

J. P. G., '14.

SHOES

BY their shoes ye shall know them. Has pinching vamp or erring nail never forced in upon your consciousness a thought of what an intimate place shoes fill in the lives of men? Is there any other of man's belongings which so fits itself to him personally and so reflects his life as his shoe?

Why did Boaz pluck off his shoe in testimony of the completed bargain? Why not his mantle or his girdle? To-day we see the same discrimination. It is an old shoe which we throw after the bride because we feel that in some way it conveys the most personal message of our best wishes. Tennyson voices this conviction in his *Lyrical Monologue*:

*For this, thou shalt from all things suck
Marrow of mirth and laughter;
And wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after.*

How then could we divide men better than by the shoes they wear? See this prince of industry. Notice his shoes,—works of art drawn in simple but firm and graceful lines. Such shoes form an exclusive aristocracy distinguished completely by their blue blood from the shoddy imitation such as this pair of bespangled wonders striding along beneath a motorless motor-coat. Is anything more pitiable than a cast-off shoe which once aspired to the waxed floors of aristocracy but which at an inopportune moment betrayed its deceitful lineage by a bursting welt? Surely nothing, unless it be the erstwhile owner himself when sooner or later he slips on those same waxed floors and drops into oblivion.

But far different are the round-toed kids of this dapper little cashier. With their rubber heels they hurry noiselessly up the street carrying a man like them—one built for business, yet always neat and precise.

And then we have the vast peasantry of shoes—square-toed, stiff, iron-clad workmen:—shoes built to stand the brunt of the day's work shuffling along awkwardly but strenuously through the furrows and the ditches of the land.

Not only do the different ones of us affect different types of shoes, but each of us has appropriate shoes for his various selves. Our dapper little cashier, for instance, will to-night remove his comfortable rubber heels and squeeze his complaining feet into a pair of aristocrats, for to-night he dines among the aristocracy. But follow him some other evening into his little kitchen garden where he is hoeing a dozen hills of potatoes. His shoes are big awkward creatures of the peasantry, and he explains

rather shamefacedly that he couldn't bear to put even his oldest pair of kids into such dirty work, and last year's aristocrats are still unbearable.

I remember the first pair of laced shoes I ever had. I remember the day when I put away the girlish shoes of a dozen buttons and in laced boots became a man. That was one of the great epochs of my life, when I shook off the shackles of babyhood and buried them in the same grave with the button-hook. Many and various have been the shoes I have had since, but never have I worn a buttoned shoe and even now the three-buttoned Oxford inspires a blind terror of the old slavery. Such place have shoes in the lives of men! Perhaps it was that same first pair of laced shoes which I accompanied to the shoemaker when I asked him to put a piece of "squeak leather" in them that the attention of the whole school might be attracted to my laced shoes, the sign manual of my emancipation.

Shoes that squeak! Alack they bring up the memory of another pair bought in a moment of mental aberration,—“Honest” shoes—all *too* honest, for they felt constrained by that very honesty to publish to all the world that they had been purchased at Herzog's for a dollar ninety-five.

Provided they are becoming and do not squeak I feel a real pride in *new* shoes. I imagine that I appear to my fellows “nearer heaven by the attitude of my chopine” than before. But my *old* shoes I love. It is with a pang of regret that I give them away—they seem a part of me. They have been partner to my joys and sorrows. They have been with me in my ups and downs in my moments of elation and in my hours of embarrassment. They and my feet have become fitted to each other like friends,—like old friends as Selden wrote, “Old Friends are best. King James us'd to call for his Old Shoos, they were easiest for his Feet.” Old friends, old wine, old shoes and not too much of neatness, but rather

*“A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,”*


a scuffed toe and well-worn heel

*“Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.”*

And so, as you are about to put this down, I fling after you “for good luck” the dearest of my inanimate possessions, my *old shoe*.

M. B., '12.

MY HERO

HE main characteristic that the outside world could see in "my hero" was commonplaceness. From the day of his birth he carried this stain, as he thought it; his name was plain John Smith. His features were depicted in every comic paper, reproduced in thousands of other men who sat bent over ledgers all day long and went home to a boarding house at night. He was shy and diffident, struggling to earn his fifteen dollars weekly; in short, "the common people" personified. His father put him in the rut and there he stayed. So far the world knew and cared.

Aside from the observation of the world, was another man. He pretended to be John Smith and laughed at the world for being so easily taken in. He conducted John Smith's business methodically and to the satisfaction of his employers. But when he was alone, then he became the other. No one else knew that other. He had no particular name. To John Smith, who knew and loved him, he was simply "I," or "the other." For our convenience let us use, as one might say, the first person with a third sense.

When "I" was a boy he used to live in books. "I"'s favorite hero was Buffalo Bill, his favorite heroine Joan of Arc. *His* wild exploits against the Indians would fill "I" with a wonderful, thrilly delight. *Her* sufferings would always fill his eyes with tears and his heart would swell with anger against the cruel English. So there grew up in his mind, just as have grown up among peoples, the Arthurian legends for instance, a group of stories centering about these two characters; all stories of adventure had for their hero Buffalo Bill and all tales of women, The Maid of Orleans.

As he grew older, a doting family became worried over his continual reading and forbade it, and he was thrown upon his own resources. He would lie awake at night and think over all the old stories he had read, adding something to them little by little till a wonderful light broke upon him and he found he could make stories of his own.

This opened for him a new era. Bed was now a place to be sought. Once there, where no prying eyes could intrude, he was off to Elysium. Slowly the personalities changed and Buffalo Bill yielded place to "I." The same legends were still in force, but the hero was changed.

"I" was rolling in wealth, generous, brave and sympathetic. "I" organized a band of scouting Rough-riders, and with all the aids of the modern world, and even the ideal world of science, romped his bold way through the Mediæval world.

The first adventure was in France. The streets of Rouen were crowded with motley bands of people. Townsmen stood in groups talking excitedly on some interesting subject, quiet only when a band of soldiers passed. The soldiers were English, of the cavalier type, with steel casque and breast-plate, sword at side, and pike in hand. In the middle of the square stood a scaffold, a stake rising out of a pile of faggots. Solemn music rose and stilled the chattering groups. Out of the old Cathedral of Notre Dame issued a fearful procession. A girl, clad in a white garment, surrounded by soldiers, with a priest on each side of her, was led at a slow pace to the steps of the scaffold. Everyone crowded about the platform and watched in breathless silence the executioner's slow movements as he bound her to the stake. There was not one brave enough to cry "shame." Suddenly there was a noise of galloping horses down the street, a hearty American cheer, a wild fusillade of rifle shots and "I" with his band of Rough-riders came tearing into the square. In vain the soldiery tried to interpose; their swords and bucklers were no match for the modern equipment of the Americans and they were scattered like chaff. Right up to the scaffold "I" rode. It was the work of a minute to sever the binding cords, to seize the fainting girl in his arms, leap again upon the horse and away before the English could gather in overwhelming force. Joan of Arc was saved. Thereafter she always rode by "I"'s side at the very front in all his daring escapades.

This story was one of the favorites and could always be used when "I" was tired. In fact, it was the main theme of the early days. During this time John Smith went to school and did fairly well. His teachers and family were, nevertheless, disappointed. They said he was a dreamer, remonstrated with him, but to no result. John only smiled to himself and kept his secret hugged up to his bosom. No one but he should ever suspect the existence of "the other." Thus he went to college.

There he herded by himself. To be sure, he entered into the college life ostensibly. He played football a little, took an interest in his class a little, had a few acquaintances that passed for friends in name only.

But "I"? He was a wonder. A regular demon on the field, no one could withstand him. Impossible plays were for him a matter of everyday occurrence. The fellows idolized him. He became president of his class, spoon man, all that the most ambitious could long for. The days of sword and gun were over. Joan yielded place to "Woman," "The Woman." "I" saved her from dangerous situations, on horseback, in carriages, canoes, and what not; surrounded her with every attention and grew to love her passionately. Of course she reciprocated. What was

she like? Words cannot describe her loveliness. Dark and slim, dainty but withal a regal presence, she went through the world like a princess, breaking hearts on every side but saving the wealth of her love till she met "I."

So far we have dealt with the diverging of two characters from one being into two, the two people being of the material world and the spiritual world respectively. Now we come to the point of convergence and the causes of this, as of every other miracle since the world began, is woman.

The wonderful thing happened. John Smith, the conceited prig of his classmates, fell in love. But wait. You have not yet reached the climax. He fell in love with a popular girl, and she fell in love with him. Perhaps this is a bald statement, but we have to do now, not with the brilliant "I," but with the commonplace, everyday John Smith. We said that the girl loved this plain man. This is not altogether true. The girl was in love with "I."

It happened in this way. John met Helen Collinge; how, does not matter—a girl who was very like "the woman." Whether from pity, or for some other reason, she took him under her wing and they became very intimate. John fell desperately in love with her, as many had done before him, and told her all he knew. As a final proof of his love he introduced her to "I." For a long time thereafter Helen never knew whether John Smith or "I" was coming to see her on their joint and frequent visits. Each made love to her in his own way, but she preferred "I"'s method. Then it came to the test and under such circumstances it was not difficult to induce "I" to be in continual presence, so long as they were alone together. And—well, he was irresistible. "I" could hold her as under an enchantment, while he wove beautiful stories for her to listen to. He would draw wonderful pictures of wonderland and people them with two lovers who spent days and weeks and years in a garden of Allah. He was gifted with a silver tongue and the conquest was easy.

An earthquake could not have occasioned any greater surprise than did the announcement of their engagement. Helen Collinge, who might have married Percy Brook-Williams, John Harriman Shaw, or any of a dozen others rich and of social standing, had given her hand to modest, retiring, plain John Smith. Everyone was disgusted with her and a committee waited upon her from all the different clubs in town, to bring her out of her trance. They were received very sweetly, listened to politely, and then shown out. Only once was she known to answer. This was when a former suitor began telling her what a poor sort of a

"nincompoop" her fiancé was. She immediately got white to the lips, and then broke into a tirade against the way his fellows treated John. Finally the presumptuous youth, open-mouthed before the torrent of words, fled from the house, leaving her weeping on the sofa.

It was at this time that the change in John Smith began to be noticed. One of the envious rivals saw fit to speak in an unpleasant manner concerning Helen. John was before him in a second and told him between clinched teeth to take it back. The maligner started to reply insolently, but, after a look at the white, determined face of the speaker, changed his mind. After this episode there was no question of John's standing among his fellows. He went about with the same quiet air, but it was no longer one of apology, but of reserve.

One evening, after he had been entertaining her with the picturesque imaginings of his mind, Helen leaned forward in her chair and, with a pretty, earnest air, said:

"John, why don't you write?"

He was nonplussed, pooh-poohed the idea, but nevertheless it started him to thinking.

Some weeks later, having nothing to do, he sat down to try. Beginning after beginning was destroyed, but finally he got it accomplished. It was a strange combination of "I"'s imagination and John's common-sense. Try as he would he could not reconcile the two. When Helen saw it she was slightly disappointed, though she did not show it. She was also puzzled. Then a light broke upon her.

"Write another and think that you are writing it to me," was her command.

This time it came easier. *Saint Nicholas* published it and asked for more. It was the prettiest kind of a fairy story, a fantastical picture of elf-land, oriental in its coloring and occidental in its human interest, a story of two little lovers lost in the Island of Acalon.

The proceeds of this bought the engagement ring.

The matter now has three phases. The outside world in its ignorance still sees the old John Smith. The publishers think he and "I" to be one and the same personality; he writes under the name of "Just I." He himself always talks of a corporation, where he is a business manager, "I" is the inventor, and "my wife" is the rest of the officers. Helen is inclined to side with the publishers, and she, on the whole, is the best authority.

D. C. M., '12.

EDITORIAL

IAST May we considered the subject of hazing, and suggested a plan of action for this Fall. Within two weeks after the publication of that article two plans following it in main outline were submitted to the Student Council by members of the Junior and Senior Classes. After due deliberation, a third plan embracing the important details of the others was presented to the undergraduates and unanimously adopted, in its parts and entirety. This prompt action toward the abolition of hazing has shown that the college as a body wants reform. We here give the plan as adopted:

I. Freshmen shall wear the regulation cap during a short period of probation.

II. Freshmen shall perform the following duties:

1. They shall answer the telephone.

2. They shall perform such duties as are required by the Athletic Association, including:

(a) The moving of chairs, hurdles, benches, suitcases, etc.

(b) Running errands.

(c) Rolling the cricket crease.

(d) Whatever else may be required by a captain or manager.

III. The President of the Student Council shall choose one other Senior, a Junior, and a Sophomore, who, with the Freshman President, shall form a Committee on Freshmen, of which the President of the Student Council shall be chairman.

IV. This Committee shall provide for the enforcement of these rules by suitable penalties in each case of infraction.

V. Cases of "freshness" shall be dealt with as arranged by the Committee on Freshmen.

VI. There shall be no hazing. This includes any brutal treatment, or any attempts at coercion or humiliation by unauthorized individuals.

VII. With the advice and consent of the Committee on Freshmen a Sophomore Committee may arrange such ceremonies for initiation as shall be deemed useful.

VIII. The Student Council shall have the final decision in all cases arising from the violation of these rules. It shall consider all cases upon the written appeal of ten men.

The present Committee is composed of Ritts, '12, Chairman; Falconer, '12; Crowder, '13; Taylor, '14, and the Freshman President.

We are now in a period of readjustment of ourselves to new conditions. We have now to secure the moral equivalent of hazing when it was at its best. When we aim to secure this moral equivalent of hazing

we must not forget that hazing itself is dead. The Alumnus of '01 will find a change in the attitude of the two lower classes, but he will at least find sincerity. He will not find immediate perfection, but in time he will certainly find a responsibility which springs from self-government.

As a class advances from ignorance of college affairs to a more mature understanding, its representation in the Student Council is increased. We would ask the Alumni to look for the good and not criticise too severely the evil which must appear before the new system finally adjusts itself, in the period of our Reconstruction.

There are two causes which will certainly defeat the purposes of this reform. The first is a disinclination of members of either the Freshman Class or the other classes to intermingle. We do not mean to advocate any radical action, but we believe that it is for the best interest of the College to have the fellows with similar interests to get together as soon as possible. The men of the three upper classes, since we are the old residents, must take the initiative. The Y. M. C. A. does this to a certain extent by its custom of having upper-classmen write to members of the entering class. We must further its work.

The second thing which will ruin the attempt for reform will be the indifference and the recklessness of certain members of 1915. The present Freshman Class is the most potent factor in the success of the reform. The fellows of 1915 have been given a set of rules, not by the President, not by the Sophomores, but by the body representative of the College. Class spirit and college spirit are both involved in the non-performance of its requirements. The fellow who will sit by and let the other members of his class do all the work should be given a "special session" by his own class. He has no class spirit toward co-operation in the class or for placing his class in a creditable position in the College. He has no college spirit, for in not performing these duties he is not doing for the College that which it has a right to expect. If the class of which he is a member does not see that *all* its members do their duty, then that class is not ready to take its part in College deliberations.

What the College needs is not a broadening of its interests or an increase in the number of its activities, but an increased enthusiasm in those interests and activities which it already has. The only thing that will bring this enthusiasm to its proper degree is team work and a strong backing from the side lines. We have done away with hazing; let us not do this work by halves. Let every man think first of the College, and work with his fellows to have the greatest *college* spirit this football season that has ever been shown. And here's good luck to the team!

EXCHANGES

A VERY frequent bromide is, "*Life* is getting very poor of recent years. The *Harvard Lampoon* is a great deal better than *Life*, don't you think so?" Diplomatically we decline to answer the question by saying we're very fond of both. Whether or not it is better than *Life*, we admit that we tremble when we think of the life of an Exchange Editor without the *Lampoon*. For Lampy (as the paper affectionately calls itself) has a siren voice which says under an article on *How to Disintegrate Mentally*; or, *The Proper Use of Senior Year*:

"Come, come, gentle reader! Why not disintegrate? For in Senior year there's nothing quite so soothing as to hear the cracking and snapping of the moral fibre, and the still small voice growing still smaller." The article demonstrates convincingly that the possession of a sense of duty is one of the principal destroyers of happiness in our lives. Alas and alack both, 'tis pity, 'tis true! for here comes a confession. We planned all Summer to say when we returned to college that the Janitor carelessly destroyed the June exchanges, or that a fire had completely burned down the stronghold in which they were kept. But no! My arms are pinioned fast by conscience and conventionality (what 'c's of trouble they are, aren't they?)

As a matter of fact, there are very few good exchanges on hand, and so here goes for a brief consideration of a few of their most striking productions. In the words of my good friend, "Captain Reece" (don't say you never heard of the *Bab Ballads*):

"My own convenience count as nil,
It is my duty and I will."

The tense is wrong but the sentiment is right, and so, taking the bit in my mouth, I started forth sturdily through this troubled sea and began with the *Earlhamite*. One of the first things I saw was this:

"Across the green of the campus,
From heaven's blue arch above,
The voice of a Muse comes stealing
With a sigh of infinite love."

Here in the middle of the stream we balked and decided we could not go on. It was rather discouraging. And so (to carry out the horse simile) we galloped on to the *Amherst monthly*. We found a very readable article on the *Value of College Acting in Shakespeare*, showing a legiti-

mate *raison d'être* for an acting drama course at college. Another serious article that pleased us was *The Humanities To-day* in the *Harvard Monthly*, and we liked the position the author took in pleading for the study of classics as literature in preparatory school rather than the undertaking of them as mental discipline.

Also in the *Harvard Monthly* was *Tessie*, certainly one of the best short stories of the month. The plot is somewhat similar to one of O. Henry's little masterpieces, but the treatment is very different, and we experienced no sense of imitation.

Of the verse *The Prodigal* in the *Williams* comes the nearest to real distinction, and we are going to give ourselves the pleasure of reprinting it in its entirety.

Once, in the crisp of a winter day,
I watched the Gods of Fate:
I watched, I thought, their harmless play,
But the things they do and the things they say
We realize too late.

I watched them build a castle tall
Of ice and snow and frost,
With traceries along the wall,
Arras and panellings and all,
In proud confusion tossed.

They gave me a key to the castle gate
Of ice and snow and frost;
And kindly were the Gods of Fate—
For the castle fair, with its battlements great,
Was priceless beyond all cost.

I lived in my castle for many a day,
Till I tired of ice and snow,
Till I met the Gods—at play—
But the things they do and the things they say
We do not really know.

They gave me a key to a squalid place,
By a lake with a festered strand;
And they said, "Poor fool! you once had grace—
Now go and gorge like all your race,
Who gorge till they cannot stand."

In terror I fled from the squalor there,
From the light of that tarnished day,
And back I fled to my castle fair,
But here I found, to my deep despair,
That my castle was melting away.

Slowly it sank like a huge ship's ghost
On the crest of an ocean swell,—
Like the sands that crumble along the coast.
And it wasn't the sinking that hurt the most,—
It only was *why* it fell.

LOOSE LEAVES

EX TEMPORE

WITH rapid, uneven strides he stumbled up to the platform. "Don't be in a hurry. Don't start too soon, and, above all things, be composed." He remembered vaguely, and paused to gaze at his rather languid audience. He hitched at his cuffs nervously, spread out his fingers as if they were inclined to adhere to one another, and hunched his shoulders as if about to spring down into the audience and convince the skeptic at short range. He coughed slightly. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he began. How weak, how watery his voice sounded! He coughed again. "Don't be self-conscious," he whispered to himself, and launched into an impassioned plea for the cause of the oppressed. "Speak to your audience," he suddenly recollected, but added the vague inquiry, "which one?" The assemblage of people was not a unit, but an aggregation of individuals bound together by no bond of sympathy. The plea, still impassioned, flowed on, accompanied by wild gesticulations, while he searched vainly for someone in the audience to whom he could address himself. He saw a fond old aunt beaming with admiration, a bevy of girls giggling behind their fans, an old gentleman visibly bored. The first two he passed over as impossible, but for a moment he tried to wake the old man from his lethargy. Then he passed on, noticed a group of freshmen sprawled over the rear seats, and at last found his dear, jovial, old professor with a broad smile of earnest appreciation on his face. Never was distant spring hailed with more delight by a tired wayfarer. Not for a moment did he dream that it might *not* be a smile of appreciation. The assemblage of people vanished, and firm in the conviction that he *was* appreciated, he addressed himself anew to his audience, to the world, to the firmament, as one grand unity, existing merely to appreciate *him*. So he madly gesticulated on till "snap," came the cue for his grand conclusion, and off it rolled with the majesty of a masterpiece. Then with his finger tips over his heart he bowed, and ——— that was all.

M. B., 1912.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Harvard granted the following degrees to Haverfordians last Spring: D. L. Burgess, '04, A. M.; W. T. Boyce, '10, A. M.; H. A. Doak, '09, A. M.; W. P. Tomlinson, '10, A. M.; H. R. Townsend, '10, A. M.; W. C. Greene, ex-'10, A. B. Yale granted degrees to E. F. Jones, '07 and to J. W. Stokes, '09. Pennsylvania to H. Burt, '08 and J. H. Haines, ex-'08. F. O. Musser, '08 received a B. D., from the Philadelphia Divinity School. We mention Dr. Richard's degree elsewhere.

On Friday evening, September 15th, the Haverford Club of Chicago held its first annual meeting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Clem Wild, '99; Vice-President, Jimmie Fales, '06; Secretary, Jesse Phillips, '06; Treasurer, Fisher C. Baily, '08. The dinner was held at the La Salle Hotel, and after this the meeting was adjourned to the former Iroquois Theatre. Afterwards the club was the guest of Mr. Fales at the University Club, claimed to be the finest club in the world. Of the members—

Clem Wild, '99, is attorney for the City Railroad and has his office in the First National Bank Building, corner of Monroe and Dearborn Streets.

James Fales, '06, is assistant attorney for the Illinois Steel Company. He has his office with Knapp & Campbell in the Commercial National Bank Building at 72 West Adams Street.

Jesse Phillips, '06, is assistant superintendent of the Illinois Wall Paper Company at 216 East Superior Street, which makes the wall paper for Sears, Roebuck & Co.

Fisher C. Baily, '08 is connected with the Chicago branch of Joshua L. Baily & Co., with offices at 223 West Jackson Boulevard.

'83

Mr. and Mrs. William Packer Prentice, of New York, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Arietta Hope Prentice, to Stephen Willets Collins. Mr. Collins is a lawyer with offices at 69 Wall Street, New York, and has been a member of the Haverford Board of Managers since 1896.

'85

Theodore W. Richards, who is the head of the Department of Chemistry at Harvard University, was one of the American scholars who received honorary degrees at the Centenary Celebration of the University of Christiania, Norway, on September 6, 1911.

'87

Dr. H. H. Goddard was one of the speakers at the National Educational Association meeting in San Francisco in July.

'91

D. L. Mekeel has been appointed chief engineer of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

W. W. Handy is now doing important engineering work for the Pittsburgh Street Railways, with offices in the Philadelphia Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

'92

We regret to announce that Joseph R. Wood, died June 21, 1911.

'93

Gifford K. Wright—recently recovered from typhoid fever—has been convalescing in a mountain resort in West Virginia.

'94

W. J. Strawbridge died on August 13, 1911, in the Germantown Hospital following an operation for stomach trouble. Mr. Strawbridge was by profession a civil engineer. He was a member of the Markham, the Germantown Cricket and the Radnor Hunt Clubs. He has been connected with the Cramp Shipbuilding Company and for a number of years was engaged in government work in Manila. He is survived by a widow, née Barbara Warden, and an eighteen months old daughter.

'95

Dr. Joseph S. Evans, Jr., who is Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University of Wisconsin, has taken a residence at 821 State Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

'96

John Ashby Lester and Miss Margaret Garrigues were married on June 22, 1911, at the home of the bride's parents in Haverford. After a wedding tour through England and Germany they returned and will reside at the Hill School, where Dr. Lester is professor of English.

Hollingsworth Wood spent August traveling in Europe.

'97

Alfred M. Collins and E. Marshall Scull, 'or sailed in August for central Africa, where they will do some big game hunting and collect specimens. They expect to be gone a year and took with them a taxidermist and a natural history expert. They will return by way of India and Japan.

R. C. McCrea goes to the University of Pennsylvania this Fall as Professor of Economics.

'98

The thirteenth annual reunion and dinner of the Class of 1898 were held at the College on June 17, 1911. Those present were: J. H. Haines, A. S. Harding, W. C. Janney, J. S. Jenks, Jr., S. R. Morgan, S. Rhoads, M.D., A. D. Scattergood, F. R. Strawbridge, T. Wistar, Jr.

Dr. W. W. Cadbury and Miss Sara T. Manatt were married at Providence, R. I., on September 23rd. They will return to Canton about December 1st.

'99

Joseph Morris is abroad. He expects to spend the winter in Palestine studying.

A son, Arthur Hopkins Lycett, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Lycett, Jr., at Ardmore, Pa., on Sunday, August 13, 1911.

'00

A daughter, Sarah Louise, was born on August 31, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hallett.

A son, Isaac Sharpless, Jr., was born to Dr. and Mrs. Frederic C. Sharpless on September 18, 1911.

Walter S. Hinchman was married on June 27, 1911, at "The Castle," Ludlow, England, to Miss Julia Henderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henderson. Mr. and Mrs. Hinchman arrived in America on August 13 and will live at Groton, Mass., where Mr. Hinchman is a master in Groton School.

F. E. Lutz, is on an expedition in South America for the American Museum of Natural History in New York of which Mr. Lutz is curator.

'01

Frank S. Chase is a special agent for the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company of Manchester, New Hampshire. He is located at Terre Haute, Indiana.

'02

A. Lovett Dewees is a practicing physician at Haverford.

Miss Jacqueline Pascal Morris and Edward Wyatt Evans were married on Friday, September 15, 1911, at Villa Nova, Pa. The wedding was a quiet one owing to the recent death of the groom's brother. Mrs. Evans was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore H. Morris.

William V. Dennis, Lawrence Burgess, '04, and Morris Longstreth, '08, were all directors at Camp Megunticook, Camden, Maine.

A son, George Baily Trout, was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Earle Trout, of Wayne, Pa., on May 15, 1911.

A daughter, Jane Spiers, was born August 12 to Dr. and Mrs. A. G. H. Spiers, of Wayne, Pa.

We mention with deep regret the death, on June 26th, of Earnest Evans. He was severely injured in a train wreck and both when the rescuers came and when he was in the hospital he insisted that the other sufferers should be helped first. When his turn came he was beyond medical skill. In his life and in his death he was an honor to Haverford.

The engagement is announced of Henry L. Balderston and Miss Cara Gibbons, of Ardmore.

'03

Notice has been received of the installation of the Rev. O. E. Duerr as minister of the Unitarian Church, at Melrose, Mass.

'04

E. P. West has just come to Pittsburgh to take a position in the Sales Department of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

'05

E. C. Murray is treasurer of the Nevada Telephone Company of Jarbridge, Nevada.

A daughter, Mary Irene Ritts, was born last Spring to Mr. and Mrs. Elias Ritts, of Butler, Pa.

T. S. Downing has been playing cricket during the Summer on the first eleven of the Pittsburgh Field Club.

C. A. Alexander is connected with the Production Department of the Cambria Steel Company, of Johnstown, Pa.

'06

Arthur T. Lowry and Miss Isabelle D. Sayres were married at the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, on Saturday, September 16. Robert Lowry, '05; W. Rossmassler, '07; J. B. Clement, '08; Alfred Maule, '99, were ushers, while Hecker Doughten, '06, was best man.

Richard Cary is in the Mathematics Department at Princeton. He was at Pocono Lake Preserve a great part of the Summer.

Henry W. Doughten recently attended the nine days' international aeroplane meet at Grant Park, Chicago, with Tom Sopurth, the famous English aviator, who from thirty-eight competitors won the majority of the prizes. With Doughten he broke the world's record for continuous flight with a passenger. Doughten could be seen continuously waving to the onlooking multitude as the cheers followed the two around the oval.

Lindsay, who has been playing on the Cleveland American League baseball team during the Summer, is a law student at the University of Chicago.

The engagement has been announced of Henry B. Hopper and Miss Dorothy Kerbaugh Goodwin.

'07

George H. Wood—recently recovered from an attack of malaria—is connected now as salesman with the Sheppard Electric Crane and Hoist Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Emmett C. Tatnall and Miss Margaret Felton are to be married on October 12 at St. Mary's Church, Ardmore. They will reside at Haverford after they return from their wedding tour.

Paul Willits Brown was married at the Second Presbyterian Church, Germantown, on September 20, 1911, to Miss Mary Aitken Bradbury, daughter of Mrs. Samuel Bradbury, Jr.

M. H. March is now with J. K. Dimmick & Co., coal, coke and pig iron dealers, his address being 141 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Alexander M. Warner was married on Saturday, October 7th, to Frances Yardley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Craig, of "Thorncroft," Rosemont. The best man was George C. Craig, '07. Among the ushers were William Rossmassler, '07; Butler Windle, '07; John Nicholson, '07; Howard Shoemaker, '07, and George Kerbaugh, '10.

George C. Craig, of Rosemont, and Miss Olive Minard Kelley, of Port Jervis, N. Y., were married on July 7, 1911. Miss Kelley is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College.

Harold Evans has gone into the law offices of T. DeWitt Cuyler in the Arcade Building.

'08

Charles L. Miller received honors at the Penn Law School last Spring.

A son, Winthrop Sargent, 3d, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, Jr., on July 12, 1911.

A son, Francis B. Gummere, 3d, was born, September 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gummere, of Haverford, Pa.

'09

Paul V. Miller has entered his last year at the University of Pennsylvania Law School. Last year he received honors.

A son, Isidore Randall Spiers, was born on August 31st to Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. C. Spiers, at Wayne.

'10

The wedding of Harrison Hires and Miss Christine Leland will take place October 27, 1911, in Philadelphia.

The wedding of Miss Mildred Smith and James Whitall took place on September 26th at the bride's home in Germantown. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father the wedding was a very quiet one.

Walter Palmer is going to the Boston Institute of Technology this Fall as a student.

Willard P. Tomlinson is teaching at Lawrenceville School.

Ex-'10

In the international games held last Summer between Oxford and Cambridge, and Yale and Harvard, Philip J. Baker won the mile, thus winning the meet for England.

John French Wilson and Anna Hoopes Brinton were married at West Chester Meeting on September 16, 1911. Among the ushers were Alfred Roberts, '10; Earle Cadbury, '10; Nelson Edwards, '10, and Edward Brinton, ex-'12.

W. C. Greene graduated from Harvard *cum laude* and had the additional honor of delivering the Latin Salutatory at commencement.

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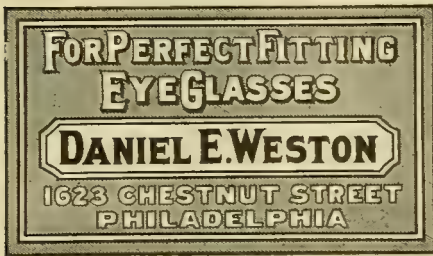
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A LEGEND OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOR

CAPTAIN HARRY, retired officer of the little steamer, Alice Howard, which plied between Portsmouth, Newcastle, and Kittery, had just finished the story of "Point Pull." We were rowing home late one night from Portsmouth to Newcastle, and the captain, being in a talkative mood, had turned the oars over to me.

Portsmouth Harbor is all but cut in two by this narrow little headland, crowned by the remains of some old earthworks dating from Revolutionary times. The outer harbor, about a mile in width, runs parallel to the sea for about four miles, and the typically New England village of Newcastle lies on the strip of land between the two waters facing westward across the harbor toward Kittery. Portsmouth lies out of sight on the inner harbor somewhere behind "Point Pull."

It was a glorious night, without any moon, calm, and warm, while the lights in all directions sparkled their myriad reflections in the water. We had just passed the point and I had headed in the general direction of Newcastle, when Captain Harry, rapping his pipe on the gunwale, began talking again.

"Son," he said, "have you ever heard of 'Mary's Lamp?' Turn around; it's that bright one, higher than the rest. You run your course by it going home a night like this. We count on that light as we do on sunrise down here. Ship your oars, Son, and listen; I think you'll be interested." And forthwith he told this quaint old legend which I re-tell as nearly as I can remember it, though I cannot reproduce the old man's picturesque language.

"You may laugh at what we sea people believe, and you are welcome to think what you want about us, but lots of people vouch for this, and I'm only telling you what we all say is true. There's the lamp, too, to bear me out.

"I was brought up at Newcastle in the fishing trade. Around here most of us start that way, and it's a hard life. The mackerel and cod schooners go out here, in the season, and stay out as long as the weather holds. A storm will send the whole flock of them flying to

the harbor, and sometimes they're kept inside for a week. Then it may be a month before we see them again. They do their own salting out there, and sell out at the end of the season. No, the work isn't regular, it's mean and stuffy between decks, and there's a fish smell which gets into your bones and can't be lived off in ten years. A man looking for good hard work can find it all right on board a Gloucester fisherman in the cod season. A lot of us quit sea-going when we get married and leave that to those that don't mind getting drowned so much. There's more money in the outside fishing though, and real men are born gamblers. We take our chances that's all. Sometimes we don't come back, but that's a part of the game.

"This Mary was one of our Newcastle girls and she loved one of our mackerel fishermen; Bart, we called him. He was a big, honest, light-haired boy, blue eyes, and a duck in the water. He thought a lot of Mary and he told her so. She promised to marry him, and a clean New England girl's promise is as good as gospel. Of course she understood what the fishing meant; she'd lost two brothers by it, and she knew that every time she watched the fishermen get under way and waved her boy out of sight from the dock she maybe wouldn't ever see him again. It takes courage in a girl to have her lover take chances like that and not try to hold him back.

"His smack was fast and he was generally the first one back when the fleet were driven in, and seeing as the bad weather generally lasts a day or so, he'd anchor in the inner harbor and then row out across the outer harbor to Newcastle, hugging shore most of the way. They'd spend the day together, the two of them, and then he'd leave the morning after if the weather had gone down enough.

"And then one Saturday when they'd walked across to the outside beach, he told her that he'd only have to put in one more week fishing, if the biting was good, and then they could get married, and he'd get safer work than coddling. Mary had been worrying more and more from trip to trip, and when she realized her boy was only one week off, so to speak, she just broke down and begged him not to go.

"'Boy,' she said, 'if you love me you won't go.'

"'I love you, Girl, right enough. You're all my world, but I must go. I set a figure to get to and I haven't crossed the bar. You wouldn't have me quit on it?'

"'I'm not asking you without a reason. I've two brothers lying out there now; you wouldn't have me mourning for a lover, too, would you?'

"'Let me go, Girl. I'll stay if you want me,—if you'll ask me again, but I feel I ought to go somehow. I haven't finished my course.'

"And she put her pretty little tear-wet cheek against his and whispered: 'Go, dear heart, and God bring you back whole, for a lonely, heart-sick, little girl will be waiting and watching till she sees your face and feels your strong arms around her again. God keep you.'

"Then they came back home, and next morning he sailed away, and she stood on the wharf and waved him out of sight.

"Before he went he told her to look for him the next Saturday, fair or stormy, and that he would sell his fish that day, and if he was late getting home, he asked her to put a light in her window to guide him.

"She didn't do much that week but worry, half hoping and half dreading Saturday's coming. But when it came, her boy's smack came too, and she watched him tack in out of sight behind Point Pull. He sold all his fish by dark and then started in to row back to Newcastle.

"It was sort of squally-looking but he took the chance. Maybe you've noticed how the tide eddies near the point some days. Well, when the wind's blowing it's all pretty mean water for a dory. That night the sky was getting ready for a blow, and the air was sort of still, the way it is before a storm. He passed the point all right and then started out straight across the outer harbor to where he could see the lamp he was looking for. He missed his time calculations I guess, for the storm caught him. The wind came up awful sudden, and in ten minutes the waves were running just as high as they ever get round here inside the bar. It was about the worst storm I can remember, except the one of Seventy-three. I was only a little duffer, but I can remember going out to the beach and seeing three of the mackerel boats swamped in the breakers, trying to find the channel. The life-crew called out all able-bodied seamen in the town to help them and we all went out, able-bodied or not. There was big damage done at Kittery and the ship-yards too; piers were washed away and two of the coal-barges broke loose and grounded opposite here. Mary stayed out in it all on the Newcastle dock till it was too late to expect her boy home that night. Then she went in and sat up waiting for day.

"She went down to the dock again early in the morning and found her boy dead on the beach. The first we heard of it was when Mary's mother came hurrying out to us on the outside beach, saying that Bart was drowned, that Mary had found him in the Little Cove, that she was near frantic, and that she had him in her arms and didn't seem to see any one, and God's will be done, and please someone come help get

Mary back to the house and tell Bart's folks and——well, we went, two of us, and we found her there. She was holding him close to her, kissing his lips, rubbing his hands, calling him love-names, telling him they were to be married, that she loved him, that she had lit his lamp and that he wasn't to go out to the fishing any more, ever.

"We got her home, and they put her to bed and she didn't know anybody for a month, just kept calling for her 'Boy,' and she never did get well; her head was wrong. The first day she knew people again she made her mother put the lamp in the window and when she was up she did it herself, saying every day that it was Saturday and Bart was coming home that night. And so it was, every night, and she used to go down on the docks and wait, and watch the boats coming around the Point from the town till it was too dark to see, and then she would go and light her lamp. Every day we used to see her, and sometimes people would stop and talk to her.

"'He's coming home to-night,' she'd tell them. 'He just got in to-day. It's his last trip and he's selling his fish in Portsmouth Market, and when he's done he's coming home to me, and we're to be married to-morrow. He promised me and we're to be married. He'll come to-night.'

"Sometimes she told her mother how long the week had been, and sometimes she complained that her boy didn't come home. 'It seems so long since I have looked on him. He went only a little less than a week ago, but it has seemed ages. Mother, I don't believe years are as long as last week has been. I know I'm not patient, especially when he comes home to-night, but it has seemed long somehow. I feel so much older. He should have been here an hour ago; something must have kept him——something he couldn't help. He promised me and he's coming. Oh, Mother, you don't know how well he loves me. To-morrow will be Sunday and by noon we will be husband and wife. Oh! mother, you don't know how happy I am; I don't see how I can be so selfish.'

"But when to-morrow came, it was Saturday too and Mary lit her lamp again and watched the waters of Portsmouth Harbor till all Newcastle was fast asleep. Night after night, week after week, and year after year it was just the same. We about the Harbor got to using the lamp to steer by because it never failed us. For twenty-two years, good weather or bad, it never missed a single night, and then came the storm of Seventy-three.

"That was just about the worst night this harbor ever had, I guess. The coast from Portland to Cape Cod was just covered with wreckage.

The wind was northeast and came roaring across the village and over the outer harbor, and just about swamped everything small in it. The way Mary took it was pitiful, they say. She just lived through the agony of that other night. She dressed herself in an old suit of oil-skins and three men went down with her to the landing and she stood there straining her eyes to see through the dark. And then, Son, a queer thing happened. While they stood there they saw a sort of glow on the water and when the lightning flashed there was a little dory half-full of water, and a man, tall, with light hair, standing in it, trying to scull with a single oar, fighting his way against the wind toward shore.

"The men forgot about Mary for a second. They heard her cry, 'Boy! My Boy! I'm coming!' and before they could hold her she was in the water swimming out to the dory. She reached it too, and the man stooped to help her in. He leaned over, and the men on the dock saw him take Mary in his arms and press his lips on her wet forehead, saw her arms about his neck, saw it all as plain as could be, and then boat, man, and woman disappeared.

"They found her next day washed ashore just where the waves had left her boy twenty-two years before. They're together now. They buried her as Bart's wife in his lot. The folks of Newcastle put up a little sort of a lighthouse too and the lamp's always lit, nights. That's it, that brighter one, a little higher than the others; and we all call it Mary's Lamp."


A. L. B., Jr., '12.

SIMPLICITY

I languish not for power, glory, fame—
For all things howe'er grand are transient still,
While riches and renown lead in their train
Increased responsibilities that fill
The soul with sadness. Rather give to me
An humble lodge amid the forest shade,
Where chants the woodland thrush his melody,
And the sylvan stream glides winding through the glade.
Here, far removed from strife and toil and woe,
I live my life, and none mourn when I go.

D. W., '14.

AN AFFAIR

HE affair started quite naturally as most things do. John Warburton was a susceptible mortal and always had been. Until freshman year he had had a different girl for every time and place. As a result everyone liked him, and conversely. But in freshman year he met Claire Ratchell and—well, that is the affair I'm going to tell about.

Claire was about three-fourths through her teens then, and already had ideas. But in spite of this she was young, gay, and a sport. I had always known Claire, "like a brother," you know, and so quite naturally as John's roommate, I pointed him out to her on the substitutes' bench whenever Claire would accompany me to a football game. Then one day on the way to the village with John, we passed her in her dog-cart. John, being susceptible, became quite enthusiastic and assured me that it devolved on me to introduce him.

So we decided to give a tea; the guests were to be Claire (and anybody else I wanted). The tea occurred and I talked to *anybody else* while John talked to Claire. The chief result of these conversations was that I was to take John to call "real soon." So I took John to call and, my part being over, John took his cue and assumed the title rôle. John called again soon after, and again; and then several times more with interpolated dances and what not.

By Spring John had managed, among other things, to be invited to Rinsgates' house-party. For John was popular as well as susceptible. It was, in fact, due to his susceptibility that he was popular; that is with girls, for his susceptibility did not extend beyond this sex. But, as I said, John was to go to Rinsgates; and so was Claire. The coincidence was subtle. I couldn't go, sad to say, and I was very much grieved when I saw that the fact that I was not to be there didn't seem to concern John a great deal, or Claire either, for that matter.

While John was still at the house-party, I had a letter from him. He was coming to visit me, and the message was ostensibly to inform us when to expect him. But it was one of those letters, written, probably after a moonlight walk or something like that, when a man's enthusiasm is always high; a time not particularly apt for letter writing (unless the letter is to one who is an adept between the lines). Knowing John, I had but to surmise, effect to cause. So this was the atmosphere I expected would be hanging around him when he arrived and I prepared to enter into such a spirit.

However, the vision that descended from the train two days later was so haggard and woe-begone, that I had to look twice to recognize my roommate. I heard the whole story inside of the first ten miles of the drive to our lodge. John's susceptibility had cropped out in a novel and unprecedented manner. It seems that there had been a girl at the house-party, one of those anomalies of the sex which are hard to explain; and in the course of events, she had practiced her arts upon John. They had discussed a very dangerous subject: Claire. John was a willing and voluble talker on this subject. The woman by polite innuendo and ambiguous compliments had convinced John that Claire really meant nothing to him. At first it had been: "What a sweet, pretty thing she is," and after a few more such lukewarm remarks, she started commenting on Claire's shallowness, both of wit and of feeling, her consummate fickleness and utter insincerity; not in such terms of course, but with the idea there. And then the crowning blow: how sorry she was for that handsome, dashing West Pointer Claire was engaged to, "not announced, you know."

"I believed her," John said to me, "and acted like an idiot. I was rude to everybody and grouchy, and that's how I came away. I don't know what to think."

"Oh," I said, "cheer up, John; I know you thought Claire was just about ideal, but you would have discovered her shortcomings, sooner or later."

I had made up my mind before he was half through his story to use this trouble for a lesson in susceptibility. So I went on:

"You did not really love her, John."

But just then John turned to me with such an *et tu, Brute* look that I could not go any further and backed down and comforted him the best I could. We spent a happy week together and he left, quite cheerful, though his quandary was still unsettled.

When we returned to college in the Fall I had a great deal of amusement watching John fall into line again. Claire had plenty of spirit and pouted for a good while after John had gone back into the old swing. But affairs soon resumed their even tenor. And that is about the way the time passed for the next two years. John saw tantalizingly enough of Claire and succeeded in confining his susceptibility to her alone. At college, he had become quite prominent and was considered a man in every particular but one; and that "particular" was Claire. Here he was still a boy. And Claire, too, had been growing. She had lost none of her vivacity, but innocence had mellowed into intuition, and her natural balance had matured.

I hope that no one has been led to believe that John had no rivals. For he did have many of them, none dangerous perhaps, but extremely offensive. It took him nearly two years to outgrow the idea that I was among their number. But it was, in fact, in connection with this very subject of rivals that the next complication arose. Along about the spring of our last year at college, long after the brass button illusion had been dispelled and forgotten, just such an entity appeared, "as sensible to feeling as to sight." He was a young fellow of the town who had gone away and grown up at West Point and who now had three months' furlough to spend between graduation and active service. It was not till the end of the first four weeks that John put him down as a dangerous rival. John would have thought anyone dangerous, but circumstances were such this time that I was led to believe the same thing. Claire and he rode together and walked and talked with suspicious frequency. John became terribly agitated and Claire acquired an air of coolness almost brazen. Then John turned sullen and moody and neglected his responsibilities.

I was talking to Claire one afternoon and how we drifted to the subject I don't remember. I was criticising something John had done. Claire flared up immediately in his defense and quite as suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence and changed the subject. About this time it began to dawn on me where the trouble lay. It was this: Claire had finally realized that she was in love with John and was so frightened lest her discovery should become public that she had adopted this method of concealment. Well, she was successful and my sympathies went out to John; and to her, too. As usual, it was "up to" me to "bridge the gap," "pour oil," patch things up or whatever you choose to call it. So I went nobly about my task and used every opportunity I had, to contrive some impossible situation. All of which contrivances were frustrated in one way or another.

However, one afternoon I took Claire for a ride in my new machine. When we were about a mile out of town it occurred to me that this was a good chance for me to intercede for John. So as we were running through a bit of wood, I slowed down and nerved myself to the attempt. Then all at once I espied a figure in the road ahead, which was unmistakably that of the one person with whom I was so concerned. Claire was equally surprised and before she recovered her equanimity I had a chance to lean over and give the carburetor control a little twist so that, as if timed to the second, we ran out of gasoline just as we caught up with John. He stammered a greeting and so did Claire. Just as

if everything was quite natural I explained that the gasoline had given out and that there was nothing else for John to do, but to entertain Claire while I struck out through the woods to get fuel from a man that I *knew* lived about a quarter of a mile away. Neither a camera nor the brush of an artist could ever have done justice to the two looks of reproach that were thrown at me as I hurried off. Thankless wretches! I hopped the stone wall at the side of the road, intending to strike out in some indefinite direction through the wood. But no such luck! I landed in a pile of stones on the other side of the wall and gave my ankle such a frightful wrench that I could not stir from where I lay. I forgot all about my scheme and the innocent victims; apparently they had reciprocated. Of course, I was out of sight and though I could hear every word they said, I kept thinking that the eavesdropping act of Polonius would have been far more pleasant. Somehow I managed to stifle my groans till the terrible thing happened.

"Fine new machine, he has there, isn't it," said John.

"Why, yes," said Claire.

"Oh! what a waste of time," thought I. Then followed a silence, just as harrowing on one side of the wall as on the other. Something tells me that all three of us were looking at different things about this time; Clare probably at her feet, John at the wall, and I at the other side of the wall. Then from woe-begone John, who had probably turned: "Claire?"

This was answered with pitiful vivacity: "Yes, John."

Then, after a moment of silence, there was a slight shuffle and after that—— Well I guess I must have fainted and groaned and a few other things, because I came to lying on the cushions of the machine, stretched out by the roadside. My head stayed in Claire's lap till John, under my instruction, readjusted the carburetor. And such a to-do as those people made over my ankle! And to this day I have never been censured in the least, for the most flagrant bit of eavesdropping I ever did.

H. F. JR., 1912.

STAR DREAMS

Far in the purple distance hangs a mist;
Deep in its bosom lie two pallid stars,
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

These love and in the vastness hold their tryst,
As far and faint they hear the grinding worlds:
Far in the purple distance hangs a mist.

Like mortal man and maiden oft they've kissed—
Those lovers fair, so pure, so beautiful,
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

Here listening hand in hand where pain is missed
They watch the sun sink in the saffron sea:
Far in the purple distance hangs a mist.

Here wandering naught unlovely is enticed
To grate against the symphony of love,
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

Yet now to sing Love's threnody they list,
While the old, old stars sigh out Love's aftermath.
Far in the purple distance hangs a mist
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

D. W., '14.

"WHISTLER'S MOTHER"



HAVE had a picture of Whistler's Mother hanging above my desk for a little over a year. Every day when I get up I see it, and every evening when I finish my work, I take leave of it knowing that it will be there in the morning to greet me. There is a Rembrandt by the door, a heavy man with the bluff strength of bitter experience and victory in his features, all drawn with a master's stroke. But when I am lonely, when it is quiet and I want company, I never go to the Rembrandt, nor the Arch of Tiberius by the window, nor the Lago di Garda by the piano, with all its host of memories. I turn out all the lights but one over Whistler's Mother and sit down before her. I never had a grandmother that I can remember; she died when I was a little fellow, but she must have been like this beautifully sweet old lady. I am sure she must have been.

There are years of suffering in this face before me. The big wistful eyes are dreaming of earlier days, of friends long since dead, of children now grown men and women, of happenings too far back for anyone else to remember. She alone is left of all her circle of friends; she has lived and suffered in a different generation from ours, and no one now can offer her a friendship to take the place of those which she has lost one by one. We must approach her reverently and remember that her world is a world of memories, a world full of sorrow and sadness, a world of her own into which we cannot enter. We may speak to her, but her voice alone will answer us, for her heart is hid somewhere back in the past. God forbid that we, with our rough, unsympathetic natures, should violate the sanctity of her sufferings by the thoughtlessness of idle curiosity.

She is all that I imagine a real old-fashioned grandmother should be. She is beautiful, slenderly built, neatly and quaintly clad. Her head, with her gray hair parted, and brushed down over the sides of her face, bears a little white cap with delicate lace strings loose on her shoulders. There is more lace around her wrists, but, otherwise, she is in black, her slippered feet resting on a hassock before her. She has been knitting, but her hands are now clasped in her lap where lies the work for the while forgotten.

I look at the neglected knitting and my eyes are turned at once, willy-nilly, to her face again to ask why she has forgotten, and I see

again that far-away look which has left the present behind and goes back, back, into the past, her past, of which we know not.

But why is it we want to know her? Why do I want to call her my grandmother? Why is it that I should like to have her hands on my head in benediction and hear her say: "Go forth, my son, into the world, and whatever of sorrow befall you, meet it bravely, and live for the good that is to come." (That is what she would say—if she would but speak.) I think this is why. I see in her face the lines of a life of disappointment, and I see in her eyes sorrow, the loss of all she loved of this world, yet, in those eyes on the verge of tears, and on those trembling lips there is a supreme sweetness, that the angels know, which is a part and product of her life. It is strange that suffering, disappointment, heart-break, and agony of soul should make such sweet natures, as sweet as hers, while selfishness is the product of love and sacrifice.

There is another virtue in her face. I mean the woman of her, not the saint. She is human, real. The beauty of her age tells us she was young once, and that she has loved as only a good and pure woman can. She knew once the joy of living in God's open with everything good—and then came sorrow, and the tragedy that the sorrow might not have been if only she—but I cannot read what.

You may go to her with your fears and your petty troubles which seem to blot out your horizon, and in the light of her countenance you will know that she understands. Ah! if we could but know the cup of which she has tasted!

Oh, thou mother of my mother, tell me: what are the secrets of Life? What of happiness or sorrow lies in store for me? Put your hands on my head and tell me what it is to love with your whole heart and soul, to lose all in life, to drink deep of life's bitterest cup, to know pain as you have known it and to come out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death with naught but gentleness in your torn heart? Who is thy God? Tell me that I may have the courage you have had, that I may drink my cup of sorrow too. Tell me, thou mother of my mother, for you have seen, and felt, and you know.

A. L. B., Jr., '12.

SOME RURAL REMINISCENCES

I WAS getting desperate! I had been out-of work for a week or more, and when you are all alone in a God-forsaken country like central Kansas, far from home and friends, it is not an altogether pleasant situation. I had only two weeks more to my vacation and I determined to stick them out if I had to pay board. But everywhere in my farm-to-farm search I met with the same response: "Bring us some rain and we'll give you all the work you want." Which statement did not tend to encourage me, for in Kansas no one prophesies rain except fools and newcomers. But one Sunday afternoon I ran across one farmer who seemed a little better disposed than the rest. Whether it was that he was feeling particularly virtuous that Sunday, or whether he took pity on my forlorn appearance in my patched overall suit, with my worldly belongings thrown over my shoulder in a burlap bag, I know not; but at any rate he took me in the house and said he would see what the folks thought about it. The *folks* proved to be his wife and daughter; and after they had all looked me over, asking some rather irrelevant questions, and holding a whispered consultation, "Old Man Cox" (as he was called in the neighborhood) decided to hire me for the two weeks.

And so for two weeks I became a member of the Cox family, and an interesting family it was. The nominal head, Old Jimmy, was a weazened little man of some three score years, with long beard, wrinkled face, and deep sunken eyes. He had the local reputation of being miserly, and all my experiences with him bore this out. He even got me to shingle his hair one Sunday morning. He allowed I could do it "as good as the barber and save him a quarter." I have since been kicking myself for not collecting that quarter when I settled up with him.

I called him the nominal head, for his wife, Emmy, was really the head of the house, and "Pa" never did anything without secretly consulting her, though to all outward appearances seeming to decide for himself. In fact, it was the old story of the two horses and the hundred chickens over again. She was short like her husband, but stout, verging on the corpulent; and to see the agility with which she moved her *avoir-dupois* was astonishing.

But the crowning glory of the house was the only daughter, Minnie. However miserly the father may have appeared to the outside world, he made up for it by lavishing his substance on her. As if in proof of this, on the first day of my stay, he showed me over the house, pointing out various things as he went along. "See that davenport? I give a hundred dollars for it so my daughter Minnie (he always spoke of her as *my daughter Minnie*) could have it in the parlor when young people

come to see her. Yes, I sent off to Montgomery, Ward & Company for it and it cost me a hundred dollars, freight and all." And then again, "That there pianny I got for my daughter Minnie. Three hundred dollars that cost me. Then I got her a pianny-teacher and now she can play right smart." Then he took me out and showed me the broad expanse of his farm—a half-section of as fertile land as there is in that part of the State. And, as for a final "clincher," he said, "Wall, who ever gets my daughter Minnie gets this half-section and the pianny." No wonder the fellows made a bet, when they heard I was at "Old Man Cox's," that if I stayed there one week I would stay on indefinitely. But if the father was prodigal in his gifts to his daughter the same could not be said of Nature. Minnie's figure was shapeless, her mouth was large, her nose decidedly retroussé and her hair like frayed hemp. In addition her baby blue eyes smiled at you in a sentimental way. And now, perhaps you can understand why the fellows didn't win their bets. For I must confess that be a woman ever so good sewer, housekeeper, and cook—and Minnie was all of these,—if she has no aesthetic charms either physical or mental, she loses all attractiveness for me.

The evening chores finished, and supper through, Old Man Cox would retire to the front room, and after making himself comfortable by taking off his shoes and stockings, would fall asleep over the weekly paper. When the supper dishes were cleaned up the *women folks* would come in too. "Ma" likewise making herself comfortable by the removal of foot apparel, would rock vigorously back and forth in an old rocker—one of the squeaky kind that protested loudly with every lurch at the excessive load it was forced to carry. Minnie would sit down at the "pianny" and play the latest ragtime accompanied by a high-pitched nerve-racking voice. Evidently, this was for my benefit. For it always elicited from "Ma" the interrogation, "Don't she play smart-like?"

Along about eight-thirty was retiring time and Ma would announce in decided tones, "Now, Pa, if you don't get to bed you know you won't want to get up in the morning to milk them cows." And "Pa", awakened from his nap, would get down the huge family Bible and read a chapter, and then in truly Presbyterian fashion, the whole family including the dog joined in singing a psalm. Pa's deep nasal tones, Minnie's high pitched voice, Emmy's shrill falsetto and the dog's deep throated whines blended into a weird chant that suggested some mourning-scene in an Indian village.

So the two weeks passed; once more I am back in God's own country, and far off in Kansas Minnie probably charms a more appreciative lover.

J. A. C., '12.

EDITORIAL

THE UNION.

AT HAVERFORD we believe in a student community rather than a group of fraternities. Although many of us should like a closer connection of congenial spirits, the saner minds agree that, though begun as a social institution, the popular fraternity would become a political and athletic power.

In a small college this would mean the disintegration of student government. The men admitted to the popular "frat" in Freshman years would probably control college politics to the exclusion of men whose qualities do not appear in the first year. Our one great all-inclusive fraternity is made possible by the Haverford Union.

The Union is primarily a clubhouse, a meeting-place, a homelike house for recreation. In the living room are chess and checker tables; it is supplied with magazines not in the College Library. Among these are *The Graphic*, *L'Illustration* and *THE HAVERFORDIAN* exchanges of which there are many and varied. Three or four daily newspapers are placed on the racks early every morning. The billiard room is usually crowded.

Haverford is peculiarly fortunate in its library. There is a charm in its quaint arches, in its darkened beams against walls of white, that touches one with the mellowing influence of antiquity. Its shelves are a wealth to the student, its garden outlook is a never-failing delight. There *are* men, nevertheless, whom the library does not reach, men who visit it only when necessity demands. They will not read here because the accommodations are not adapted to comfort; the rooms in the dormitories are too often subject to friendly though disturbing invasions; hence these men read nothing except *Life* or an occasional *required* novel. The Union plans to satisfy a want by furnishing a room in which to read—and be comfortably lazy.

This room is directly opposite the reception room. According to the architect's plans the projecting cases will form small alcoves, where a man may read undisturbed. The books have not yet been definitely selected. They will be not entirely duplicates of books in the College Library. We think that if the choice is in any way dependent upon the wishes of the undergraduate members, it should be guided by standards of permanence and good taste. It will be much better to have a few books bound to correspond to the furniture and to the building than to have many books cheaply bound. They should be books that will be in demand, chiefly fiction, with a sprinkling of poetry and essays,

books that a man would read at home. We also believe that it would be a good idea to have, in addition, a small branch of a circulating library, the selection of which should be supervised by the House Committee of the Union. This branch library could furnish *good* popular fiction which would be read by many who would otherwise read nothing, and at the same time would not involve the purchase of books in editions that would not stand the wear of time.

This winter, the Union will give several entertainments and informal talks by men who are leaders in their lines of work. In order to make it worth while to invite our talented friends to give us their time, we must see to it that all the members are present who are within a radius of ten miles—or more. It will be remembered that Mr. Bispham and Mrs. Spiers gave a concert last year for the benefit of the Union. We hope that Richard Warren Barratt will speak here in the near future. The Union gave its first entertainment of the Winter on November first with a large attendance. Refreshments were served according to a custom inaugurated this year and to continue in the future.

By the kindness of Mr. Alfred Percival Smith, who has so often expressed his love for Haverford in material ways, we are to have a piano-player in the Union. This will enable those who do not play the piano by the old-fashioned method, to enjoy music whenever they will. Yet here we would interpose a word of caution. The piano-player is not intended to interfere with the man who can play without its assistance. On the other hand, the man who uses the player should not monopolize either it or the ears of all other frequenters of the Union. The records are destructible and should be handled carefully.

Membership in the Union is not required of Haverford Students or Alumni. There are, undoubtedly, those who think that this is a luxury in which they cannot indulge. That is a matter for every one to decide for himself. If, however, a man uses the Union we want him to join.

In conclusion we would say that in our opinion all members of the Clubs and Editorial Staffs using this building should be members of the Union. We except only the Y. M. C. A., which should not be thus restricted. We hope that this year will be a prosperous one for the Union, and that as time goes on it will become an indispensable element in our college life. We invite those who are not members to come to see us—and then to ask for a card of membership.

We announce with pleasure the election to the Board of Editors of Douglas Waples, '14.

We also announce the resignation of Charles H. Crosman as Assistant Manager and the election of Roland S. Philips as his successor.

EXCHANGES

A flicker slight, a ray of light,
A trifling, glistening glimmer,
A twinkling beam that ever seems
To dim, to flash, to shimmer.

Now brighter grows and lustrous glows
No more a firefly's flitter—
But from the flare is born a glare,
And from the spark a glitter.

It flames, it blazes, dazzles, dazes,
More garish than the highest noon;
A roar, a blast,—and all is past—
And blackest blackness reigns alone.

This is the way a Junior describes *The Limited at Night* in the *Amherst Monthly*. There is a "glitter" of the Campbell's Soup school of verse about it, but there is more distinctly a "spark" of the real thing. The same may be said of the editorial in the same magazine. It is really excellent and might easily be passed over as trite. How frequently we refrain from saying the very things that should be said, because of this same commonplaceness! Seldom have I seen a truer statement about an undergraduate condition than the following:

"Most fellows coming to college seem to feel they must compromise somewhat. . . . Many Freshmen do things that go against their finer natures because they think that thereby they are becoming men in the sight of the world." We ourselves haven't quite decided whether it isn't best to yield gracefully on the little things so as to be strong for the big ones. But each for himself and certainly the observation is stimulating.

Speaking of morality at college (that wasn't exactly what we were speaking about, but it always gives an appearance of continuity to say "speaking of"; so let's clear our throats and start again!) speaking of morality at college, the *Lampoon* retaliates very cleverly upon the men who, with insufficient data, generalize on the fastness of undergraduate life. The medium is verse and the stanza we quote is the most amusing of the three:

"Then with haste conceal your claret lemonade
And put your glass of grape juice in the shade—
Beware the omen of his fatal stare!

You'll become an illustration
 For some western publication
 Of collegiate dissipation—
 So, beware!"

Comparatively few exchanges have appeared in time to be read before going to press. Of those available, certainly *The Mount Holyoke* appealed to us as much as any. *The Secret of the Desert* held our attention from start to finish and the same may be said of the *Girl Who Grew Up Backwards*. The former is very strong with little trace of amateurishness and we appreciated the certainty of touch that knew what to say and what to leave to the imagination of the reader. *The Confession of a Genius* in the *Gonzaga* is written by an alumnus and sounds so. It is one of the best things of its kind we have seen since the *Priest* in the *Williams* last year. The influence of Poe is discernible but in a story of this kind it is necessary that it should be. An essay on Oliver Goldsmith in the same magazine gave the effect of being pains-taking. We know the author has read his source-books thoroughly; Oliver was the victim we ourselves pounced upon to put through the tortures of the high-school graduation-essay inquisition.

We have an idea that the *Easy Chair* in the *University of Virginia* was intended to be subtly amusing, as any Easy Chair department ought to be. Certain it is that he expended a considerable amount of gray matter in its composition and he has achieved an occasional sparkle of wit. (One doesn't write "fortified the fortifications firmly with forty-five scents of tobacchanalian revels," without a moment or two of conscious application!). But he has loaded down his work with digressions, amusing enough in themselves, and has allowed the main idea to become so involved in a fog of interjectory phrases that any pleasure his cleverness might have given, is lost. The majority of the sentences take about one-half a page; we had to divide these into four parts and, as when at the long distance telephone, have the pleasure of a quarter's worth at a time. The last fourth of the sentence that boasts the alliteration in "f," reads:

" . . . still the *sine qua non* of the Easy Chair, that without which the Easy Chair is no more than 'taint' without its 't,' whether money or cake at Commons, now mind we don't mean tainted cake in the sense that it 'tis, for 'taint. In other words cake at Commons most often ain't." We wonder if you are as hopelessly lost in this labyrinth of "tises" and "taints" as we are.

We hoped to have an Ariadne to lead us out. But no such romance like that for an Exchange Editor! For next on our notes made on reading through the list of exchanges, was *Daedalus and Icarus, Our First Aviators*. At any rate, we can make out what is meant without difficulty and it is fairly amusing in a *smarty* sort of way. Its style is perhaps best shown by this quotation; if you like it, there is more of the same kind of thing in the *Trinity Archive*.

"Our old friend Daedalus was a Greek, not one of those moderns that sell bananas at Coney Island and say "Kal-ee-mer-rah" for "Good day," but one of those old timers who lived in Athens—not Athens, Georgia, nor Athens, Ohio, but the original Athens, situated on the eastern coast of Greece over where Paul made a little talk one time. I have almost forgotten Mr. Daedalus's address, but I think it was No. 215 Fifth Avenue, just as you turn the corner to go to the Metropolitan Tower. He is put down in the *World's Almanac* as 'architect, sculptor, builder; all orders filled as soon as received.'"

A Romance in a Health Resort in the same magazine is not so wholesome as it sounds. As in other health products, there should have been "a reason"; but we're not sure that there was one here. Nearly every card in the novelist's pack is turned up,—the letter, the dialogue, the telephone scene, the misunderstanding, the frequently occurring asterisks. There is a rather freakish situation of a house party where no one is to speak afterwards, unless re-introduced formally, as it is given out that one person in the crowd is of doubtful social standing.

The Failure in the *Amherst* brought in the melodramatic element with a vengeance. If it had been called *The Cheat's Conversion*, it would have been dramatized promptly for the "ten-twenty-third" circuits. The following quotation is perhaps a little unfair, however, for the story has some good points and we have seized upon one of its worst. " 'Well,' said he, his sneer breaking into a dry, mirthless laugh, 'my son, you've landed, I observe.' " Why must stern parents and villains always break into a dry, mirthless laugh? We ourselves would have liked John Darney, Junior, better if he had shown a little more of that modern spirit that Harry Graham gives us so cleverly in the *Cry of the Elders* in his *Misrepresentative Women*:

Be indulgent to the author of your being;
 Never show him the contempt that you must feel;
 Treat him tolerantly, rather,
 Since a man who is your father
 Can't be wholly imbecile.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

On July 11th there took place at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, England, the first official Haverford dinner on foreign soil. There were present eleven Haverfordians under the able chairmanship of Frank H. Taylor, '76—seven Alumni and four Professors or ex-Professors, Clarence G. Hoag, '94; Eldon R. Ross, '97; A. Bryne, '09; E. P. Allinson, '10; C. D. Morley, '10; W. L. G. Williams, '10; J. Rendel Harris, Dr. Frank Morley, Professor Albert E. Hancock, W. H. Jackson. Everyone made a speech. Bryne came especially from Paris to be present. The dinner was a pronounced success and the prevailing subject was Haverford, the common tie that binds her sons together.

It is hoped that this meeting of *Haverfordians Overseas* will become an annual event and that all Haverfordians who expect to be in England in June, 1912, will kindly communicate with C. D. Morley, New College, Oxford.

The Opening of the Chemistry Building.

The following were among the Alumni present at the formal opening of the new Chemical Building, October 25th:

Dr. James Tyson, '60; C. Cresson Wistar, '65; Henry Cope, '69; Howard Comfort, '70; William L. Baily, '83; A. Percival Smith, '84; Horace E. Smith, '86; Frederick H. Strawbridge, '87; James M. Stokes, '04.

The building is a tribute to the splendid work done by Doctor Hall in the thirty-one years of his work as Professor of Chemistry at Haverford. THE HAVERFORDIAN congratulates Doctor Hall on his success and extends to him best wishes for the future.

The following Haverfordians attended the October Conference at Lake Mohonk on the "Indians and Other Dependent Peoples": Albert K. Smiley, 1849, at whose invitation the conference is held; Edward M. Wistar, 1872; Daniel Smiley, 1878; George Vaux, Jr., 1884, and Jonathan M. Steere, 1890. Mr. Vaux also attended the meeting of the Board of United States Indian Commissioners, of which he is a member, and which was in session at the time of the conference.

'56

We regret to announce the death of B. W. Beesley, on October 14, 1911.

'69

On September 2d, at the unveiling of the statue to Baron Steuben in Berlin, Doctor Henry Wood was presented to the Emperor of Germany. His Majesty was very gracious, talking with Doctor Wood for fifteen minutes and thus giving him an opportunity of thanking the emperor for the Order of the Red Eagle which he received last year.

'72

The Houghton Mifflin Company has recently published *Democracy and Poetry* by Dr. Francis Barton Gummere. The book contains the N. W. Harris lectures delivered by Doctor Gummere last spring.

'76

Prof. Francis G. Allinson, of Brown University, delivered a lecture in Boston on Saturday, October 14, on *Culture, The Ideal of the College*, at the annual meeting of the New England Association of College and Preparatory Schools.

'82

Macmillan and Company have published, in their *Bible for Home and School*, *The Book of Job*, edited by George A. Barton.

'84

Charlton Yarnall has published the correspondence of his father, Ellis Yarnall, with Lord Coleridge. The title of the book is *Forty Years of Friendship*. Mr. Ellis Yarnall was not a graduate of Haverford College, but many of the letters were written from his residence on the Haverford Campus. The book is published by Macmillan and Company.

'85

Macmillan and Company, London, have recently published *The Quakers in the American Colonies*, by Rufus M. Jones, assisted by Isaac Sharpless and Amelia Mott Gummere. The chapter on the Quakers in Pennsylvania was written by President Sharpless, and that on the Quakers in New Jersey, by Mrs. Gummere.

'90

W. P. Simpson has resigned the Vice-Presidency of the Haverford Union.

'91

We regret to announce the death of John Stokes Morris on September 30, 1911. Mr. Morris had been Professor of Mathematics in the Central High School of Philadelphia for about fifteen years.

'93

Francis B. Reeves is Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Blankenburg campaign in Philadelphia. On the committee is also William M. Longstreth, '72.

'94

Professor W. W. Comfort, of Cornell, had an essay on "The Saracens in Christian Poetry," in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1911.

'98

On Monday, October 30, a banquet was given by the Students, Faculty and Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania to Dr. W. W. Cadbury, Professor of Medicine and Pathology in the University Medical School, Canton, China. Doctor Cadbury is now home on a short furlough. Mr. William T. Ellis, the author, was one of the other speakers.

'99

Royal J. Davis will deliver a series of lectures at New York University this winter.

1900

Capt. James Addison Logan, U. S. A., who spent last year at the French Cavalry School in Paris, is now the commissary in charge of feeding the troops at Panama, some thirty-five thousand men.

'02

Edward W. Evans has resigned his position as secretary of the Haverfordian Union. John L. Scull, ex-'05, has been elected in his stead.

Ex-'02

Percival Nicholson, M.D., has invented a new sphygmometer, for measuring blood pressure.

'03

At a meeting of the class of 1903, on Alumni Day, the following officers were elected:

President, Dr. J. Kent Worthington.

Vice-President, C. R. Cornman.

Secretary-Treasurer, H. J. Cadbury.

Arthur J. Phillips was married at Worcester, Massachusetts, on Monday, October 16th, to Miss Claudia Mathilda Hedlund, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erick John Hedlund.

James B. Drinker is one of four men who have incorporated the Mercer Rubber Company of Pennsylvania. This company will sell the product of the Mercer Rubber Company of Hamilton Square, N. J. Mr. Drinker is with the Pittsburgh branch, with offices at 222 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh.

Though news of R. T. Simkin is very slow in reaching this country, we have some information about the part he played in a local rebellion in the province of Sz-chivan before the outbreak of the present revolution. Chengtu, the city to which his mission had been sent for protection against the riots, was attacked. Mrs. Simkin and the other missionaries were removed to a walled town, but Mr. Simkin refused to leave Chengtu. As communications with that city have been cut off, nothing further has been heard of Mr. Simkin, but the troubles are known to have subsided.

C. V. Hodgson, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, who returned from the Philippines last March, was sent by the Department to Alaska during the summer and now has some stations in Texas and Louisiana.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF DR. MORRIS, '04

"Asama Yama is about seven or eight miles from Karuizawa, is a little over 8,000 feet high, and is an active volcano. It is one of the things to "do" at Karuizawa. We left Karuizawa about 9.30 P. M. and had a fine walk to the Rest House at the foot of the mountain. We arrived at the top a few minutes after 4 A. M., as the first faint glow of the sunrise appeared in the East. Our party consisted of the Rev. Mr. Nelson, Mr. Urban, Rev. Mr. Chapman, Rev. Herbert Lloyd, nephew of Bishop Lloyd, a Mr. Willis and myself. There were six other foreigners up there and a large number of Japanese. We had two guides who carried our refreshments, etc. The view of the crater was well worth climbing to the top for; it was a cup about 600 feet deep, and appeared to be a quarter of a mile across the bottom, which was filled with a pasty colored mass of red and black stuff, with here and there large holes out of which fire was blowing, making a good deal of roar. Our party sat down near a large rock to be sheltered from the cold wind, and the other parties were not far from us, when, the roar increasing, and seeing others going to the crater to look into it, I followed. When I was within about fifteen yards of the edge a tremendous roar came from the volcano and what I then saw I am sure I shall remember until my dying day—a mass of fire and smoke, with black, red and white-hot stuff; and in a few seconds I was surrounded on every side with a thick hail of stones, red-hot and white-hot, of all sizes from a small nut to larger than a man's head, falling into the sand by me as I ran, with a sickening sizzling sound, or bounding by me down the mountain; one stone as large as a cannon ball grazed my thigh. Escape seemed almost hopeless no matter how fast I ran. It was probably but a few seconds, though it seemed an age, before the stones ceased falling; everything seemed to have blown out at once. When the fall stopped we began collecting ourselves, and I found Mr. Willis quite near me and soon found Mr. Chapman and then Mr. Urban further down the mountain, all safe, only Mr. Urban's ankle had been hurt. We then went up the mountain to see if many others had been injured. I was called to a Japanese, who was lying in a little hollow; his clothes had been on fire; he had a cut in his neck and his skull was fractured, he was unconscious. I could do nothing for him. Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Nelson then called me from further up. Mr. Lloyd had been struck in the back. Mr. Nelson was

unhurt but suffering from the shock. They called me to look after a Mr. Hail (a Presbyterian missionary) who was badly injured; his left leg crushed and his right leg broken. We got three coolies and lifted him a short distance, meanwhile sending Mr. Willis to hurry down the mountain for help. He ran all the way (nine miles) to Karuizawa. Meanwhile most of the injured Japanese had been carried away by their friends, and we sent Mr. Nelson down to hurry aid up. We had carried Mr. Hail about 100 yards down the side of the hill, and it was very hard to do so, he being a large man of 180 to 190 pounds weight, and there were only Mr. Nelson and three coolies and myself able, as Mr. Lloyd's back had been hurt. Mr. Nelson then went on down and we sent the coolies off, so that Mr. Lloyd and I were left alone with Mr. Hail. We staid and waited, when suddenly the volcano blew out again, and we saw immense stones shooting into the air and falling down towards us; some landed above us and bounced toward us, but providentially stopped before they reached us; one about a foot in diameter stopped within ten yards of us. We were practically paralyzed and could not move. In about an hour after this our coolies returned, and we lost no time in moving Mr. Hail further down into what was called the old crater, about 200 yards below the new crater. The sun was very hot and all we had to hold over Mr. Hail was Mr. Lloyd's hat; mine had been lost. Mr. Hail was very weak, although he had not lost much blood, except when we carried him, as I had a tourniquet around his leg, with a stick to keep it tight, but the high altitude, combined with the shock from all the pain he was enduring, was very hard on him. On the other side of the ridge, which helps to form the old crater, Mr. Lloyd found two other men who had been in Mr. Hail's party; a Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Mr. Detwiler, his leg quite badly hurt though not broken; the other, a Mr. Hoekje, of the Dutch Reformed Church, with a nasty cut on his head. Him Mr. Lloyd sent on down the mountain, as we would stay with Mr. Detwiler. We then moved Mr. Hail further along over the bridge to where Mr. Detwiler was, and put them close to each other. We had an umbrella over Mr. Detwiler and a piece of straw matting over Mr. Hail, to keep off the sun, which was exceedingly hot. Mr. Lloyd had his own hat and I had a handkerchief tied around my head. After we got them fixed there, two of the coolies went up to the top again to see if anybody was there, and one of them found my hat, for which I was very grateful, as it was a broad-brimmed white felt. We also found a lunch basket, which Mr. Hail's party had left in the old crater on their way up. It contained some eatables and some water, which were very acceptable to Messrs. Hail and Detwiler. While we were waiting here another eruption occurred, but we were quite safe out of the way. About half-past ten we decided to move the two over further down along the path, so by tedious carryings we got them about 150 yards further by a little after eleven. You cannot imagine how long those six hours had seemed. By this time the sky had clouded over so that we were much more comfortable, but after awhile the clouds settled down so that we could no longer see if any help was coming, and Mr. Lloyd began to feel so sick from the injury to his back that I thought he had better leave me and get down the mountain as soon as he could. Mr. Hail was too weak now to be moved without great risk, and I thought he could not survive much longer, so Mr. Lloyd left me alone with Mr. Hail, and the coolies took Mr. Detwiler down; this was about half-past eleven. Mr. Hail then got rapidly worse and died at twenty minutes before twelve. In

about half an hour after this a coolie brought a note saying that help was following him, and then I started down the mountain. The clouds were thick, and I lost my way, but after wandering perhaps two or three miles out of the way, I reached the Rest House at the foot of the mountains. There being only Japanese there, I could not learn much, but later found that a rescue party, with two doctors, had started up and must have passed me on the mountain; they met Mr. Detwiler, and one doctor came back with him, while the other, with a litter, went on and brought Mr. Hail down. I reached Karuizawa at a quarter to six, footsore and weary, as you may imagine, having had no sleep and only some hard boiled eggs and crackers while on the mountain."

Three delegations of Japanese from the town, the governor of the prefect and the chief of police called on as many successive afternoons to show their appreciation of Dr. Morris' services.

In a letter to a friend, dated August 29, 1911, Dr. Morris writes of Mr. Hail as follows:

"Just two weeks ago to-day I was privileged to be present at the heroic close to a strong man's life, and as I sat with him hour by hour, high up on the mountain-side, as his life was slowly going, although I knew he was in excruciating pain, never a word of complaint passed his lips, never a sign that he was suffering so; all was borne in patience and I knew that he must indeed have lived a strong true life and that he had fought the good fight. Everyone who knew him said he had been a splendid man, and I found of what stuff he was made when I saw the other members of his family and realized where the strength came from which upheld them and him as he lay dying."

'05

Arthur H. Hopkins, M. D., has removed his offices to 1804 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

'06

J. A. Stratton is a member of the firm of Ballinger & Co., that is building the new infirmary.

'07

Emmet R. Tatnall was married on October 12th to Miss Margaret Felton, of Haverford. Among the ushers was William R. Rossmässler, '07.

Harold Evans formed a partnership, on October 2d, with W. Logan MacCoy and Arthur Emlen Hutchinson, for the general practice of law. The name of the firm is MacCoy, Evans and Hutchinson. Their offices are at 1250 Real Estate and Trust Building, Philadelphia.

Ex-'07

Richard Cadbury, Jr., is engaged in surveying for a railroad in the coal regions near Charlestown, W. Va.

'08

Walter W. Whitson resigned, last July, the position of Superintendent of the Southwest District of the Pittsburgh Associated Charities.

On August 28th he was appointed to the position of General Secretary of the Orange Bureau of Associated Charities. His address is now: Charities Building, 124 Essex Avenue, Orange, N. J. Mr. Whitson spent part of his summer attending the Summer School of Columbia University.

'09

R. L. M. Underhill is this year studying philosophy at Harvard.

J. W. Pennypacker has entered the Penn Law School.

C. C. Killen has joined the editorial staff of the Wilmington (Delaware) *Evening Journal*.

F. M. Ramsey spent last summer traveling in Wyoming.

G. H. Deacon is now with the Philadelphia office of the Robert Gair Company, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Alfred Lowry is studying German in Germany.

Ex-'09

Aaron Degrau Warnock was married, on October 21st, to Miss Phyllis Sylvester, of Haverford, Pa. Among the ushers were William Febiger, '09, Frederick Myers, '09, and Allan J. Hill, ex-'09.

'10

Harrison Streeter Hires was married, on October 26th, to Miss Christine Bronsden Leland, of Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Hires will live on Grand View Road, Ardmore.

Alfred Roberts is with the Keim Supply Company of Philadelphia.

Ex-'10

J. F. Wilson is studying law in Cleveland, Ohio.

H. E. Bryant is in the employ of the Trans-Continental Railroad Company in Canada.

'11

The class of 1911 held a class reunion at Haverford, on November 4th, when the following notes were collected:

James Ashbrook is now going to the Art School in Philadelphia.

Daniel Boyer is employed in the Boyertown National Bank.

John Bradway is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.

Jefferson Clark is studying medicine at the Johns Hopkins University.

J. A. Clark is with the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia.

Phillip Dean is employed with the Mulford Drug Company of Philadelphia.

B. Farquhar is in the grocery business in Wilmington, Ohio.

H. Ferris is in the electrical business in Boston.

J. Jarden Guenther is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.
Thomas Hadley is teaching school in Kansas.

William Hartshorne and Caleb Winslow are Teaching Fellows at Haverford.

David Hinshaw has left his position on the *New York Times* and is now in the sales department of the Rand, McNally Publishing Company.

R. J. M. Hobbs is studying law at Columbia University.

LeRoy Jones is teaching school at Vassalborough, Maine.

Edward Levin is in the fish and canned goods business in Leipsig, Delaware.

Jesse Patrick is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

Arnold Post is studying at Harvard.

Joseph H. Price is assisting Dr. Gummere in the English Department at Haverford.

Victor Schoepperle and Ebenezer Spencer are living together in Brooklyn. Spencer is with the Peak Bros. and Winch Tea Company, and Schoepperle is connected with N. W. Halsey, 49 Wall Street, brokers and investments, New York City.

Lucius Shero is studying at the University of Wisconsin.

Howard Taylor is at Riverton, New Jersey.

Frederick Tostenson is teaching German at Friends' Select School, Philadelphia.

Charles Wadsworth is studying chemistry and philosophy at Harvard.

Wilmer Young is a teacher at the Barnsville Friends' School.

Ex-'12

Louis Hobbs will hold the position of tutor this winter in Texas.

Eli Nichols is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

A. L. Biedenbach was married, October 19th, to Miss Wiesenbergh, of Butler, Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Biedenbach visited Haverford on their wedding trip. Biedenbach is connected with the Pittsburgh Standard Steel Car Works in Butler, Pennsylvania.

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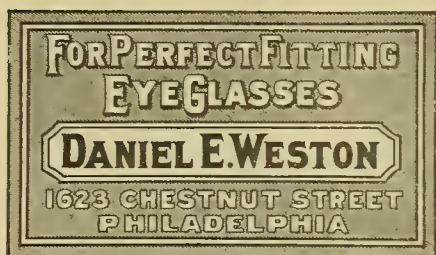
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

HAVERFORD IN 1875

OPENING the college catalogue of 1875-1876 I find that there were forty-three students of whom five were freshmen. They were a worthy lot of fellows of about the same age as our present company, and not very different in intellectual maturity. Of the five freshmen it was an open secret that only two had presented themselves for admission. Two others were coaxed to come by promise of immunity from examinations, and the fifth was quite incompetent to do any college work.

The faculty consisted of Thomas Chase, the President, a distinguished classical scholar, and his brother Pliny Earle Chase, almost equally distinguished as a philosopher; John H. Dillingham, who taught the lower classes in Greek and Latin together with certain ethical and legal subjects; Samuel Alsop, Jr., who as Superintendent had charge of the business affairs, the discipline and the general management of everything. He and the President were to share the profits, whenever these should become a positive quantity, which never happened in their day. The fifth member of the teaching force was a young fellow in his twenties who was serving his novitiate as a college teacher, and had a miscellaneous assortment of subjects among which mathematics predominated. Four of the five had received their Bachelor's Degrees from Harvard. There also appear on the catalogue the names of Dr. Henry Hartshorne and Edward D. Cope, both men of distinction, but their teaching was confined to a few lectures during the year.

The buildings were (1) Founders' Hall, without the dining-room annex; (2) about half the present Library Hall in which, beside the books, was an auditorium, and (3) one of the domes of the Observatory. The small building at the east end of the Machine Shop was in existence, and also the dwellings now occupied by Professor Thomas and Dr. Baker.

The whole life of the college centered in Founders' Hall. The two upper stories were the student sleeping rooms. Each of the double windows, which are still there, lighted two rooms about five by nine feet, each of which contained a single bed, a mahogany wardrobe, and a chair. Where the mathematics is now taught were two large rooms, one for general lecture and collection purposes, the other a study and living-room. The east end was given over to a public parlor and residence

for the family of a professor, and at the west end and in the rear extension were the recitation quarters. Below the latter were the gymnasium and bathrooms.

The daily program was exceedingly simple. All got up together and met preparatory to going to breakfast. At nine o'clock every one went to recitations. As all the members of a class took the same studies this involved just four professors and the whole college. At ten, there was a collection for study under the charge of the aforesaid junior teacher; at eleven, another recitation; at twelve-thirty, dinner; at two, a collection, and at three, the final recitation of the day. Then there was another study collection after supper from seven to eight. The absence of all laboratory work, and of all elective studies, made this arrangement easy and natural. Every student must report at every meal, recitation and study collection, and also at a Bible reading just before going to bed at ten o'clock. He had one recitation in Classics, one in Mathematics and one in some English study every day. Omitting the Fifth-day meeting and Seventh-day afternoons this made fifteen a week.

Everything was admirably arranged to check unruly boys. As a matter of fact, Haverford had evolved from a school to a college in all matters pertaining to intellectual standards and studies, but had retained the boarding-school discipline. This created plentiful friction and rebellion. Under the tactful management which Professor Alsop gave during the year under consideration matters went on quietly. The junior member aforesaid had to bear the brunt of such combat as there was, and at the end of one year he decided that life under these conditions was not worth living and struck for a teaching position only, which strike he was fortunate in winning. The study collections were simple and easy for he was legitimately present and could control the situation, but when he left, the cushions with which each student was supplied would begin to fly, and a general system of unorganized warfare would be initiated. The noise would reach to his second-story retreat, and a raid might or might not result happily for him. That he lived the year out without permanent nervous injury was due only to a tough hide and a boyhood spent on a farm. Yet there was very little malice in the relations. Out of doors they took him a cross-country run and taught him to play cricket. The matter of discipline was also a game which they taught him with the odds against the governor, but in which defeats on either side were taken with equanimity and which was played by both fairly.

It was an inheritance from the past. A wise and good Board of Managers had for years managed the college. The faculty were their

employees, and were not to be trusted with too large powers. If the discipline was bad they would appear on the scene and proceed to straighten out the racket by insistence on apologies and penalties of various grades including dismissals. Under a tactful superintendent such episodes would be scarce, but more than once the college was brought to the verge of extinction by an unwise governor backed by a determined committee. According to the ideas of the time the rules must be such that the boys could not go wrong. Hence, bounds, a daily program by which every one could be accounted for every hour of the day, restrictions and limitations of all sorts. It was the spirit of the time and the men who applied it, most self-sacrificing and liberal men they were, could not be blamed. But all the same a college could not be conducted by this process. It was this that had reduced it to forty-three and the freshmen class to two. But those who survived the ordeal have proven most worthy, though not always very loyal, Haverfordians.

The athletic spirit of the college has never been better than in these small days. In spring and fall it went to cricket. The players made their own creases, taught one other to play, and never omitted a chance to have a game among themselves or with outside teams. The cricket spirit and standards were far more pervasive then than now.

The spirit of voluntary literary work was better than now. The literary societies were in fine form and held their meetings twice a week without the stimulus of any audience. The Loganian embraced officers and students, and the Everett and Atheneum were rival societies of students alone.

There was less pure loafing than now. Every one had to go through the motions of studying for at least three hours a day, under the eye of an officer, and the temptation of private rooms for card games and other time-consuming and unprofitable enterprises did not exist.

But with all these admitted facts, the Haverford of to-day, in manliness, in scholarship, in general efficiency, in the development of character, is far better than the Haverford of 1875. It is about four times as large in faculty and student body, and ten times as rich. Its relative place among the colleges has vastly improved. Its adaptation to varied needs has much expanded. Its internal troubles, while not ended, do not seriously affect its prosperity.

So much in response to the request of THE HAVERFORDIAN for an account of the college when I first knew it. I would say much more did space permit. Some day I hope that myself or another will write the full inner history of a most interesting educational development.


ISAAC SHARPLESS.

THE YEARS

High in the fabled mountains of the East
There rests the hoary citadel of Time,
Reared by ages dim, its battlements
Are manned by shadow-forms of years gone by
Who dwelling there tell naught but memories.
Feeble they are, and old, yet never die,
These Years forgotten, till the end of time
Releases them to vanish whence they came.
There is a fountain clear with lilies crowned
That gushing ever fresh from mountain glades,
Sparkles and dances in the morning sun,
Then spray-white swiftly falls and dies away
Till in the darkness of a still ravine,
It disappears.
From this primeval spring
When wan December folds his placid hands,
There springs a youth of beauty wonderful,
In all the vigor of his virile grace.
Before the elders of that shadow-land,
He quickly kneels and asks their benison
Upon his course. From on the crumbling walls
The watchman cries in haste: "He comes, he comes,
The old year comes!" and with a welcoming voice,
They take the wand'rer for their own again.
Light as a panther in its downward leap,
The New Year passes out the western gate,
To wander, never pausing for twelve months,
And then returning to the city, live
In company with the spectres of the years.

So we pass on. We live, and then we die.
Darkness in the Borderland which hides
What shall be, from the Present and the Past!
Gray are the mists that hang all round about;
Yet as the weary Year draws near his goal
And passes out beneath the silent stars,
Weep not for him! The New Year comes apace.
Greet him with hope, and faith in God above,
That joyful he may turn the cycle through
And come again to his fair phantom-land
Amid the fabled mountains of the East.

CONCERNING LEONORA

 HERE is no denying that Leonora was pretty. In fact, as a beautiful and altogether charming heroine, she left little to be desired. Her hair was a dark lustrous brown, her figure delicately molded although very young and girlish, and her face so distractingly lovely that it was almost impossible to keep from losing one's heart to her at first sight. Added to this she was rich.

There was just one thing the matter with Leonora, however. She was in love, deeply and overwhelmingly in love. This of course would have been all right except for the fact that she was enamored of five men at the same time and that she was altogether unable to choose among them.

The recipients of this affection were all undergraduates in the small college which Leonora's father had heavily endowed. They were all very strong, athletic, manly, young men, all brilliant students and all adored Leonora with a passionate admiration. For three years they had been aspirants for her hand, and now the night after the Senior Prom. she was to make her choice. The five lovelorn youths were waiting in the hall of the great white mansion which belonged to Leonora's doting father. With bitter looks they glowered at each other as they waited for the decision. Finally the door to the drawing-room was opened and they were admitted. Leonora stood by the open fire, her face downcast, her eyes slightly reddened with tears. Her whole aspect was so forlorn and touching that the same feeling instantly possessed all five manly breasts—the desire to take her in their arms and comfort her. Finally she spoke.

"Boys," she said, "I cannot decide among you. I cannot have you all, but I should be happy with any one of you I am sure. You must settle it among you and at the end of the week you may come back and tell me, and I will abide by your decision."

At the end of a week all five stood again in the impressive drawing-room at the "Mansion." The captain of the football team had been chosen spokesman. He was a tall, good-looking fellow with a contagious smile. His name was Dwight. He was delivering the report of the five. "Leonora," he said, "we put it to the vote, but each man voted for himself. Then we considered drawing lots but we were all too afraid of losing you to do that. Finally we agreed to leave it to your father and let him pick the lucky man."

"All right," said Leonora, "we'll do that then. James, go bring Father here."

When Father appeared in the drawing-room he was duly informed why he had been summoned, and after some consideration he accepted the responsibility which the five wished to entrust to him. He told them, however, that he should need time to consider the matter carefully, and, that if they would return in two days, he should be prepared to choose a son-in-law.

Accordingly, forty-eight hours later he delivered his ultimatum. "I can find no valid reason for granting any of you the preference as my daughter's husband," he said. "I am therefore about to give you each a hundred nice shiny pennies which you will chuck, one at a time, at a crack in the floor. After each has had a shot he whose penny is nearest the crack gets all five. Whichever one of you succeeds in winning the entire five dollars shall also have my daughter's hand."

Five minutes after Father had laid down the conditions of the contest, all five young men were industriously engaged in pitching pennies at a crack. With tense faces and quick alert movements each launched his shining disk at the mark. A low murmur of disappointment, one quick exclamation of triumph, the winner gathered in his spoils, and all was ready for the next throw. From the beginning, however, fortune was unkind to Dwight. With imperturbable countenance and unyielding courage he saw his stock of pennies gradually diminishing and knew that he was rapidly losing that which he most desired in life. Finally he had but one cent left. With the greatest care he took aim and made his throw, but his emotion was too great. At the last moment his hand trembled, the penny turned on its edge and went rolling merrily across the floor. For an instant all sensation seemed to leave him, and then, before the others had noticed that he had lost all, he walked rapidly from the room. In the hall, however, his originally firm step faltered, and when he reached the huge porch of the mansion, he stopped for a moment to listen to the faint sound of the other fellows scrambling after the spinning pennies in the drawing-room. As he stood there irresolute, a low voice called his name and he saw Leonora seated upon the porch steps. With an effort he drew himself together, determined not to show his emotion.

"Well," said he, "I guess it's all over. I've lost."

"I shouldn't worry about that," came the laughing reply. "It was really Father's money, you know, and anyhow it was only a dollar."

"But you know what that dollar meant" he answered, and in spite

of himself his feelings showed in his words.

"It didn't necessarily mean anything," said she, "I never agreed to let Father pick a husband for me and I sha'n't abide by his decision if I don't want to."

For a moment he looked at her, hardly believing his ears, and then he did what might have been expected under the circumstances.

Ten minutes later the musical hum of a motor burst out by the mansion stable, and Dwight's big roadster turned sharply out of the drive. Its occupants were a very happy pair and they sat very close together as the machine sped over the smooth roads, *en route* for town and a justice of the peace.

When Jack Stevens had gathered up the last penny from the drawing-room floor he went in search of Leonora, and he did not have far to go. In the hall he met her, an automobile veil framing her lovely face. Moreover Dwight was by her side, his arm around her waist, and a light of proprietorship in his eyes that could not be misunderstood. For an instant Stevens scowled at his successful rival, then with a broad grin he seized Dwight's hand.

"Congratulations, old man," he said, "I see Leonora has chosen."
"Well, it might have been worse. Anyhow I have won five dollars."

P. C. G., '13.

SWINGING

When I get in my swing and the breezes are blowing,
I give it a push that will set it a-going,

And I swing, swing, swing.

Strange journeys I take through the tops of the trees,
Past the nests of the birds, and the slow hummin' bees,

As I swing, swing, swing.

Then higher, and higher, and higher I sweep,
Till I'm close to the clouds which I'm sure must be sheep;
From the trough to the summit, then back to the deep,

Do I swing, swing, swing.

L. B. L., '14.

GRADUATE INTEREST IN UNDERGRADUATE LIFE

IT seems to be the fashion to-day to be an "insurgent!" But one must be careful as to what kind of an "insurgent" one is. One can be an "undesirable citizen" or a "champion of the rights of the people!" In either case, however, it is merely a question of the point of view. If we agree with a particular "insurgency," we claim that the champion is clear-headed and practical; if we happen to be "on the other side of the fence," we charge the "insurgent" with being visionary and desirous for some sensational notoriety. But after all, we are all "insurgents" in one way or another—when we criticise existing customs and institutions. And if by chance, you agree in the following statements, you are also an "insurgent"; if not, you are a "conservative," a "reactionary," and one who fears that criticism is fundamentally bad for the things that are.

But, now to our muttons! Not long ago one of the most respected and influential of the younger Haverford graduates told me that he doubted the advisability of sending his son to Haverford. He maintained that since leaving college he was more and more impressed with the lack of "an undefinable something" which he felt was necessary for his boy. This "undefinable something" was (as near as I could discover) an influence which, acting on the college man, made him invaluable in the business world. By this, he did not mean moral character but rather the acquired aptitude for those traits which a business man finds so useful. In other words, he unconsciously criticised Haverford atmosphere as lacking in the influences tending to produce what, in slang phrase, we call "a live wire." Do you think he was right?

About three weeks ago, one of the most influential undergraduates, in telling me of his summer vacation, said that he had been spending a good deal of his time with some Princeton men. And I remarked upon the unconscious comparison that he made between his Haverford associates and the Princetonians. It was a comparison in manner, dress, conversation, as well as in, what we call, "moral tone." And he found himself forced into the unwilling confession of a feeling—(almost of shame)—as he measured up the Haverford man by the Princeton standard. Can we call this treason?

As a teacher of a prominent boys' school in the East, I had excellent opportunities to discover what the school boy thinks of the different colleges. Primarily, "the biggest football team" was the biggest argument. But it was a matter of remark that Haverford was looked upon by the majority of boys with silent contempt. And this was not on account of its small numbers, for other small colleges were also under con-

sideration. It took me a long while to discover the reasons for this contempt, and the discovery resulted in a feeling that perhaps, after all, they were justified in their standard of measurement.

Two of the most influential teachers of boys that I know are graduates of Haverford. Both, after leaving Haverford, went to Harvard for only a comparatively short time. To-day both these men are turning their boys toward Harvard, saying practically nothing about their own college, where they got their first viewpoint of life. Both these men attend the big Harvard celebrations and are enthusiastic in their sacrifices of time and money. But Haverford gets little or no support from either of them. What is the reason?

A graduate of Haverford was recently asked to be a member of a committee having charge of one of the largest public functions on the Haverford campus. The gentleman in question declined to accept the honor, claiming that his interest in a special athletic event on that same day (also on the Haverford campus) needed *all* his attention. Was this gentleman unpatriotic?

Some years ago, a certain undergraduate association at Haverford proposed to the committee in charge of Alumni Day that it be allowed to present an hour or two of entertainment, which, of course, would be open to all the alumni, and be absolutely free of charge. This proposition was, after due consideration, rejected; it was thought to conflict with the idea that Alumni Day should be entirely supervised and given over to the alumni themselves.

Last year a tolerably well-directed attempt was made by the undergraduates and college authorities combined to create an annual event which would partake of the nature of an informal social gathering and which would be of interest to both graduates and undergraduates. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the undergraduate body—to say nothing of the money and energy spent by the supervisors of the movement—the graduates declined to be present in any satisfactory numbers. From the standpoint of attendance the event was a farce. What was the reason?

The head of one of the largest law schools in the country—also a Haverford graduate—once delivered an address on Commencement Day. The most emphatic point in his address seemed to be that the average Haverford man coming beneath his own personal attention, though having a high moral character, ability to do hard work, conscientiously, and with a manner that was entirely refined and gentlemanly, was lacking in the one essential that from his viewpoint was necessary to the man ambitious for a professional or business career. This essential he characterized as *executive ability*. Was his criticism well-founded?

It is my good fortune daily to see a great many Haverford graduates. They are all busy men, and it is natural to suppose that their own interests, both business and family, prevent their taking more than the average interest in Haverford affairs. But when I compare the *average interest* of the Haverford graduate with the *average interest* of the graduate of Princeton, Yale or Harvard, I am struck with the fact that the *average interests* of our own graduates is so remarkably low that the graduate of other institutions would say that it was no interest at all. It is true that there is a picked body of Haverford alumni who take the most active interest in college affairs. But it is not of this class that I am talking. These men are not the average, but the exceptions. There is no enthusiasm among Haverford alumni (except on a remarkably small number of occasions) that corresponds to the enthusiasm of the graduates of Yale, Princeton or Harvard in relation to their college interests. The crowds at our football games to-day are an instance in point, the unusual energy which the "wheel-horses" have to expend in order to get the graduates to attend Haverford functions must be admitted by every one who has ever been a "wheel-horse." There is none of the natural enthusiasm in the mind of the average Haverford graduate that corresponds to the enthusiasm of the Yale or Harvard man, who puts down (nine months or a year ahead), the date of some big game, or his class dinner—fitting his business engagements to suit these memorable occasions. It is true that Haverford is well endowed, in fact better than the average institution, relatively speaking. But we do not find that the average alumnus freely gives either his money or his time to the average Haverford functions or interest. This lack of interest is not due to the fact that the Haverford graduate is, on the average, poorer than the graduate from the other institutions. It is notable that the gifts to Haverford, when sufficient enthusiasm can be and is aroused, show that the Haverford alumni are perfectly able to comply with the demands made upon their pocketbooks. But it takes an *unusual* need to get any *universal* interest. The method by which a certain new building was recently financed aptly illustrates my argument.

Not only is there a lack of *average interest* which, it seems to me, is almost characteristic to-day, but also a disposition to criticise the undergraduate for the absence of qualities which the men who criticise have gained only since they left college, by their contact with business or professional activities. The undergraduate feels keenly that the average graduate treats him in many ways like the small boy who cannot be trusted with money, and, moreover, who does not know what is good for him. I have in mind several gifts which have been made in the last

decade to Haverford, on the part of alumni,—gifts “with a string attached.” These gifts assume that a certain thing is needed at Haverford, and this assumption is based on the idea that the giver knows more about the needs of the undergraduate to-day than the undergraduate does himself. Not only that, but in one particular case, the restrictions on the use of the gift are of such a nature that it would seem as if there were certain things which the undergraduate could have, provided he changes his nature and desires to conform to the particular viewpoint of the giver. As a result, we find a tendency on the part of the undergraduate to be suspicious of such “gifts” and to criticise the giver in rather harsh language. And curiously enough, the criticism is most emphatically shown by the simple means of a lack of interest being taken in the use of the particular gift in question. It seems to me that to try to make the undergraduate “drink” at the “fountain” to which he has been unwillingly led, is the fundamental error which leads to constant misunderstandings and resulting sorrow on the part of the graduate that the undergraduate is such an “unappreciative fellow.”

The average graduate comes out to Haverford on Alumni Day, bringing perhaps his wife or some friend. Roughly speaking, the alumni divide themselves into two classes on that day: those who amuse themselves by athletics, etc., and those who idly look on at the others amusing themselves, or who find some congenial acquaintances with whom they can chat and with whom they sit and eat the usual Haverford “spread.” But neither of the two classes is getting the most out of the day. For example, let us assume that all undergraduates left the Haverford campus immediately after the commencement exercises to disappear for their respective homes. Would the events of the day suffer, and would it make any difference to the alumni? I think that every alumnus will agree that it would not. In other words, the Haverford alumnus comes to Alumni Day to enjoy himself in his own selfish way. He has no desire to meet the men still in college; he is only superficially enthusiastic about the changes in the buildings, the care of the grounds, and the size of the classes. He may see the “young fellows” passing to and fro, in their apparent desire to escape from an uncongenial atmosphere; but as a rule he makes no effort to find out who they are or to make himself known to them. In other words, the undergraduate is entirely shut out, and he undoubtedly feels it keenly. No wonder that, looking at it from the graduate’s standpoint, the alumnus considers the man in college unappreciative. The latter cannot be anything else under such circumstances. Moreover, there is very little effort on the part of the Haverford graduate to interest his wife, family or boys that he knows, in Haverford interests

on Alumni Day. In short, the alumnus comes out on Alumni Day to have as much fun as possible for the smallest amount of money, and only in company with the men whom he sees most often in his ordinary daily life.

In New York City there is a band of more or less loyal Haverfordians who gather together regularly for lunch about every week or ten days. I attended one of these luncheons not very long ago, and I was surprised to find that, if it had not been for the guidance and enthusiasm of one particular man, the talk around the table would have been entirely confined to New York matters of common interest. In other words, if left to themselves, most Haverford men unconsciously put Haverford matters to the background. Several of the men present were evidently present because a good meal was provided and the company was congenial, but only a small number of them seemed to feel any keen interest in Haverford. After leaving them, I asked myself whether it would make any material difference to them if Haverford with all its interests should be eliminated by some outside force and the ties be severed forever.

The Haverford Alumni Dinner, which is held annually in the winter, is, next to Alumni Day, the biggest alumni function. But each year the "wheel-horses" in charge of the arrangements find that it takes the expenditure of much energy to arrange affairs to the satisfaction of all present. Either the "speakers" were not good enough last year, or the music was badly managed, or there was too little or too much said in regard to Haverford matters! Time and again, the date of the dinner has been arranged to fit the convenience of some small group of alumni who consider that their own personal arrangements should come first,—and the dinner should take care of itself. Year after year the music has been "rotten"; either too much or too little, either too "classical" or too "popular"; in fact a hundred criticisms could be collected. The older men criticised the actions of the younger men in slipping out between courses to indulge in a friendly glass; the younger men criticised the older ones because the former held themselves aloof. The speakers are carefully guarded, so that by rare chance may they be able to meet all of the members present, but only those who are high up in the circles of the mighty, and old enough to have the honor of meeting the man whom we theoretically take in as a brother.

One of the smaller colleges of the country, comparable in size with Haverford, has traditions and customs which have done more for the loyalty of its graduates than any number of gifts or specific acts of its administrators. Year after year, the grandstands are filled at football and baseball games; the class reunions are big, enthusiastic affairs, and

the intermingling of graduates and undergraduates is one of the essential parts of its college life. It is characteristic of this college that its glee club is one of the most remarkable in the country. It is also noteworthy that the men of that college are no different in the matters of previous opportunities or capabilities than men going to other colleges. And yet the fact remains that their undergraduates get more out of their college life, and their graduates get more out of contact with their Alma Mater than the men of most of the institutions in the country. The undergraduate at this institution has far more executive ability than the undergraduate of Haverford. The college affairs are managed on a basis which the Haverford man considers *impossible*. But more fundamental than either of these is the constant mingling of the graduate and undergraduate. It is so natural and so customary that the average Haverford man wonders how such things can be, and yet the institution that I have in mind is relatively poorer than Haverford.

What is the point in all this "insurgency?" Why this harsh criticism of some of our revered institutions and customs? What is to be gained by trying to show up the Haverford man in a comparatively poor light? The point is just this,—the lack of executive ability on the part of the undergraduate, the suspicion on the part of the undergraduate of gifts "with a string attached," the cry from all the "wheel-horses" that their efforts are only partly appreciated and that they are always criticised no matter what they do,—lies in the fact that graduate interest in undergraduate affairs is at the present time neither naturally enthusiastic, constant nor up-to-date! Our customs and traditions are, in many cases, obsolete, and exist only in theory. We are trying to fit our practice to a theoretical basis which was admirably adapted to conditions of twenty-five years ago, when the administration of Haverford affairs was entirely different. To-day we no longer have the restrictions on undergraduate life that we had then. The undergraduate is now practically free to govern himself; the honor system is in force, and there is every reason to suppose that the Haverford man now in college can be made to develop as fine an executive capacity as any undergraduate in the country. But he is hampered, not only by graduate lack of interest along certain lines, but by fundamentally misdirected graduate interest along others. The "cake of custom," as *Bagehot* in his *Physics and Politics* has so aptly described, has been made for Haverford. But until we break this "cake of custom" and develop contemporaneously with the college conditions of to-day, we are going to remain stationary, and thus lose in our influence upon young American manhood. In fact, I would say that the average state of mind of the alumni body has developed more slowly than any

other part of Haverford, taking all Haverford interests as a whole. What Haverford needs now is not more gifts "with strings attached," nor more events of interest to alumni, nor any special form of advertisement that would seem to be a remedy for an apparent smallness in numbers,—but an entirely new viewpoint of graduate activity. We need a new body of active alumni to crack the "cake of Haverford custom" and to form a Haverford spirit which shall actually and universally include every man and boy who is or can be interested in Haverford. The older men cannot do this. They are still in an obsolete state of mind, and besides, the older men do not make good "wheel-horses." It is the younger men, the men who have only graduated in the last twenty years, who must take charge of Haverford alumni affairs, if the Haverford alumni are really interested in trying to make and keep a developing and influential small college, such as Haverford is. *No school boy will willingly come to Haverford when he sees the alumni taking so little interest.* The undergraduate at Haverford will never take the same interest after he leaves college when, while he is in college, he is forced to believe that the alumni do not care to know him or his interests. And as long as the alumni disregard undergraduate life, as long as they consider that they know better than the Haverford undergraduates what the latter wants and needs,—just so long will the undergraduate unconsciously be molded by that spirit,—and when he leaves college, be unconsciously swayed by the same impulses that have swayed the groups ahead of him.

And so I am an "insurgent," because, after all, "insurgency" is in its essence the striking at the roots of things. Perhaps I am fundamentally wrong. All men are, in *many* of their viewpoints and statements. And it is in the nature of the reformer to overstate his case! But the first step in breaking "the cake of custom" is to acquire the art of discussion, and no graduate body can ultimately exist for the best interests of its Alma Mater which consistently believes that its every action—simply because it is customary—is, therefore, right.

I believe that we can not only drop the old customs which are now obsolete, but that we can develop a new set of customs which are more efficient because more natural to our present needs, and, therefore, would have far more binding force. And I believe that the only way to attack this problem of "graduate lack of interest" is to realize the fact,—that so long as we weakly allow ourselves to be guided by a set of obsolete customs, we are doomed to remain in a stagnant state—seeing our little world rush on past us with the other human beings working and playing naturally, enthusiastically and with the greatest usefulness to themselves and to their fellow-men.

ALUMNUS.

LOOSE LEAVES

A MIGHTY HUNTER

THE boy had been squatting in the reeds a long time. In the trampled space by his side lay a new bow, and two bone-tipped arrows. The sun had set behind the sedgy point across the stream. A little breeze stirred out of the west.

There had been no sound and the boy had seen no movement, but suddenly he knew that a big dark animal was feeding there, on the opposite shore, outlined against the red-gold sky. It moved leisurely down the bank and faint splashes told that it was wading among the big lily-pads and muzzling at their tender stems. The boy's heart beat very fast as he fitted his best arrow to the sinew.

The old cow-moose on the other bank chewed luxuriously on a long lily-stem and blew water out of her great nose, with soft gurgles. The boy had pulled the bow-string back and back, till it seemed as if his muscles would burst. When the butt was close to his right ear he let the long shaft fly. Across the stream the big old cow sank forward on her knees, then pitched over on her side, motionless in the shallow water. The boy crossed in one long, clean dive, and stood and looked long at his first kill. A mighty pride surged in him. Then he turned and ran home to the lodges of his people, singing the song of the hunter who has slain meat.

S. W. M., '13.

UP LOON LAKE

DICK, our guide, had finished scraping the "leavens" and putting the pewter-camp utensils to soak in the "crick." He had also borrowed some of my "smokin'" and lighted a pipe which I had, as I thought, lost the year before. After a while he rose, put more wood on the fire, and thinking his silence had earned enough golden increment, he started one of his stories.

"The funniest thing occurred t'other day. A guy what used ter come regular to this region and had quit, come back agin. Six year ago him and me went out fishin', an' up Loon Lake he dropped his watch overboard, accidental. He was that sore over it he quit right off an' wouldn't flip another fly. I guess 'twas a family relic. He stayed away them six year, but Loon Lake sure draws a feller, so two week ago he showed up. We fitted out an' went up Loon. You know that boulder where this crick runs into Loon? The first day out he flipped a brown hackle up agin it an' when it fell off, it no more 'an touched the water than, by golly, he got the biggest strike I'd saw in some years. He played him and finally I got him in the net; an' say, he was a whopper! When I was killin' him, I noticed a big lump down close to his gills, an' we thought we'd cut it open. Wall I did, careful like an' what do you think that there lump was? That same watch he lost three year afore. But the funniest part was that the watch was a-runnin', an' when we compared, it had lost a minute. I guess the breathin' of the fish had kept it wound. Them Swiss movements is some fine, ain't they?

H. M., '12.

EDITORIALS

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

HAVERFORD, although clearly outplayed, fought hard through the whole game and displayed that clean, gentlemanly sportsmanship which has always made them favorites with the Trinity followers and undergraduates."

This quotation is from *The Trinity Archive* after the Trinity game, in which Haverford was defeated 24-6 by a team of gentlemen from Hartford. If the team plays hard, clean football throughout the season, and maintains this reputation among its rivals, then the season is not unsuccessful if it lose every game. This year it did *not* lose every game. Our team won from stronger teams, and when it lost, fought to the finish against superior playing. The team was good, the best in several years. It was difficult to pick the eleven men to open the games, yet it is a fact significant of the trust of the men in the coach that his judgment was unquestioned. The college appreciated his work and stood behind him and the team. There are at least three things necessary to develop a good *varsity*: college spirit, a good coach, and a faithful scrub. This year we had all three.

As we have indicated, football success does not consist entirely in winning scores. When the season closed there were two men who had played their last football for Haverford. One of these had played last year on the *varsity*. This year another was found who could better fill his position. Without a murmur the varsity man took his place among the *subs* because it was best for the team. The other man of whom we are thinking had played on the *scrub* for three years. He was strong, he played hard, and plugged away unceasingly. At last, this fall, his chance came—and he made good. We have picked these men as types. What we have said of them might be said of others. But a team made up of such men gives us a reputation which mere scores will not give, for scores vary from year to year. Next fall we shall miss some faces, but the team will still be a Haverford team, and the players Haverford gentlemen. And so may it remain !

THE GRANDSTAND

Those who have attended the football games this fall have noticed that the grandstand is beginning to show effects of its long period of service. Repeated patching has held it together for several years, but every year the cost of repairs becomes heavier. This cost falls on the athletic association. If the old stand survives another winter a consider-

able outlay will be necessary to make it safe for next year's games. At present it is disreputable, both from the front and rear. It is not in keeping with either the buildings or the natural surroundings of the college.

We need a new stand, if possible, before the next football season. It should be of lasting material, preferably concrete. A stand with seating capacity of 1,500 would cost about \$12,000 or less.

The recent campaign for the infirmary and the raising of funds for the Science Hall have made heavy demands upon the alumni, so heavy that in our estimation it would be extremely inadvisable to begin a general campaign for grandstand funds. We believe, however, that there is among the alumni a man or group of men who will be willing to furnish the necessary amount. It is an investment which will yield returns in comfort and pleasure to every alumnus who is willing to come out and cheer Haverford to victory. We ask you to consider this matter and to help us. Doctor Richard M. Gummere is the treasurer of the Athletic Association.

HAVERFORD AND OXFORD

At present, Haverford has two Rhodes' scholars at Oxford. In 1913 it will be time for us to send over their successors. We have established a precedent which should not be broken. Both Morley and Williams find Oxford congenial and profitable, and are anxious that more men from Haverford try the examinations. Certain new regulations regarding Haverford College have been passed by the Oxford Convocation. This decree enables a Bachelor of Arts with high standing at Haverford to take his Oxford degree in two years instead of three. We print below the part of the decree relating to Haverford:

"That any member of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, who shall have been graded not less than B in either Advanced Greek at the admission examination or Greek A; and also in either Greek I or Greek II at that university, shall be deemed to have shown a sufficient knowledge of Greek as required by the provisions of Statt. Tit. II Sect. ix, 'On Students from Foreign Universities,' cl. II. [*Carried: nemine contradicente.*]

"That any member of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, who shall have pursued at that university a course of study extending over two years at the least, with an average grading of not less than seventy-five per cent., shall be eligible for admission to the status and privileges of a Junior Foreign Student, provided that the said courses are courses

which could have been counted towards the degree of Bachelor of Arts at that university. [*Carried: nemine contradicente.*]

"That any member of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, who shall have pursued at that university a course of study extending over three years, and shall have obtained during the last two years an average grading of eighty-five per cent. and shall have received the degree of Bachelor of Arts with final honors, shall be eligible for admission to the status and privileges of a senior foreign student. [*Carried: nemine contradicente.*]"

We would call attention to the article, "Graduate Interest in Undergraduate Life." We shall be glad to publish any articles in discussion of this subject, which is one on which *much can be said on both sides*.

Our December issue appears some two weeks before the holidays, yet, surely, it is not too early to wish our readers, one and all, a *Merry Christmas* and a happy and prosperous New Year.

EXCHANGES

IN the *Vassar Miscellany* this month there is a story called *The Flood*. Somehow the title suggested to us a tale of the psychological type and, when we saw a capitalized "They" running through it, we felt that we were in for one of those creepy, dream-manifestation effects in the style of Josephine Dascom Bacon's recent things in *Harper's*. But it wasn't! *The Flood* is a very delightful story for grown-ups, very much in the manner of Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*. "They" are some city-bred cousins of the leading juveniles, to speak in terms of the stage. A storm comes up and, ever resourceful, the hosts of the occasion commence a very amusing game of Noah's Ark, in which public sentiment forces "Them" to join, to the subsequent damage of Their tailor-mades. Trying to make the various animals (real ones, filched from the sty and the hen-roost) go in two by two, is funny just to think about. In the *Light of Psychology*, in the same magazine, shows a knowledge of the workings of a child's mind that is really capital, and in the *Smith* there is a story of a child called *Daddy's Chum*. The title sounds sentimental, but the story isn't; we rather liked it, though it is not so well done as *The Flood*.

And while on the subject of children (don't be scared! we're not beginning a discussion of the child labor situation) do any of you remember one of the aforementioned Josephine Dascom Bacon's short

stories, *Ardelia in Arcady*. As we remember, it is in *The Madness of Philip* collection, and describes a little slum-girl's visit for a week in the country. Homesickness is no word to express the longing she experienced to exchange her lot in this "ideal place for children" for the pickles and hurdy-gurdies that make "New Yaw-wk the place" for her. We were reminded of *Ardelia* by a sketch in the *Smith*. *The Forest Primeval* is both the title of the story and the scene of a camping-trip. Someone has said that we endure camping in the summer in order to have something to talk about the rest of the year. At all events, the description of the agony these two young fellows suffered is most amusing, and their delight in Broadway on their return is almost pitiable.

Psychology seems to be the keynote of the month. The author of the *Soul-Errant* in the *Randolph-Macon* tells, with true believe-me-or-not spirit, a case seemingly too remarkable for coincidence. Most interesting in this line was *Ernest* in the *Vassar*. The writer describes exceedingly well a mood that we imagine every one passes through. The essay is extremely subjective, and we can't help thinking that its author has read too much Hardy at one time, and that Browning and the author of the *Blue Bird* have not quite convinced her of the essential goodness of life. "Why did the poets so loudly demonstrate life good unless they sought by singing to still the question whispering in their ears?" There is one other quotation we wish to make; it shows, for an undergraduate, rather an unusual amount of thought:

"Do we crouch and fawn and lick the master's hand in gratitude for joys that are our birthright? Something in Ernest revolted at the vision. Happiness seemed to him as much the right of the creature forced into life as is the pleasure promised to a child for performing some task; nothing could be more criminal than to betray that child, so nothing more unjust than to disappoint the creature. And yet everyone is disappointed. It is the tense effort to endure (of which most of us are unconscious) which brings about that straightening of the mouth, that deepening of face-lines and stiffening of the body which we call old age. It is the result of constant inward bracing against the occasion."

Let us interrupt the festivities for a moment to inquire for the absent. What has become of the *Williams*, the *Nassau Lit.*, or the *Wesleyan*? As is said of parents in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, "To lose one is pardonable; to lose two connotes carelessness." To lose three of one's best friends in one month suggests something unpleasant; and we hope, for our sake, that you, gentlemen of the exchange departments of the mentioned magazines, will see to it that the business

manager does not fail to send us copies henceforth. But to "pay attention" once more to our friend, the *Vassar*. In dealing with a lady a compliment is always in order, but we say without flattery that the *Vassar* is easily the best magazine we have received this month. Besides the articles already mentioned, we found the "touch of nature" we never tire of, in *Father Casey's Sermon* and *Being Minister's Folks*.

The men's colleges are, however, not absolutely without worthy representation, and in the *Amherst* there is an exceedingly fresh and fearless presentation of the regular arguments against sport as a business and for sport as exercise. In the same magazine, *Daedalus and the Grasshopper* was disappointing in that it failed to fulfill the promise of its outlines of characterization. Mrs. Sparks is a creation with mutilated possibilities. Her depiction at first is good, but the author goes too far. Oliver Wendell Holmes once told us that very often it isn't safe to be as funny as one can. We suspect that the author knew a dowager, perhaps identically like Mrs. Sparks, and, in his enthusiasm over her discovery, forgot the principle of artistic selection. But we refuse to make you take our word for it! The lady is speaking to "Daedalus" and his chum:

"Oh, my dear fellows, my daughters say that you are so charming. Oh, don't blush, they said nothing at all, as a matter of fact. I was just trying to see how thick you could stand it if I ever wanted to lay it on—ha-ha, nifty idea—that's correct isn't it?—nifty? I do love to talk slang to college boys. That's all they talk you know up in their—their dorms. Oh, that's a good one. I must remember it—dorms."

So far, good! Her adoption of slang has possibilities. But now comes an exaggeration of her lack of logic fatal to belief in her actuality. She proceeds to extend an invitation to play bridge.

"Oh! you must play, must, so charming. The MacMath boys won't touch a card—except poker. Sunday School kids. I do hate Sunday Schools and *evangelists* and oh, yes, they *do* do a lot of good. But I believe with Savonarola, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die." Wasn't it Savvy that said that? I don't know. I'm not a pagan at all. I embroidered an altar cloth for St. George's last fall. Meet me in the card room then at eight."

This month, in the manner of some of our prep. school exchange editors, "we are pleased to welcome a new exchange to our list," *The Acropolis* of Whittier College. It is gotten up in imitation of the *Philistine* and is filled with near-smart sayings that rival our friend Elbert Hubbard at his worst. "Wear smoked glasses if necessary, but look on the bright side of things!" is extremely typical; giving, as the *Nassau*

Lit. once said, "a pleasantly stimulated sensation, without saying anything in particular." There is a poem—stop, we are choking! Let us swallow hard and begin again! There are some rhymes at the back of the magazine which are about as bad as one comes across. It is the same with poetry as with pudding; let's put the poem to the proof! Either one has to be unusually good for us to want more than a taste; so here is a very small sample. It is a freshman's supposedly humorous view of college spirit:

"If you are a skinny gink,
And you do not like of work to think
If you are as light as a skeleton,
And your muscles soft as an unbaked bun,
You dress yourself in canvas pants
And let some husky on you dance."

Hattie, in George Madden Martin's *Emmy Lou* summed up a great deal of philosophy when she generalized, "If a girl isn't pretty, she's got to be smart!" We feel rather the same way about poetry. If it hasn't beauty, it does have to show brains, and the verses quoted possess neither qualification; light verse such as this aimed to be is enjoyable only when every gem of wit sparkles from a setting of technical perfection. But "November" in the *Smith* has both the idea and the picture, and we want to give you the pleasure of reading it.

NOVEMBER

The branches, chilled and wet with pelting rain,
Bend low, uncheered by any sun-caress,
The wind moans fitfully, as if in pain
That this once joyous wood should feel distress.
Black crows above the barren cornfield hang,
Purposeless, circling slowly 'round and 'round;
But every thrush that in the meadow sang
Has flown where sun and flowers may be found.
The ashen sky speaks ceaselessly of storm;
Across it racing clouds outstrip the leaves
That whirl and scurry on the ground. To warm,
The feeble dawn is powerless, and grieves.
Soon in white happiness, bright, dancing snow
Will sweetly wrap the woodland, high and low.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

HAVERFORD'S HAVERFORDIAN,

Greeting:

Now, in the last half of my eighty-sixth year I realize full satisfaction in aiming at a Christ-like life. My life is from day to day. Each day must have its duties, joys or sorrows, but with it all, let us seek ability to say: *Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done*. It is of the greatest importance, as a preparation for a happy old age that you have fixed habits of study, reading and reflection. Be upright, spiritually, morally and physically. If you have a speciality follow it persistently. Seek in every way to keep control of your faculties. It is never too soon to begin to cultivate these powers of your being.

Obtain a full knowledge of your own language and its literature. Study and become familiar with the best writers of prose and poetry, it will turn you to the following of these models in your style of expression. Plato wrote in his beautiful tongue rare poetical prose. It is said of Renan that he would not consider several hours wasted, if by their use he reached the best word to construe his shade of meaning. Coleridge, a deep student of the highest thought of his day, and a fine literary critic, said of George Fox's Journal that there was more wisdom in single pages of it, than in many a great scholastic tome. I know of no more stimulating biography than that of the Baron Bunsen, by his wife. His Christian parents were of the most humble class of Germany. Eventually, he became a member of the House of Peers, in Berlin. His heavenly Father saw that he could bear prosperity, hence, it was his pleasure to heap honors on such a savant. When Prussian minister at the court in London, he was so courted by the best of all England that Elizabeth Fry felt it best to warn him of the danger of such success. On the other hand, a Russian poet, who had met him while he was minister at Rome, said to him: "Vous êtes le seul enfant de cinquante ans, que j'ai jamais vu." In reading it, I met with their European books that we do not see. That winter I was shut in with a bad throat. I wrote to Andrew D. White, at the head of our lake and asked for such books as he had of that list. To my great pleasure, his librarian sent me all of them, some twenty-four volumes. Among them, I recollect the life of Stein, who, as prime minister at Berlin, was a great obstacle to Napoleon. Then, there was the life of a philanthropic bookseller who did much to elevate and cultivate the love of good books. The autobiography of "George Sand" (Madame Dudevant) was a curiosity. Robert Browning speaks of the life of the soul as the greatest study. *Sordello* is that.

A strong point that emphasizes itself in my thought is the observation that our greatest discoverers in science, as a rule, have been men of great love of truth and men of pure lives. One of the great Beatitudes is: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." As I take it, they see God in nature, read God's secrets. George Fox had an experience on this line: he saw the medicinal properties of minerals and plants to such an extent that he thought of practicing medicine, but he was a spiritual healer. Sir Isaac Newton was exceptionally chaste. Again, in athletics, the men of the greatest precision in action, of the soundest nerve and highest strength are those who are pure in heart and life.

Pleasantville Station, N. Y.

..

R. B. HOWLAND, '43.

As a matter of general interest to those interested in Haverford President Sharpless has handed in the following list of Haverford graduates holding college positions :

'65. Allen C. Thomas,	Haverford.
'68. Louis Starr,	Pennsylvania.
'69. Henry Wood,	Johns Hopkins.
'71. Randolph Winslow,	Maryland.
'72. Francis B. Gummere,	Haverford.
'75. J. Franklin Davis,	Guilford.
'76. Francis G. Allinson,	Brown.
L. Lyndon Hobbs,	Guilford.
'78. George W. White,	Guilford.
'81. William H. Collins,	Haverford.
'82. George A. Barton,	Bryn Mawr.
Henry M. Thomas,	Johns Hopkins.
'85. Rufus M. Jones,	Haverford.
Joseph L. Markley,	Michigan.
Augustus T. Murray,	Stanford.
Thomas Newlin,	Whittier.
Theodore W. Richards,	Harvard.
'87. Barker Newhall,	Kenyon.
'88. Henry V. Gummere,	Drexel.
William Draper Lewis,	Pennsylvania.
Allison W. Slocum,	Vermont.
'89. William R. Dunton,	Johns Hopkins.
Warner Fite,	Indiana.
'90. Robert R. Tatnall,	Northwestern.
'92. I. Harvey Brumbaugh,	Juniata.
Walter Morris Hart,	California.
'94. Oscar M. Chase,	Haverford.
William W. Comfort,	Cornell.
'94. Henry S. Conard,	Grinnell.
'96. Mark Brooke,	West Point.
T. Harvey Haines,	Ohio.
Homer J. Webster,	Mt. Union.
'97. Roswell C. McCrea,	Pennsylvania.
'98. W. W. Cadbury,	Canton.
Samuel H. Hodgkin,	Rollins.
Robert N. Wilson,	Guilford.
'99. Royal J. Davis,	New York University.
J. Howard Redfield,	Swarthmore.
'00. Charles H. Carter,	Syracuse.
'01. William O. Mendenhall,	Earlham.
Clement O. Meredith,	Guilford.
'02. Richard M. Gummere,	Haverford.
A. G. H. Spiers,	Haverford.
C. Wharton Stork,	Pennsylvania.

'03.	Henry J. Cadbury,	Haverford.
'04.	Howard H. Brinton,	Pickering.
'05.	Maurice J. Babb,	Pennsylvania.
	William J. Reagan,	Friends' University.
'06.	Thomas K. Brown, Jr.,	Haverford.
	Richard L. Cary,	Princeton.
	Roderick Scott,	Earlham.
'07.	Charles R. Hoover,	Pennsylvania.
'08.	A. Wilson Hobbs,	Guilford.

'78

Daniel Smiley has recently been elected to the Board of Managers of Haverford College.

'85

A collection of *Bible Stories for Children*, by Rufus M. Jones, has just been published by Headley Bros., London.

'89

Warner Fite, Professor of Philosophy, in Indiana University, has contributed to *The Nation*, a valuable article on "Pedagogy and The Teacher."

'91

The engagement of W. Marriott Canby and Miss Leila Kurtz, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, has been announced.

'92

A. W. Blair has moved from the agricultural station of the State of Florida to the State Experimental Station at New Brunswick, New Jersey.

'96

A son, Alfred Garrett Scattergood, Jr., has been born to J. Henry Scattergood.

'97

Alfred M. Collins and E. M. Scull, '01, are on a hunting trip in Africa. They have left Mombasa, on the East coast and are on their way to Nairobi where they are to start hunting.

'98

S. H. Hodgin has accepted the position of Dean of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida.

Oscar P. Moffit, of High Point, North Carolina, was married on October 25th to Miss La Fayette Paschall, of Reidsville.

Dr. William W. Cadbury gave an address at a Haverford Tea Meeting early last month.

'99

J. D. Carter is now in the employ of J. S. and T. Elkinton, manufacturers, of Philadelphia.

Ex-'01

C. F. Allen, of Moorestown, was married on October 12th to Miss H. Elfleda Mann, at Edgewater Park, New Jersey.

'02

In the class of '02 "Bulletin," published this month, we note the following officers:

President, A. G. H. Spiers.

Vice-President, W. C. Longstreth.

Secretary-Treasurer, E. E. Trout.

Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, C. R. Cary.

The annual class dinner will be held at college on December 23d. Plans are being discussed for the tenth anniversary of the class to be celebrated next June.

A son was born to C. Wharton Stork on November 20th. Mr. Stork has lately addressed the *Browning Society of Philadelphia* on *Old English Drama*.

At the Trinity game, November 18th, the following members of the class took the opportunity to have a small class conference: W. W. Pusey, 2nd, A. C. Wood, W. C. Longstreth, R. M. Gummere, A. G. H. Spiers, and John Ross. Mr. Pusey came up from Wilmington to see the game.

Edward W. Evans has been made one of the Board of Managers of Haverford College.

A son was born, this fall, to Arthur S. Cookman.

E. E. Trout is captain of the Merion C. C. first bowling team.

Dr. A. G. H. Spiers delivered, November 14th, the first of two lectures before the *Saturday Club* of Wayne. The subject was "From the Troubadours to Dante." Dr. Spiers was recently in an automobile accident with Mrs. Spiers and M. H. C. Spiers, '09. Though the car was damaged very much, none of the occupants were seriously injured.

Under the Chairmanship of Dr. Spiers a committee is discussing plans for an attempt that will be made this winter to extend the influence of Haverford College in the neighborhood. It is intended, though the plans are not yet mature, to have a series of lectures this winter in the Haverford Union, given by members of the faculty. These will be called *The Haverford College Lectures*. It is thought that the lectures given by the college faculty will be better adapted to the needs of the community than the lectures given of late years by outsiders. The lectures will be popular in tone, and probably limited to fifty-six minutes. There is every reason to believe that these plans will be a success, and that the lectures will afford the alumni good opportunities of keeping in touch with the college and of seeing one another.

'04

Thomas J. Megear has moved into Dr. Hall's house on the campus for the winter.

'05

E. F. Winslow recently passed the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Board of the State of Pennsylvania.

Ex-'07

R. Cadbury, Jr., is in the employ of J. E. Rhoads & Sons, at Wilmington, Delaware.

'08

T. Morris Longstreth will take a short trip abroad during the holidays of the De Lancey School, Philadelphia.

Howard Burt has opened an office for the general practice of law at 1007 Bailey Building, 1218 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

J. P. Elkinton has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis.

'09

George Smith Bard died on Friday, November 17, after an illness of almost a year. It is hard to write of it, not only because of our sorrow for it, but also because of our inability to pay a fitting tribute to our departed comrade. His was a life that accomplished much, though extending over less than twenty-four years, for the example of bravery and unselfishness which he ever showed will be reflected in the lives of all who knew him well as long as they shall live. His courage was no less when he faced death than it had been when he was in the best of health. It is pointless to multiply words about him here, as far as those who knew him well are concerned, but what is said will be far from in

vain if it influence any who did not know him to inquire of his life and, hearing, strive to lead lives as noble.

'10

Alfred Roberts has left the Keim Supply Company, and is now connected with the S. L. Allen Company of Philadelphia.

E. Page Allinson is studying agriculture at State College, Pennsylvania.

The engagement of Miss Emily Le Compte Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Parker, of Denver, Colorado, to Reginald H. Morris has been announced.

Ex-'10

John F. Wilson is practicing law in Chicago.

Philip Baker is now President of the Cambridge Union, the highest intellectual honor connected with Cambridge University. He is also President of the Cambridge Athletic Union, the highest athletic honor.

'11

Ebenezer Spencer is connected with the Peek Brothers & Winch Tea Company, of New York City. This is one of the oldest of English tea firms. Spencer is working at present in establishing a tea packing business for packing teas from bulk to retail packages. One of the brands he expects to pack is the *Yours Truly* tea, which will appear on the market with other lines of groceries of the same trade-mark after January first.

H. B. Stuccator has been in charge of a children's playground in West Chester.

D. D. Reynolds is in the employ of the Kennett Square National Bank. He has been coaching the Kennett Square High School football team this fall.

D. S. Hinshaw is raising \$100,000 for the Pennsylvania Medical School in Canton, China. Dr. William W. Cadbury, '97, is connected with this institution.

Benjamin Farquhar is with the Champion Bridge Company, of Wilmington, Ohio.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

A HUMBLE ANCESTOR

NO one has written, so far as I know, an adequate account of the rise, the grandeur, and the fall of that amateur journalism, as it called itself, which sprang up at the close of the Civil War, spread over the Eastern and Middle States, and died out, or down, after a score of adventurous years. No library seems to have collected anything like representative files of those home-made periodicals, which nevertheless are surely more valuable than the paper-bags with imprint of baker or confectioner that the librarian of Bodley used to receive so thankfully and file away with the remark: "A thousand years hence, this will be history." The late sixties and the seventies saw a kind of children's crusade in print. Boys—and a few girls—wrote the copy, set up the type, and prepared the modest edition on presses that were sold broadcast over the land. Partnerships were common, capital and talent joining hands to turn out what was often a very imposing sheet. Probably in most cases exchange formed the bulk of the circulation, and advertisements, secured from long-suffering relatives, supplied the cash. The fifteen-year-old editor was "we," and lashed his rivals with satire of the Henry Watterson brand. Conventions were held, to which juvenile editors and publishers made far journeys, and lemonade flowed freely at the annual banquets. Yet now, *ubi sunt*, not only the *pocula*, but the papers themselves, and the harmless habit of youth?

A Gibbon for this melancholy decline and fall will doubtless appear in due time. Our present concern is with the part of amateur journalism which did not decay, and with the part of that part represented by THE HAVERFORDIAN. Of course, the various college papers had no direct connection with amateur journalism of the "Our Boys and Girls" variety, but it was the same facility of print that tempted them, and the same impulse towards publicity and affairs and a definite literary standing. As the older ideas of discipline went out of favor, as the student gained more liberty in his choice of studies, and in his walk and conversation as well, he felt the need of public expression for the student body, of an "organ," as Horace Greeley would say, and college journalism in this sense is the result of new academic conditions. But in a more immediate

sense, and on the literary side, a college paper is the child of that once familiar manuscript journal which was kept, in whatever form, by the literary societies. These associations flourished, to be sure, outside of college walls, and were often the æsthetic mainstay of villages and towns all over the country; but they were at their best as the academic societies which still exist here, and here under their odd names, mostly pedantic to an insufferable degree, where "mutual improvement,"—the dear old clumsy phrase—was the object, and where the method was always indicated as debating, declaiming, and "the reading of select original essays." The child, as we all know, has effectually killed or silenced its parent, and no smell of the tomb is quite so pungent and convincing as the odor of the bound volumes on our own shelves, where the essays of the forefathers are solemnly inurned. Haverford College had a public literary society, the "Loganian"; it still exists, I think, by the title. There were also two secret societies, the "Everett" and the "Athenæum," and these had each a board of editors who prepared and read every month a paper, supposed to discuss matters with far more ease and defiance of college law than was the case with the "Collegian" of the public body. In the light of the present day, however, the freedom of the "Bud" and the "Gem" is oppressively decorous. Fiction hardly ever appears, the "Sketch" is equally rare, and the stodgy essay prevails, with occasional and mainly humorous verse.

In the year 1872, just after the college had begun its policy of fewer restrictions and greater personal responsibility for the student, the old order of the societies began also to change. A few adventurous spirits conceived the idea of a small debating club, strictly limited to eleven members, where everybody should speak, except the moderator, and where keener ambition and higher standards should rule. The late E. P. Allinson, of '74, was beyond all doubt the leader of this movement. I have written in THE HAVERFORDIAN about the doings of his club, which took a very good motto and a very ridiculous name from Homer's account of the old men whose voices rose like the chirp of the *tettix* as they discussed affairs of state in Troy. We called ourselves "The Grasshoppers." Subtract eleven from the students then in college, and one gets the exact number of masterpieces in satire directed against our little band. But it was all good-natured, and a high sense of duty impelled the eleven to let their light so shine that all Haverford should be irradiated by their genius. And the only way to do this was to publish a paper.

The authorities were sounded; but neither faculty nor managers could then see the reasonable side of our design, and whatever might be printed must appear as the work of individuals in the unchartered

freedom of vacation. So, in the hot summer of 1873, two graduates and two budding seniors met as guests of a certain hospitable physician in Wilmington, Delaware, and there and then put forth *The Grasshopper*, first of the printed sheets which have more or less faithfully represented the students of Haverford College. As to the contents, the values, the standard, the success, let some sprightly exchange-editor look up a copy of this *Grasshopper*, and fall to; he should find food less for reflection than for fun. Raw, however, and futile as much of the paper must now seem, it found favor in the eyes of Professor Thomas Chase, and it was his good word, I think, which warded off some sort of punishment by the faculty, and encouraged the editors to repeat their experiment. As *The Tettix*, it appeared the following year, and yet again as *The Haverfordian*. Still later, in 1878, E. P. Allinson founded *The Quaker Alumnus*, which was meant to serve as a literary clearing-house for all the colleges and schools under the care of the Society of Friends. The first number contained, moreover, articles of wider appeal than "mere literature" can boast; there were nearly three columns devoted to "Haverford Cricket Notes" by H. Cope, of '69. In the second number appears a learned paper on the Greek pronoun, by F. G. Allinson, of '76, and contributions were even sent from over sea. An early death snatched away this promising and ambitious journal in 1879; but its place was taken very promptly and auspiciously by *The Student*, a far more vigorous affair, backed by Haverford and Westtown, edited by Isaac Sharpless and T. K. Brown, and flourishing for something like a decade.

In the meanwhile, another HAVERFORDIAN arose, this time the making of actual students in college. Its thirty-third volume rounds out a generation of the children of men, and more than the average life of a periodical. From its far-off predecessor we would borrow no "features," learn no lesson; one thing, only, let it forever share with that silent *Grasshopper*—the spirit of uncompromising war upon Philistia and all Philistine ways.

F. B. G., '72.

A LAMENT

Why is it God has fashioned men
 With selfish hearts and thoughtless hands?
Why is it 'twixt our nature and
 A woman's such a difference stands?

Some poor, well-meaning fool will take
 Some woman for eternity;
And make her life a hollow shell
 Because he is too blind to see;—

Too blind to see the love she craves;
 Too dull to realize her needs.
He wishes well, but cannot know
 Her heart within her bosom bleeds.

He says he knows the world, and loves
 With all the passion that he can.
It may be true, but what of that?
 Can love be much from such a man?

Can one so shriveled at the root
 Profess to know the depth of life?
And yet we find the grand conceit,
 Which orders, "Woman, be my wife!"

God help the man whose wake in life
 Lies flotsam-thick in thoughtless crimes;
God help the beggar who forgets
 Not once, but half a hundred times.

O reader, these are bitter words
 Intended not for all mankind;
But meant for men like me, because
 I stumble, helpless, thoughtless, blind.

A MEMORY

*This waterfall's melodious voice
Was famed both far and near;
Although it long has ceased to flow,
Yet still with memory's ear
It's gentle splash I hear.*

Translated from Dai-Nagon Kinto (1041 A. D.)

Often when my eyes grow weary of books and the dull glow of evening settles around me, my mind gently wanders back through the years into the shadow-land of memory to live anew the joyous life of the past. Then before my half-closed eyes forms the vision of the old home in Yotsuya—all flittingly it comes, like the flickering of some ancient candle—then in dimness passes away, only to return again, until I am no longer here, but wandering in the bright dawn of childhood.

How clearly do I see that sombre, solemn gate with its twin-posts of soft-grey weathered wood, the camelia-bordered drive, and then around the bend the ancient mansion with its low rambling roof of dull tiles, resting quietly amidst the great gnarled pines and the aged cryptomerias. And then, on beyond the house and the trees, I see a many-lanterned garden, edged by a terrace and a low, green hedge of bamboo, with a distant view over smoky house-tops below, and *Fujiyama* like a crystal crowning the azure beyond.

And as I view these scenes, there comes to my ear the distant roar of many clogs mingling with the nearer cries of the street, which rise in a sonorous undersong, while a nightingale warbles forth a sweet spring melody.

And now I am in the old house, gently wakened by the soft morning light peeping through the sliding night-doors, and casting weird, yellow streaks across the heavy paper partition beyond. Oh, I remember those fantastic shadows! How they used to make me think of dim ghosts and hunch-backed mountain-men, and all that horde from fairy-land. And how, many a time, just as I was in the midst of some wondrous imagery of the mind, the night-shutters would roll and glide all over the house, opening it up like the clinging petals of a lotus-flower at dawn. Then I would be sorry to see all my pet characters swallowed up in the gulf of light that followed, and I would cry a little as small boys do, and as grown-ups do, also, when a present fad is overshadowed by a greater opportunity.

For now I slip my toes into a pair of sandals, run over to the terrace, and look out over the hazy morning mist to the barracks on the hills beyond. And lo, the deep resonant echo of a temple bell booms forth and goes sounding on its way like a voice of the past, while I, with head bowed, chant the words *Namu Amida Butsu*. And scarcely before the reverberations have died away, a bugle call floats across the still air to salute me, and then the little straightening bugs run up and down my back, and my chubby-fist goes up to a martial salute as I have seen the soldiers do who passed our gate, and as the policeman—a great man—would do whenever I bowed to him at the end of the street.

Then after the morning repast, I would watch the lurking carp in the pond, or chase the dragon-fly, until in my weariness I would call for Ocho, the nurse. Then dear Ocho would take me on her back, piggy-fashion, scolding me all the while for pulling her hair, or making believe she was a war-horse and I an ancient warrior. Thus we would pass out of the gate and up the street, passing hurrying jinrickshaws and other *Ochos* with their little cublings out for a sunning. At last we would reach our destination—the *Imoya* or “Sweet Potato Shop.”

How I would jump up and down and wave and clap my little hands, crying to Ocho to hasten her steps. But who could blame me, with that ambrosia-like odor of hot potatoes coming in clouds and veritably pulling me towards them? Now we have crossed the street and are under the bamboo awning of the shop. By those celestial tubs of boiling potatoes stands the old woman of the shop, her odd face wrinkling up into such grotesque smiles that I used to grow afraid and ask Ocho why the *Baya* looked so much like one of her queer brown *imo*? Then Ocho would say:

“Shee—keep quiet, O little one, for her heart is a sweet potato too—for, *arra*, look what nice big ones she is getting for you.” Then when the old woman would come waddling across to me with a nice steaming potato, I used to hide my head behind Ocho’s high coiffure (she was an artist at fixing her hair) and hold out my fist for the potato like a suppliant. But once I grew very brave and peeped out from behind the refuge of Ocho’s hair. There was the old woman, whom I had never seen so close, smiling so sweetly and gently at me that I began to be sorry for what I had said about her.

As we were leaving, with my mouth stuffed full of hot potato, I managed to gurggle.

“Ocho! Do you remember when you said the old woman had a sweet-potato heart?”

“Yes, little one, I remember.”

"Well, Ocho, I'm going to ask the old woman to let me eat it next time for I'm sure it's good!"

"Keep quiet, little one! What if the foxes heard you say that?" *Arra-arra!* When boys say naughty things like that, the ghosts will catch and eat them."

"O, ghosts! Ocho, *obaké, obaké!* Tell me a strange story of *obaké*, please, Ocho!"

And then Ocho told me a strange, strange story, but I cannot remember it, for it was all so long, long ago.

Y. N., '15.

WOMAN

O, Woman gazing there,
Into infinity
Thy beauty doth declare
There is a deity.
We see from thine eyes shine,
What bids us not repine,
Thy soul's divinity.

Within us as we gaze
Looms up eternity,
Shown to us by the rays
Of mystic sanctity.
We kneel before the shrine,
Where bides thy soul divine
In sacred purity.

For tho' foul doubt besets
Our frail humanity,
Yet Heaven, for guidance, sets
Thy holy charity,
To show man on the way
To his God's wondrous day,
Love in eternity.

E. M. P., '15.

A WINTER REVERIE

When the North-Wind steals and in frenzy reels.
O'er the Silver-lands fast with cold,
With cruel demand in his icy hand
That makes young men pity the old,
Doth a phantom lute in a trice transmute
The silver into gold.

In this golden land by the whispering strand
Of the Sea of Memory,
Do the voices dwell which are wont to swell
The Unseen Harmony,
Which kiss as they go and in rapture flow
In a stream of melody.

Here an island lies where the West-Wind sighs
And all the young loves are,
And a Princess seems to rule the dreams
Of the dreamers from afar;
For they see her at night in a pillar of light
And the flame of a burning star.

D. W., '14.

GRADUATE INTEREST IN UNDERGRADUATE LIFE

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—We have received the following letter and articles in regard to *Graduate Interest in Undergraduate Life*, which appeared in the December issue. In publishing this controversy, THE HAVERFORDIAN acts impartially, and although it regrets the possibility of misunderstanding by outsiders, it believes that the discussion provoked by the article of last month will, in the main, give everyone a true appreciation of Haverford.]

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, HAVERFORDIAN,
Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—The article which appeared in the December issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN, signed "Alumnus," and entitled "Graduate Interest in Undergraduate Life," is such as to render some comment appropriate. I observe an editorial note calling attention to it, with the statement "We shall be glad to publish any articles in discussion of this subject, which is one on which much can be said on both sides."

The proposition that interest on the part of the Alumni in undergraduate life at the College is desirable, hardly admits of discussion. It also appears to be hardly open to question that, whether such interest at any given time be great or little, any proper methods of increasing or intensifying it should be employed and encouraged.

The article referred to may, perhaps, be said to make these self-evident propositions. Beyond doing so, however, it is in effect merely derogatory to Haverford students and Alumni, to their reputation and to the reputation of the College. What the writer seems to regard as instances of defective training and want of loyalty and interest are set forth, which instances are in part ill-considered and in part the basis of incorrect deduction or illustration. He says that present conditions ought to be changed. He suggests no proper method of changing them. In this respect he exemplifies that undesirable type of so-called reformer who noisily condemns conditions which he considers bad, clamors for change, but has no practical method of change to propose. I use the word "noisily," because with obviously as much force as possible the writer presents his adverse criticism so that it will reach to quarters where it can do no good to the cause he seems to espouse, but where it would tend to harm the College if the character he attributes to its graduates and undergraduates might, in the absence of direct knowledge of facts, be regarded as a true one.

It is difficult to imagine any one really having the interests of the College at heart preparing such an article for publication. Even if his criticisms were justified in the light of carefully considered facts, they

should be brought to the attention of the Alumni, as would be possible, in ways other than this. One cannot but be surprised also that the Editorial Board of THE HAVERFORDIAN permitted such a publication.

Knowing Haverford graduates and undergraduates as I do, even recognizing and affording an example of their faults and failings, it is difficult to regard such an article and the instances cited in it other than as emanating from one very deficient in the spirit Haverford College represents and inculcates. The author might even be imagined to be one who has endeavored to inaugurate changes in undergraduate and graduate activities which those having real interest in Haverford and its reputation have not approved.

Haverford does not teach or lead to the admiration of effusive self-assurance, which is too often the outward and visible sign of the "live wire" which "Alumnus" seems to commend. It teaches thoroughness, energy and a sense of duty and responsibility. In connection with what "Alumnus" says as to what Haverford graduates lack in business ability, I recall instances of Haverford graduates being especially sought for positions of responsibility in a financial institution (not, I may add, even one managed by Friends), because of what the president of the institution regarded as the Haverford standard. I have known also of men, not Haverford graduates, whose personal affiliations were with other colleges, who, nevertheless, preferred to send their sons to Haverford because of the regard they had for the Haverford standard.

Perhaps our manners and dress and sprightliness of conversation might be improved. I am inclined to think, however, that the "influential undergraduate" who is reported by "Alumnus" to have been depressed at the superiority in these particulars of the students of another institution, if he lives long enough and makes the best of the advantages offered to him at Haverford, may be well satisfied with the Haverford standard as with what he may now consider the standard of another college. He may also find in later years that a similarly selected group of Haverford graduates have quite as desirable a record, standing and reputation in the community as those who appeared to his experienced and penetrating undergraduate mind as superior in youth.

"Alumnus" does not give us the reason, which it took him so long to discover, why the boys of the school at which he taught regarded Haverford with "silent contempt." One wonders if it was the presence among them of a teacher holding the views as to Haverford which he seems to hold and expresses so freely.

"Alumnus" cites sundry instances, apparently to demonstrate a lack of loyalty and interest in Haverford on the part of its graduates. He

writes of a graduate who declined to serve on a committee in charge of Alumni Day events because on that day he was to devote himself to arranging for and participating in one of those events which contribute to the entertainment of all who attend. He refers to an occasion when an offer by undergraduates to give an "entertainment" lasting an hour or so on Alumni Day was declined by the committee in charge. He tells of meeting some New York graduates at lunch, men who were in the habit of lunching together frequently, and takes exception to the fact that their conversation was not limited to subjects relating to the College. One would hardly say that instances such as these indicate any general disloyalty or lack of interest. I do not think a general disloyalty or lack of interest exists.

Even "Alumnus" admits that Haverford graduates respond to any *unusual* need. He does not demonstrate that they lack interest in any *usual* need. He does indicate that Alumni interest was not aroused by the prospect of an "entertainment" by undergraduates on Alumni Day.

"Alumnus" to the contrary notwithstanding, I do not think it can be shown to be a fact that the *average interest* of Haverford graduates in their College is less than that of graduates of other colleges in theirs. There are, of course, different ways of evidencing interest, but I believe that in the case of few colleges is there a larger proportion of the Alumni to be found and to be depended upon to respond to the needs and advance the best interests of the undergraduates than in the case of Haverford. I believe, too, that this graduate interest has been increasing of late years more, and to more beneficial purpose, than would have been possible by any radical changes in graduate or undergraduate life or in their reciprocal relations.

There is obviously a certain proportion of Haverford Alumni who would like a different spirit to prevail in the College and among the Alumni. I believe that such proportion represents the exception to the rule, and is not as "Alumnus" would indicate. It is to be regretted that any graduate of Haverford thinks of its Alumni and its undergraduates as does the writer of the article in question. It is most deeply to be regretted, in my judgment, that such an article as this should by publication by any possibility come to the attention of those who, not in a position to know actual facts and actual conditions, might receive from it a totally incorrect impression and form a totally wrong conclusion with respect to Haverford, its undergraduates, and its graduates.

I shall appreciate your courtesy in publishing this letter.

Very truly yours,

PARKER S. WILLIAMS, '94.

II

As a loyal Haverfordian, I have been roused by the antagonistic tone of the "Alumnus" who addressed your December issue on the topic of graduate and undergraduate relations. It sticks in my mind that many facts are misrepresented in his letter, and that anyone not acquainted with the real state of affairs at Haverford College would entertain rather pessimistic ideas of the institution. Whereas, I feel strongly that Haverford was never in better condition, intrinsically and extrinsically, than in the present month of January, 1912.

"Alumnus" is correct in his belief that our graduates do not flow along rapidly enough with the current of contemporary affairs. He is right in saying that Alumni Day is given over exclusively to the Alumni. Again, his point that the average schoolboy does not make strong efforts to enter Haverford instead of the larger universities, is well taken. And he is incontrovertibly sound in judgment when he asks the question: "What is to be gained by trying to show up the Haverford man in a comparatively poor light?" Nothing at all is to be gained by so doing. Insurgency, in its political sense, must not sound a hostile note against the institutions which it seeks to reform.

The Haverford ideal, as I see it every day exemplified in the business world, is not such a bad ideal. It has produced scores of political workers, whose aims towards municipal reform have lately been accomplished. It may be true that certain election results were due in part to a series of business and financial deadlocks; but no one can deny that the committee to prevent fraudulent ballots did its work well, and made possible a majority of four thousand. On this committee, as on many other committees, were groups of Haverfordians who sacrificed their time and money, and preferred to be steady "wheel-horses" rather than questionable "captains of industry." Their executive ability took the shape of united effort rather than of individual domination. When a college president becomes a candidate for a seat in the State Legislature; when an Alumnus presides over a meeting of all the bankers of Pennsylvania; when two Haverfordians take first rank among the artists of America, one in music and the other in designing; when three of the most distinguished physicians of Philadelphia during the past thirty years write themselves A.B. of Haverford; when half a dozen of the most successful and solid businesses in Philadelphia are controlled by our Alumni; when members of the faculty decline positions at the large universities, or proceed thither and "make good" in a most emphatic way;—in the face of facts like these, can "Alumnus" uphold his theory? Among the most powerful students of settlement problems in this country

is a young Haverfordian; and at the desk of perhaps the soundest weekly periodical in New York sits one who fifteen years ago used to draw crowds from near and far by the force and wit of his debating. Besides these, and many others who are fighting for the improvement of the community, is a great body of quiet "commuters," not emphatic or assertive, but sound men. When in college, they did not see the necessity of questionable play on the football field. They even ran to the wickets in order to have no part or parcel in the charge of delaying tactics for the sake of a draw. And what they were on the campus, so they are in business.

The only real truth in the statement of "Alumnus" is in the matter of loyalty in attendance at college activities. A Yale man will pawn his watch, so they tell me, to get back to New Haven for class reunions. We are apt, at Haverford, to be detained by business which could run itself for twenty-four hours. But when I count the attendance every Alumni Day, and see it increasing yearly, I feel no qualms as to the future. We must not pat ourselves on the back, even though an official at the Bellevue-Stratford remarked to a member of the Dinner Committee that our annual gathering is the largest in actual numbers of any alumni association that holds its dinners in that hotel. We must not swell with pride at our sectional associations in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, and London. Let us organize others in Canada, Mexico, and San Francisco! Were any of these organizations existing fifteen years ago? And is it fair to compare a college of eight hundred active alumni with institutions which turn out eight hundred students per year?

I know of no gifts "with a string to them." If any of our buildings or funds are so constituted, I should be perfectly glad to see a whole network of string-encircled gifts dotting the campus. Those which we have interfere in no way with any of the habits and customs which Haverfordians hold dear.

Why should not Alumni Day be a day of relaxation, of handshakes and reunions? Your correspondent would fill it with special events. Now, if athletic fixtures (thirty men playing cricket with the zest of renewed youth, and three baseball games going on simultaneously, besides tennis and "wogglebug" contests) have already choked the program, would it not be loading the camel's back to request our participation in further exercises? We attend the tea and enjoy it more and more every year; we vote and crack our mild annual jokes at the business meeting in the Union; we sup and sing and stroll and return to our homes feeling that all's right with the world.

All very well, the insurgent will reply, but this does not explain away Alumni apathy. The explanation, however, will be made clear along other lines. Walk the grounds next June and recollect the dates of the various buildings,—Lloyd Hall, the Dining Hall, Roberts Hall, the Gymnasium, the Union, the Science Hall, the rising Infirmary, and the south wing of the Library,—not to mention the cricket pavilion and Merion Cottage. Have not all these buildings appeared within the last twelve years, and do they not represent ten-eightieths of the total building equipment? Out of these ten buildings (almost averaging one per year) at least seven are the results of Alumni donation; and of these seven, five are the answer to general subscription. May not the gentlemen who have turned their pockets inside out for this purpose stroll along the Serpentine, or chat in little groups on the lawn, next June, without being expected to drum up undergraduates? No forced measures are successful; this letter from "Alumnus" is the only complaint which I have ever heard against Alumni Day.

If fifteen Haverfordians, lunching together in New York, discuss matters which mainly concern their business existence and their common interests, what is there unnatural about this? Would not the opening strains of "Comrades, Come!" bring them to their feet? In my opinion, the mere fact that they lunch together in this way at stated intervals is ample proof of their affection and loyalty.

The school question may be quickly dismissed. What else could one expect than that the schools should seek the universities? It would be of no advantage to them, commercially or academically, to campaign for the benefit of the small college. Their attendance would fall off fifty per cent. The small college must always be ready to welcome a boy who sees that its life offers inducements to him, and may endeavor to attract the boy who is unduly captivated by what a prominent Haverford friend of mine calls the *Big Noise* of the big colleges. The schoolboys think very little about Alumni; it is the student body, and what manner of men they seem, that set the fashion for certain migrations in the school world.

Inasmuch as I do not wish to hurl a vague mass of undigested assertions at the reader, permit me to sum up by saying that what we Alumni need in order to be effective sons of Alma Mater is not men who palaver and question, but staunch supporters who believe and take for granted what is absolutely true,—that Haverford is a small college worthy of the highest effort. This effort may be made towards the college, with a view to increasing its equipment, its concrete wants, or it may direct itself into the world about us, as a result of the inspiration we have received at Haverford's hands. It then becomes faith and loyalty.

ALUMNUS.

III

I have read the article in the December HAVERFORDIAN under the above title, signed by "Alumnus"—of what college he does not say. Were it not for his ignorance of the true facts, I should be tempted to believe that he had once attended Haverford, as an unpopular undergraduate.

He speaks of the low standard of executive ability which the average Haverford undergraduate attains. Did he shine in this respect when he was in college; has he since arrived at a pinnacle of supremacy through continued contact with "men of other colleges"; or is he holding himself up as an example of the unfortunate Haverfordian and uttering an eloquent plea on behalf of the coming generation to those parents who still have the chance to send their sons to "Harvard, Yale or Princeton"? Does the mere fact of going to a dinner and talking about Haverford or giving an entertainment at the college produce executive ability in a man?

One has only to look at the college buildings and learn some honest facts regarding their financing to realize what the interest of the Alumni really means. If they had no interest in the undergraduates, would they spend thousands of dollars in the erecting and equipping of the most up-to-date buildings of their kind in the country? True, certain functions in another small Eastern college were managed in a way that Haverfordians think is impossible.

The constructive critic works quietly. He goes to the right man, or body of men, states his case and makes suggestions and accomplishes something—for good. The destructive critic calls in the newspapers, flings his ideas broadcast, publishes his flagrant declarations among interested and disinterested people alike. He makes a lot of noise, his subject gets a lot of undesirable advertising and he accomplishes nothing—for good.

Notwithstanding all this, criticism is a good thing when properly framed and coming from a competent and broad-minded source, but the audience and the auditorium must be carefully chosen.

Why doesn't "Alumnus," instead of teaching in "a large Eastern school," come back to Haverford and preach his doctrine among the boys whom he considers need his reforming?

JOHN L. SCULL, ex-'05.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

At a dinner, dance, a funeral or wedding,
You'll see that I am equally "au fait":
A high-bred air of tone about me shedding;
My manner is distinctly recherché.
The product of the very smartest tailor,
And freshened every morning by my tub,
I'm a jolly sort of joker,
While my skill at bridge and poker,
Makes it possible to dawdle in my club.

As among "those present" mentioned in the papers,
I'm really quite looked up to by the mob;
For where our best society cuts capers,
I am (in vulgar parlance) "on the job."
I'm simply indispensable at dinner,
For when I'm there things go without a hitch.
In short, my only mission
Is to keep my proud position
As a useful little Brother of the Rich.

L. B. L., '14.

LOOSE LEAVES

TRAVELING

Riding away to Nowhere Land,
Dolly upon my knee,
Crossing the borders from here to there
Wonderful sights to see;
Carried beyond where earth meets sky,
Dolly and I did roam;
That was the journey she took with me
Just on the porch at home.

L. B. L., '14.

FRATERNITY

REALLY it is no drawback not to have any real sisters. In fact it is an advantage to have to acquire them. For, once, this is accomplished, the sense of achievement is captivating. But perhaps, reader, *you* have sisters. Unfortunate Soul! You never can feel the thrill or live in the after-glow of exhilaration which only *we* can know, *we* who have found sisters outside the pale of family. Such mutual confidence and confiding are truly wonderful. Then, too, this is the most delicate way imaginable to carry off that most unpleasant of situations, when either one or the other realizes that the love affair is not to be successful. Much bitterness is thus avoided, and the fraternal instinct is aroused. But *you*, who would be a brother, let this be the exception and not the rule. Otherwise you may tire and get into endless trouble. Now, just suppose that you should mix up one sister's situation with another's and then should advise each incorrectly. Dire confusion must follow, and perhaps a heart-breaking. And then, too, if all your quest of love lead but to a brother's station, you miss a half of life. For, being a brother, though quite wonderful in its way, can never impart to you the faintest whisperings of that other love.

1912.

THE WORLD'S MOVE

ONCE upon a time there lived a band of Satyrs who did some very reprehensible things. Now this tribe was a strong one and both by natural means and by recruits from outside multiplied rapidly. Their doings became so notorious that the outside world began to think them a menace that must be stopped. She therefore decreed that all Satyrs must marry. Nothing daunted, the doughty tribe took unto themselves wives—and continued in their ways. Again the world stepped up and made it known that their ways were unlawful. The Satyrs were nonplussed. Not for long, however, for a brilliant member sprang from their ranks and led the way bearing the banner of Mormonism. This did not become as popular as it might have, for only in Utah are Mormons allowed and Utah is a long distance from the Gay White Way, beloved of many of that kind. And thus the game continued, first one side would move and the other would mate, exactly like a game of chess, until it seemed likely that the contest would have to be drawn. At last reports the Satyrs had moved up their queen "divorce." She seems unconquerable and will, in all probability, continue to hold the board. At any rate it is the World's move and there is no indication of immediate action.

D. C. M., '12.

THE USUAL QUESTION

SELINA was tall, almost raw-boned, but with a rather delicate face. Job was short, rather pudgy, and with a face and neck in tawny contrast to his shiny, white collar. They had been "keeping company" for nearly a year now, and to-night, as they occupied the opposite ends of a somewhat worn sofa, each was conscious that time was ripe for action. The township was alive to the fact, too.

Selina drew a white pawn and made the first move. "Job," she said, "How's your mother?" "Oh," says Job, "she's doin' right fair, but Sis' had another spell of that fever last week." "Yes," answered Selina, "so Mr. Jamison was telling us." Eloquent silence followed. Job got up to put another log on the fire; Selina rose to adjust the lamp. Then from Job: "Selina?" "Yes, Job;" and the simple formula, "Selina, don't you think we ought to get married?" Job fidgeted a little and Selina blushed, and murmured, "Yes, Job." Then came a "billing and cooing" such as mute, faithful settees have endured from time immemorial. Two months later they were married and——lived happily ever after.

1912.

MASKS OFF—AND ON!

WHAT she said to herself in the dressing-room.—"The only reason I'm asking George is because he'll make my dinner-party go. He hasn't a mite of brains; in fact, he's rather tiresome if you see too much of him. But, anyway, the crowd won't go to sleep when he's around. What if he hasn't a grain of sense? Anybody that's as good fun as he is doesn't have to have brains; a social necessity is asked anyway."

What he said to himself in the dressing-room.—"Here goes for another night of slaughtering my individuality to make a Roman holiday! Little Georgie knows what's expected of him and such a pile of anxious questions he'd have to answer if his spirits ever flagged! All the other boys, with about one-half the brains I have, get the reputation for worth-whileness merely because they say nothing. A fellow isn't necessarily effective because he is quiet and *vice versa*. I'm sick to death of the whole curséd social grind."

What he and she said to each other.—*She*—"Oh, George, I certainly am glad to see you; I can always depend on you. Metaphorically, I throw myself on your hands."

He—"A bird in the hand, you know,—"

(We confess we don't think the remark funny, but she evidently does, for she laughs heartily as she dismisses him for the moment that he may commence his evening's work.)

1912.

EDITORIAL

THE QUESTION OF YOUTH

AT this season people usually stop as they pass another milestone and suddenly realize that they are very young or else growing old. They look back, perhaps sigh a few empty regrets for what might have been and was not, and *vice versa*, and make new resolutions which they straightway forget. Some, however, whether they make resolutions or not, seem to *live* fuller lives every year, and so the old world seems more pleasant to live upon as it grows older.

In a recent lecture an American literary critic well known on both sides of the Atlantic remarked that great men never grow old. He also said that one of the oldest men he knew was eighteen, and one of the youngest over eighty.

It seems to us that he might also have said: "It is in the power of all men, especially of educated men, to remain young in spirit." It is characteristic of a boy that he delights in new impressions; he sees the Past as yet with indifference, his interest lies in the Present and in the Future. Little by little he realizes that the Past is the background of world-action, and then he finds out that the one prepares for the other. But still there is the delightful uncertainty about to-morrow, or the other side of the world, or a new friend, or what not. The boy grows up, and then he has to decide whether he will be an old-young man developing into weary age, or a young man who will always keep his heart young. To some fellows there seems to come a kind of bitterness against everything, whether it be humanity or conditions. Sometimes they retreat into shells of reserve or else they rush into a whirl of pleasure. They are usually pessimistic, always self-centred and always insufferably conceited. These are the old-young men.

But in young men and in old, the keeping of the mind open to new impressions, the joy of living, does not imply the weakness of the child or of the dotard. It is the regulation of the impulse by reason. We should, perhaps, say the *normal* regulation of the impulse by reason, for in actual life a man will not act entirely according to the dictates of his brain. *But*, when a man loses control of himself and acts against his better judgment, he is, for our purpose, a child in all its weakness.

When a man enters college, he is supposed to have developed enough gray-matter to reason out the problems which he will inevitably meet. This supposition is not always warranted by facts. Instead of considering the consequences, he plunges headlong into the first escapade that offers. Where one leads, the rest follow. That should not be true

in a body of college men. It is true that the strongest personality will lead; it is true that the weakest will follow the next stronger, but in a college community every man should be capable of choosing his leader, of doing his own thinking. If he makes a foolish choice, then, if he gets into trouble, he can blame no one but himself. We would not condemn mere foolishness; we do condemn it when it works harm to others or to the individual. A deliberate or thoughtless disregard of the laws of the college, or the great laws of humanity, or the simple laws of courtesy, *does* harm the individual and society.

Haverford has frequently been criticised, not because its men are younger than those in other colleges, but because *a few* of them have little or no idea of personal responsibility. They do not look beyond the present; they act in a silly, childish manner, which seems to outsiders inexplicable unless it is characteristic of the whole college. Their attitude is lax, they are eager to shift all responsibility. We do not refer to everyone, we do not mean that the childish should play at being sophisticated men of the world; we mean that no man should by his petty imbecilities, his cheapness, his thoughtlessness, his puerile grasp of affairs cause the name Haverford to be held in contempt. Every man has upon his hands the reputation of the college. If he takes the prep. school attitude he will give Haverford a prep. school reputation. He will take away as a Senior the attitude which he should have discarded as a Freshman, an attitude which may do Haverford untold harm.

In its work this fall, the Student Council has justified its existence. It has succeeded in upholding its laws; it has been able to mete punishment to offenders. The conditions of a non-hazing regime have, on the whole, been satisfactory. New problems, however, have arisen which cannot be referred to precedent. If, in some cases there is dissatisfaction, we should not blame it upon the Freshmen or Sophomores as classes, or the Student Council as a body executive, but rather blame it upon the irresponsible individual, or upon inexperience which next year will have ripened into understanding.

We would call attention to the fact that the Senior members of the Board retire with the next issue. There will then be four vacancies which will be filled up as soon as possible. The editor has tried to interview the men interested in literary work, but if he has overlooked anyone, he will be very glad if that man will make himself known. We trust that at our next meeting we shall have a large number of manuscripts to consider.

EXCHANGES

IN glancing over the November list a reference to Shaw is noticeable. "He started in to be original, then to be revolutionary, then to revolutionize everything," or, as one of the country's great men puts it, "Shaw keeps the drink of literature in a continual state of effervescence." We do not feel qualified to state whether this kind of writing is better suited to impress one's ideas on the public than a more conventional one, but in dealing with many college literary efforts, for whose existence there can be no satisfactory explanation, any effervescence causing a ripple to o'erflow the banks of legendary custom, has at least the merit of enriching a virgin soil which may or may not produce a grain acceptable to the dyspeptic subscriber. The reflection is strange. From the snowy peaks of the New Hampshire hills to the rolling Roanoke do collegiate saws, under various stimuli, twist the favorite lock, hum the constant tune, and produce the soul-sprung drops of emotion which eventually flow through the time-worn rut to the waste basket. That is the great majority (we have to let ourselves out somewhere), yet how eagerly do we grasp and enjoy something *new*.

The story coming most clearly in this classification goes by the name of its two characters. *The Prophet and the Maid*, in the *Nassau Lit.*, which reminds us somewhat of *The Lightning Conductor*, by "The Williamsons." This is too long to quote in full, and yet would be marred by an extract. You suggest as an alternative "criticism." We do hate to criticise unless too sorely tempted. Not because we are apprehensive of an avenging slap on the wrist, but because we feel that most readers can form a better opinion of a "masterpiece" from one wisely selected paragraph than from an editor's attempt to give a masterly play of words at the expense of the composition, which, far from enlightening the circle as to the merit of the work, according to Meredith, merely tests our appreciation of the humorous. The author of *Richard Feverel* says, "You may estimate your capacity for the comic by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love without loving them the less," for it will be readily admitted that few editorials either change the viewpoint of the reader or bring a modest blush to the sublimated author. The verse coming under the head of *A Departure* goes by the alliterative title of *A Chant of Chance*, in the *Williams*, which we insert:

CHANT OF CHANCE

Monster of small details,
Running by hidden trails,
Leaping where logic fails,
Chance!

Long are thy paths and lone,
 Strange and with sorrows strown,
 Hidden midst all things known,
 Chance!

Life, love, hope, honor, all
 Rise, grow, thrive, wane and fall
 Before thy beck and call,
 Chance!

Justice can make no plea;
 Reason, 'tis nought to thee—
 Pity, 'tis for thy glee,
 Chance!

Spare us in thy advance,
 We cannot guess thy glance,
 Shrouded in circumstance,
 Chance!

However, offsetting the champagne genius, must exist the milk-fed logician who gives his broad day opinions in a wholesome readable style. The author of a treatise on Arnold Bennett headed "The Most Talked of Living Novelist" is one of this type. In the November *Nassau Lit.* he says Bennet's message lies in his almost uncanny knowledge of things feminine and in the significance of the trivial,—that the spiritual man is independent of surroundings, that the mightiest tragedies may be expressed and outwardly revealed in the most paltry events—that is what we may learn. His shortcomings are shown as revealed in the *Old Wives' Tale*, of which is said, "It has the defects of its qualities. One of its chief merits is an atmosphere of wholesome sanity, sense of healthy common sense, which has been as rare as the phoenix in literature of late years. But this common sense brings with it a certain lack which it is not easy to define. It is not a lack of sentiment, for we are glad to be spared sentiment. However, the author seems to be without some feeling for beauty; for instance, he cannot write a convincing love story. Perhaps the trouble is that he cannot deal with the higher emotions."

In the same magazine is the recipient of the second laurel. It goes by the name of *King of the Tyrant Saurians*, which is weird, original, and quite awe-producing. Although the plot could be classed as the

vagary of a learned zoölogist and labeled a work of science, we prefer to take it as a flight of an imagination excited by questionable means. Anyone who in a fever-dream has found himself entangled in bewildering toils of fancy can sympathize with the festive Tyrannosaurus as he pursues the horny-headed Triceratops through the mesozoic jungle "with a tenacity of purpose common to creatures of a low order of intelligence." The only point we would bring to the author's attention is that the strain of working out the entomologies of the multitudinous saurians which inhabited our shores in the late upper Cretaceous period leaves the reader in a degree of mental "soreness" (this pun is inevitable for a certain class of minds) entirely dependent upon the vividness of his recollection of Greek roots. We give an extract which, while spoiling the effect of the story, may partly free us from any injury resulting from the late subtle word-play. This describes the age of the setting.

"The dorsal fin of the Ichthyosaur no longer cut a path across the ocean's surface. Brontosaur and Stegosaur no longer dragged their unwieldy bulks through the marshy jungle; and their survivors were an ever-waning band. The Pterosaur was passing from the air, the Elasmosaur and Mosasaur were passing from the sea—on every hand the empire of the Reptile was crumbling into ruin. But just as earth's shadows grow hugest and strangest in the light of the setting sun, so in the hour of their twilight did the few surviving species of the giant lizards outdo themselves in the monstrous and bizarre forms which they assumed." This will well repay a moment's attention.

Passing from the dusky twilight of the reptilian age we enter *The Thick Darkness* without going out of cover. This is near the other shore of the conventional stream and is about as different as Bernard Shaw from Marie Corelli. The characters are well drawn and the sentiment is sensible and strong. We thought its chief merit lay in beauty of description. Of which a sample: "The evening was as restful as the day had been tiresome. Out of the terrace breathed a veritable fairyland. Subdued lights of faint pink and green cast magic colors on the marble columns and floor of the long pergola. The broad flight of steps seemed to stretch down to the water's edge, and even out beyond into the sea, for the moon had painted a bright pathway of her own across the waves. The dancing silhouettes of the little fishing boats cast long quivering shadows over the silver of the water. The air was redolent with the odor of roses and mignonette. Downward from the balcony at the summit of the cliff, now throbbing loud and clear, and now suddenly dying away as the breeze shifted, echoed the strains of a bewitching waltz. Over all, the star-studded heavens and the magic of an Italian night."

We could, for our next quotation, go *Out of the Night* in the same issue, but as the plot is an old one and mystic revelation is our theme we will seek to enshroud us in the Tartarean gloom of the *Shadows* and *Night's World*. The former is from the *Nassau Lit.* and our last from the *Vassar*, both of which we enjoy and are happy to print, in the hope that such a type will multiply.

SHADOWS

The deep dark shadows of the night
 Beneath the foliage, rustling slow,
 Of towering elms that bar the light
 Down-shining from twin stars aglow,
 Are like thy tresses raven black,
 Deep down upon thine ivory brow;
 But stars their brightness seemed to lack
 When thou didst raise thine eyes but now.

NIGHT'S WORLD.

The breath of flowers is in the night—
 Who knows what gracious blooms lie hid
 Close in the forest's heart all light
 With moon-streaks pale, or yet amid
 The moon-flushed meadows wide?

Canst feel the hidden life of things?
 The sleeping things that flit or fly;
 The many moths with folded wings
 That on protecting tree-trunks lie?
 The fear-swift squirrel asleep?

Night's world lives in the dark, and grows—
 Vines push their tendrils on along
 And up; flowers reach; the quick stream flows;
 Birds' throats stir with the unborn song;
 —Night dreams to-morrow's joys!

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

'67

Dr. Richard M. Jones, president of Penn Charter School, has superintended the issue of the Catalogue of Graduates recently published. As this contains the records, both during their school careers and since, of some seventy Haverford College graduates, it will be of interest to the Alumni.

'82

Dr. G. A. Barton read a paper at the meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, held in New York on December 29, on *The Hebrew Originals of the Names of Angels and Demons in Ethiopic Enoch*.

'85

In addition to those Alumni in collegiate positions whose names we published last month we add the following: '85, A. W. Jones, Wichita; '02, A. D. Schrag, Nebraska; '04, W. T. Hilles, University of the Philippines.

'92

Stanley R. Yarnall has been made treasurer of the *Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States of America*.

'93

The engagement of Carroll B. Jacobs and Miss Frances Brooks, of West Chester, is announced.

'94

At the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association at Chicago, December 27, 28, and 29, a paper was presented by Professor W. W. Comfort, of Cornell, on *Some Old French Uncles and Nephews*.

Ex-'94

M. M. Miller lectured on December 8th before several hundred students of the College of Civil Engineering, Cornell University, on *A Trip Across Panama; Life and Conditions on the Canal Zone*. The lecture was illustrated with government slides and was received with great favor.

'97

R. C. McCrea was this year made Professor of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania.

M. P. Darlington was a member of the jury that acquitted the Coatesville lynchers.

On November 28th the Class of '97 held its annual reunion and dinner at the College. A large number of members attended, in spite

of the weather, and after hearing letters of greeting from absent members elected the following officers: President, Elliott Field; Vice-President, C. H. Howson; Secretary, B. R. Hoffman.

'98

Walter C. Janney has entered the house of Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler, bankers and brokers, South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

'00

A son—Francis—was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Eshleman on December 7th at their home, 79 Brook Hill Road, Milton, Massachusetts.

Captain J. Addison Logan, U. S. A., sailed on the "Olympic" on December 9th for France, where he will spend two months on some special work for the War Department.

A son, Robert J. Burdette, 3d, was born to Robert J. Burdette, Jr., at his residence, 20 Harmony Place, Salt Lake City.

'03

There is a movement among the undergraduates for raising money to help R. L. Simpkin in the special need he has of funds during the revolution in China. It is expected that considerably more will be raised this year than last, when the need was not so urgent.

'04

E. P. West is a salesman in the Detroit office of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

'06

The engagement is announced of Henry W. Doughten and Miss Florence Cazenove Jones, daughter of Mr. Frank Cazenove Jones, of New York.

'07

C. R. Hoover is teaching at Penn College—not at Pennsylvania, as was stated in last month's HAVERFORDIAN.

'08

A son, Fisher Corlies, 2nd, was born to Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bailey.

'09

Henry A. Doak has been appointed to a position at Dartmouth College.

J. W. Crowell delivered an address on Molière before the *Cercle Français* of the University of Pennsylvania on December 7th.

'10

E. W. David has been promoted to the Enosburgh, Vermont, branch of the *Hires' Condensed Milk Company*.

C. M. Froelicher is teaching English at Gilman Country School, Baltimore, Maryland.

Ex-'10

P. J. Baker has won the First Whewell Prize in International Law at Cambridge University.

'11

H. G. Taylor and F. O. Tostenson, of last year's soccer team, are now playing for Moorestown Field Club. J. S. Stokes, '89; J. W. Nicholson, Jr., '07, and H. A. Furness, '10, are also on the team.

Le Roy Jones has been very successful in raising money for an endowment fund for *Oak Grove Seminary*. He has been in Wyoming for his health this fall.

A. S. Young is with the Leeds & Northrup Company, of Germantown, manufacturers of electrical measuring instruments.

J. W. Tebbetts is in the Actuarial Department of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, N. J.

The last news THE HAVERFORDIAN has had of L. A. Post is that he was recovering rapidly from his operation for appendicitis and expected to go home for Christmas.

Ex-'12

Charles H. Wetzel, now a junior at Cornell, recently made a flight in his glider of five hundred feet, forty feet above ground, which exceeds the intercollegiate record.

Edwin A. Russell has been transferred by the Haines, Jones & Cadbury Company to their branch house at Richmond, Virginia.

The engagement of Miss Constance MacDonnell Crittenden to John B. Lowry is announced.

Ex-'13

Alfred Redfield is now on the board of the *Harvard Lampoon*.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: We here publish three letters in reference to *Graduate Interest in Undergraduate Life*. Unless the writer of the article in the December issue wishes to make a reply, we shall consider the discussion closed.

HAVERFORD GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES

We as alumni want to feel that undergraduates are not only conducting themselves and directing their activities in those channels which will make them fine and well-developed men, but also to know that they are being helped and urged along such lines by a body of instructors absolutely fitted for their work—the turning out of a “Picked Body” of men.

Some of us who have been watching the graduating classes of recent years believe that these “Picked Men” are being turned out at Haverford. And if this is so, are not these men, conscious of what their Alma Mater has done for them, the kind of loyal alumni a college like Haverford has need of? Look at the list, in the December issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN, of over fifty of our graduates who are instructing classes in thirty-two colleges. Are they not doing Haverford honor? And if so, are they not loyal alumni? Must we have them and hundreds of others of our alumni rushing back from all parts of the land to fawn over and caress the undergraduate in his rooms or at his play! The undergraduate, drooping and languishing forsooth (?) for such attentions!

My contention is that our alumni should be ever zealous for the college; to see to it that she aims high and true, that she will continue to train a “Picked Body” of men who will take high positions in every walk of life; broad-gauge men, men of convictions, men who will sway public opinion, men who will know how to live sane lives, men who, when their positions call for it, will develop “Executive Ability,” if you please! And if the alumni are zealous for the college, it follows that they will give loyal support to the things in or at the college that are essential to her well-being. Sports are essential, buildings are essential, and a faculty to insure to us a grateful and zealous alumni is essential.

Fortunate indeed are those of us who are given the opportunity to visit occasionally the dear old college haunts and so to renew our youth and to get into intimate touch with the life in the college; to applaud the

To the Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN:

DEAR SIR:—Allow me, as a quondam editor, to congratulate you upon your having published an article which has evoked so much discussion on the part of the alumni. I refer, of course, to the letter in your December issue which criticised the apparent estrangement between the older and younger generations of Haverford graduates. It is perhaps because there is a modicum of truth in that criticism that we have given it serious attention, instead of merely grunting: "Sorehead."

I think there is no doubt that some such feeling of strangeness toward each other does exist; and the younger graduates are the ones who feel it most. I should wager (if I were a betting man) that the author of the above-mentioned letter graduated during the last decade. Many of the older alumni admit that they do not go out of their way to make the acquaintance of their younger brethren, and ask, "Why should we?" But the majority of us are quite willing to be friendly, provided we do not have to derogate from our own dignity by taking the first step.

There is no reason why one Haverford man should not be glad to meet another. I happen to be a graduate of a large university; I must confess it gives me no more pleasure to meet a fellow alumnus of that institution than if he were a non-college man. But I am always sincerely glad to make the acquaintance of a Haverford graduate. You don't have to inquire what fraternity or club he belongs to before making up your mind to like him. You know that it is impossible for him to have spent four years there, without becoming a gentleman in the true sense. At any rate, you are willing to take a chance on it. I know men who, without having seen our Alma Mater or heard of her many advantages, held her in high esteem because of the character of the Haverford men they had met. Isn't that sufficient reason why we should not be ashamed to know each other?

I think one reason for our lack of congeniality is the absence of a cosmopolitan spirit; and this is fostered by the small size and secluded situation of our college. In the formative period of youth, which includes our undergraduate days, we fight shy of persons whose ideals differ considerably from our own. This is due to a natural spirit of self-preservation. Later on we learn that we can shake hands with a man without compromising our own individuality. There are perhaps some who never reach this stage; there are a few who don't want to. But I prefer to think that the fault lies in provincialism rather than snobbishness. At a large university you are continually being introduced to your fellow-students, because nobody takes it for granted that you know each other, and this continues after you become an alumnus. But among Hav-

erford alumni it is presumed that each knows the other (a presumption contrary to fact in nine cases out of ten) and the result is that no one takes the trouble to introduce one group of friends to another. Thus it happens that a man's acquaintance is limited to the fellows who attended college when he did, plus a very few whom he meets in business. There are two ways, it would seem, to overcome this. One is to speak to your fellow-alumnus without waiting for an introduction; a method which, though the acme of common sense, does not appeal to many Philadelphians. The other is to see that you introduce any two Haverfordians whom you suspect to be unacquainted with each other; and to seek introductions to as many alumni as possible yourself.

There may be those who feel that their dignity would be compromised by a too ready handshake. If such there be, let us suggest to them that they "throw the bluff" of being glad to see us, at least at the alumni dinner, and, if they can stand it, at all regular Haverford functions. Let the doctors treat us as cordially as they do their patients; the lawyers, their clients; the ministers, the members of their flocks. It is surprising how often these pretenses ripen into real friendship. Ignorance of each other breeds prejudice and distrust; let us get acquainted; we'll probably like each other; and if not, there's no harm done.

ALUMNUS.

THE TRUTH WE CONCEAL

All Nature's better gifts did seem to shun
The desolate bareness of that lonely shore,
And sharing discord's lot the distant Sun
Imparted a twofold heat from out her store.
With voiceless roar, the great remorseless sea
Advanced; devouring earth and rock apace,—
Sending to piteous death a single tree,
The dying emblem of forgotten grace.
Yet does the germ of power fostered there—
With hate engendered, soulless, mute and gray—
Up-rise and force the powerless land to bear
A grave indenture to her proud array.
Afar, the Muse a passing glimpse reveals,—
And even from self the untold truth conceals.

F. M. F., '13.

THE MAIDEN FROM CHICKERABOO

I.

She was a maiden from Chickeraboo—
Chickeraboo in the southern seas;
There, where the moon with pallid rays,
Tinges the tree-tops and gilds the bays,
There with her father she spent her days
Far in the southern seas.

II.

But a girl can't live always in Chickeraboo—
Chickeraboo in the southern seas;
So her father he blest her, and bade her go
North for two thousand of miles or so,
Where people don't hear of and scarcely know,
The isles of the southern seas.

III.

Nor was it the same as in Chickeraboo—
Chickeraboo in the southern seas.
They gilded the lily, and dyed her hair;
Not even the natives, she knew, would dare
Such filmy and nothingy gowns to wear,
Far in the southern seas.

IV.


She liked it better than Chickeraboo—
Chickeraboo in the southern seas;
Where no one gave dances and no one placed
An arm round her daintily curved young waist,
And 'ere very long she had lost all taste
For isles in the southern seas.

V.

Her father still lingers in Chickeraboo—
Chickeraboo in the southern seas;
But she is espoused to a wealthy clown,
With seat in the country, and house in town,
And motors to carry her up and down,
But NOT to the southern seas.

L. B. L., '14.

HOW TO PLAY THE GAME

O begin with, I was a bachelor. Circumstance, not convictions, was responsible. And my best friend, my old chum Farrell, with his good nature and impenetrable cranium, was in the same case. But I have always liked Farrell in spite of his lack of humor. He is sincere in what he says and does. He has never had many friends, but I want to mention one, Miss Anisette Heulings, because I could not tell this story without her. Dick Farrell and I had graduated together and set up as partners, even living in the same "Bachelor's Apartments" five flights up. So it was natural that I should have come to know about Anisette. Dick spoke to her using her full name, but he spoke of her as "Nan." There was very little, to Dick's way of thinking, which was too good for Nan, and our conversations about her were frequent. Sometimes he would break a silence with words such as these: "I may be slow, or it may . . . it may be Nan's fault, but here I've know her four years and I absolutely can't tell if she likes me any better than any other of her friends."

He generally laid part of the blame at Nan's door, saying she had never given him any encouragement. At such times I very often lost my patience and exclaimed,

"Why don't you *do* something. You stand around with admiring eyes and a long face and let another fellow step into the line in front of you. *She's* not going to make love to *you*! Can't you see she may be getting to like you less because you don't seem to have any,—any . . . Oh! Can't you see you're asleep, man! Wake up and *do* something!"

One day in early February we were sitting, as we often did, in our apartment playing euchre. The game was not very exciting and soon we were discussing the inevitable topic. Dick told me how he had failed to procure a dance with Nan two evenings before. He was naturally hurt. He didn't enjoy dancing particularly. Moreover, he never went to a dance unless Anisette was going. I agreed with him that it was "tough." Then the usual happened. I began to scold him without any effect but that he lapsed into silence and changed the subject. We talked on for several minutes, when without warning Dick threw down his hand and exclaimed, "Look here! You've been drumming at me for the past two years to 'do something.' You say I haven't any nerve. Well, what in the name of common sense would you do?"

He paused and, as I made no comment, continued sarcastically: "You stay around here and you know girls. You've had lots of experience. There were Lotta and Minnie and Charlotte and—Irene (he was

counting on his fingers) and Polly and the whole bunch. Now what I want to know is how you work it. Emily Bartol was the last. Why if you have one necktie you have two dozen, and each one done by a different girl. What's the idea? Tell me the particular history of that hideous pink and scarlet creation you've got on now." (I was wearing the tie purely from sentiment.)

I debated a moment before I made this confession:

"Just a year ago I decided to try an experiment and went to town with the intention of buying eighteen valentines. I lost one and was stranded without anything for Emily Bartol. I racked my brains until I was tired and then, when I sat down to play some solitaire, I thought of sending her the ace of hearts. I did and got an answer, the two of hearts. The message was evident and the necktie followed as a matter of course."

Dick yawned and said nothing. I put up the cards and, having said good-night, retired, leaving poor old Dick sitting, thinking, and worrying.

A few days later I was playing at solitaire, mainly because I had found a new pack of cards in the drawer of our study table. It took about ten minutes to discover there was no ace of hearts in the pack. It was gone, there was no doubt of it. I got Dick and asked him where the ace was.

"Why," he spoke in a strained, surprised way, "Isn't it in the pack?"

"No, and you know it isn't. You took it out and sent it to Nan. In other words, you have done something."

Dick blushed. I reached out and shook his hand. There are few things which build up friendship and strengthen it as does the discovery of some new virtue or strength, however small, in an old friend. Dick at last had taken a positive step. And that is why my hand and my heart went out to my chum. I found that his grasp was firmer than usual, and I rejoiced.

"Will she know who sent it?" I asked.

"I think she knows my writing. I—I forgot to disguise it." He blushed again.

And as we stood there the postman came. There was a little blue envelope which Dick pounced upon and tore open. It contained a card—the Jack of Hearts.

Dick's face was a study. His surprise was evident, but underlying it I thought I could see hope and despair wrestling together as he tried to solve the riddle. Hope broke down first and with a sob the card was thrown on to the table. When he spoke his words were low and bitter.

"So you are her answer! I am a jack, a harmless dunce when it comes to love. Is not this heart of mine more than that? Is my greatest, my best hope to be choked because of a little painted piece of cardboard? If you had been a queen! I have sent an ace and I have lost the trick to . . . Harry! Boys! Look! The Jack! It's the bower, the right bower! Hearts are trumps! Harry, she took the ace. Oh thou blessed jack. Thou double face!" He turned the card critically and beamed his joy all over it.

I reached out and took the card. "Which is the top?" I asked him.

"Does it make any difference?" he queried.

"Well," I added, "the message is as bad as the card, double-faced, and you had better make perfectly sure of your message before you buy your engagement ring."

When I went to bed that night I left Dick sitting before the fire with the Jack of Hearts in his fingers, turning it from time to time trying to decide which was the top end. How long he sat I don't know, but next morning he had hollows under his eyes and he yawned profusely.

Two nights later found us in our study again, Dick morose and jubilant by turns. I suggested euchre. For the first time in two years he refused,

"You don't want to play now, do you?"

"Yes," I replied, "and you are going to play."

"But there isn't any ace."

"I substituted a two spot and began sorting the cards."

"I'm tired. Don't sort the cards. I don't want to play."

A horrible suspicion came over me. I ran over the cards rapidly.

"Dick," I shouted, "where's the joker?"

He started part way from his seat and then settling down again answered: "Why, I saw it there yesterday. It ought to be there now."

"Look here," I said, confronting him, "what in heaven's name have you done with the joker?"

"The joker? Oh yes—why—I took it out of the pack."

"And sent it to Anisette!"

"How did you know I did?"

"You idiot," I howled at him. "What sort of a mess are you making of this thing anyway?"

"Mess?" he said indignantly. "I'm not making any mess. I sat up pretty late night before last and I thought this out thoroughly. I know what I'm doing. I decided Nan wouldn't have done anything so mean as to have sent me an ordinary Jack of Hearts. Nan isn't that kind. She sent the right bower. *That's settled!* I wanted to clinch the bargain and

for unity's sake sent her the joker. That's the only card will take the right. You see how it all goes. She gets my joker—"

"Yes," I broke in, "she gets your joker. She gets a card with a picture of a fool on it and *Joker* in big type down one side of it, and what will she think? There are only two cards to a trick. What will she interpret it as? Can't you see the joker is as double-faced a card as the jack? And suppose in a joking way she should throw you over and in a joking way get engaged to someone else. I warrant you wouldn't see the joke."

Dick's flushed face grew paler, and when I had finished, his jaw dropped and his lower lip quivered. His fists were unclashed.

"Well," he began brokenly, "it's all your miserable fault. If you hadn't started me on the thing I wouldn't have gone in for it any way. You began it and now I'm in a hole. She'll think I meant I was only joking, and what will happen to me? I think you're stupid." He threw himself into the Morris chair and gazed blankly into the empty fireplace.

"Oh, it's not as bad as all that," I said with my face as straight as I could keep it. "She probably has enough common sense to see what you mean and she won't go back on you on account of a little thing like that. Cheer up. You have undoubtedly proved you have some gumption. When I contemplate the marvelous audacity required to send a valentine to a strange young woman you have only known three or four years, I stand amazed. It's appalling."

"Look here, Harry," the tones were pleading, "this may look like a joke to you, but it's a good deal different to me. It's only too serious. Suppose she misunderstands my joker?"

"I don't know," I said. "She might return your ace, or throw away on it. She might not send anything back."

"And if she does understand."

"You might get a two or a queen of hearts or an ace of hearts from another pack."

And so we speculated, waiting for the postman to arrive. Bridget knocked at the door and entered with an unconcealed smirk, while she tendered a tray to Farrell on which lay a card face downward. It was an odd looking card, not quite the regulation size. It suggested "authors" or maybe "old maid." Dick took the card and turned it over. It was one of those extra cards which come with games and across the top was printed "*Directions How to Play the Game.*"

And Dick scratched his chin.

Bridget's melodious tones broke the spell. "Please, sir, the lady wants to know is there an answer."

For once he thought quickly. He seized one card from the pack and disappeared, leaving me agape and Bridget breathless. I heard him descending the stairs in wild flying leaps.

I sorted the pack. The suit of diamonds lacked an ace.

A. L. B., '12.

PAULINE

I see her as she used to be
A little girl who played with me,
With laughing eyes and curly locks,
Climbing on the kelpy rocks,
Running on the wave-wet beach,
Dancing just beyond my reach;
A brown-eyed fairy-child was she—
Pauline!

She's taller now, and quite demure
She never races, I am sure.
Her brown bare feet she never shows
When down upon the beach she goes.
But still she leads me as of yore
Ever her sweet laugh rings before
And still I follow, down the shore—
Pauline!

S. W. M., '13.

EAST OF SUEZ

*Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst.*

—Mandalay.

PANAMA and Pith Helmet leaned their elbows on the baked hot railing of a liner as it entered Singapore harbor. Panama watched everything with eyes wide open—that is figuratively speaking, for the glare of the oily sea and the tropical sky narrowed his eyes to slits. But you see Panama had never before leaned his elbows on the railing of a steamer as it approached Tanjong Pagar Dock, while Pith Helmet who took in everything as a matter of course had done that little thing time and again. Moreover, he thought that he knew everything about the Orient because he had cheated Parsee stone dealers in Colombo, while Cantonese silk merchants in Hong Kong were “bally sharp.” Also, I suppose, because whether he stopped at Macao or Aden, he lived in an isolated district called the “foreign settlement,” and men called him “Sahib” and he in turn called men “natives” or “niggers.”

But Pith Helmet was a “white Sahib,” so of course he became homesick at times. He was in one of those strange moods now, as he beheld on the landing, which was growing closer and closer, swarms of things in flowing vagaries of white or dingy yellow—their black heads piled high with turban or with shaved poll naked to the scorching sun. And when he could hear their voices it was a listless sing-song—a kind of drone broken now and then by a gruff oath or a sharp command. These sounds at least were human and as they should be, for they issued from throats which could take two ponies of whisky at one and a half gulps, bull throats of creatures who were frank and manly because they could look straight into your eye—and lie crookedly, who defended their honor with their fists as gorillas do and not with a knife after the manner of Malays.

Pith Helmet shifted his weight to his left leg, gave his hat an impatient jerk downwards and rested his tanned jaws on his palms. Then he tried to whistle “Home, Sweet Home,” but his lips were too dry, so he grunted instead and closed his eyes very slowly after the ways of the East. He could hear the triple-expansions throbbing and pounding in the bowels of the ship, then only the vibration of the railing indicated that the engines were moving at all—a jinrickshaw rattled along the Bund. The whistle of the Johor Bharu accommodation echoed from the depths of the jungle. Suddenly the massive hull creaked from plate to plate, the

wire roping on the masts rattled, a swirling and hissing to the stern, and the twin propellers began to back water. Again a pause, then cra—sh—cree—k! The thirty-three inch timbers on the wharf groaned horribly; someone on the bridge above spoke, a British tar on the main deck answered, "Right-o, Sir!" and swore loudly at the Chinese crew.

They in turn shouted to the Malays on the wharf below. Then there was a great shuffling of sandaled feet as of a crowd pushing backwards. A whiz and a splash—an oath from the tar: the first rope had fallen short. A whiz and a thud, and nimble hands secured the eight-inch hawsers to the thirty-three-inch timbers. A rattling of donkey engines, general pandemonium of jarring creaks and the liner was at rest.

But the chatter of the Malays was not the gruff dialect of Liverpool docks; the sultry blaze, the sympathetic "Henglish drizzle" of London fogs; nor the shu-shu of sandals, the tread of leather boots on "guttie pavin'-stones." And Pith Helmet sighed.

Just then he heard the rustle of pongee. His eyes ran along the railing until they fixed upon a pair of slender hands delicately gloved in silk. Leaning over them, peering into the dense throng on the landing, was the face of a young girl. Her light blue eyes sparkled with happiness, her lips curved slightly as with expectancy and the warm blush upon her cheeks was the bloom of a life spent among the heaths and lanes of England.

Pith Helmet gazed with eyes wide open—not figuratively speaking either. To be sure he knew lots of girls—even some of the native girls were pretty and besides there were the daughters of European merchants who resided in all the ports of the Orient—only they smoked cigarettes, rode in chairs, whipped their carriers and the heat either tanned them or turned their complexion into a sickly gray. Yet at so lovely a sight, if Pith Helmet had been sentimental, he would have thought of the days when he was a youth and a lover, but instead he nudged Panama in the ribs. The latter had just taken a snap-shot of three Burmese flower-girls who were posing on the wharf as a bit of local color.

"Deucedly fine girl—who is she?"

Panama closed his camera with a click and lit a cigarette.

"Why, she's come all way through. She was at our table when I got on at Genoa. Jolly cute girlies, don't you think? They're heathen, too."

"Yes, Burma girls, but—"

"Oh, yes, of course—"

*By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me."*

"Jolly little you know! Pipe the poetry and now to prose. Who is *she*?"

"Her name is Rae McDonald. She's been engaged for three years to a subaltern here. I suppose she's looking for him in the crowd—then the joyous meeting—a few tears—kisses and they're off on a honeymoon."

"Has he been in Singapore three years?"

"I suppose so."

"Hm."

And Pith Helmet's eyelids drooped one fraction of an inch and he nibbled his moustache a wee bit.

Just then the throng to the rear of the wharf opened up to let someone through. Those at a distance craned their necks, a little boy clad in a red loin cloth and turban dived between putteed legs and bare calves to satisfy his curiosity. Arriving at a good viewpoint he screeched.

"Two Sahibs—and one has quenched his thirst!"

Those nearby pretended not to notice, for 'tis not well to be too interested in a Sahib-across-the-seas after he has drunk. Those at a distance snickered just a little bit because it was really too flat to laugh loudly at so common a sight.

He who had "quenched his thirst" was stumbling along supported by a compatriot. In one hand he clutched his helmet, the other he flapped towards the steamer. He stopped, jerked his companion to a sudden halt and grabbed the khaki jacket of an old Hindoo whom he was just passing. The old man turned, clinked his bare heels together as though booted and spurred and raised his hand to his turban in a salute. On his faded brown coat was a bronze decoration given to those who fought in the Burma wars. The Sahib put his arm affectionately around the astonished veteran and stroked his grizzled beard.

"Jolly glad to see you, you know. It's been a deucedly long time—hic—hasn't it, dear?"

Then his maudlin fingers dropped to toy with the medal. His foolish flushed face paled with resentment.

"Who the devil gave you that?"

"Sir, the Colonel Sahib of the Seventh—"

The compatriot jerked his companion away and leaned him against the gangplank which had just been lowered to the wharf. The petty officer stationed at the foot pushed the tipsy Sahib away. He landed in a heap at the feet of the crowd.

The passengers were beginning to disembark. Then Panama, who had been guffawing loudly at the whole procedure, and Pith Helmet, who had looked on in silence, both started.

A slim figure had glided hurriedly down the gangway, stooped and lifted the drunkard to his feet. She brushed away the dust with her handkerchief, then gently—very gently indeed—kissed him on the forehead.

“Come, dear it is only I.”

And as the crowd fell back to let them pass, one could have heard the bellow of buffalo on the paddies beneath the distant heights of Bukit Timah.

Y. N., '15.

SUNRISE

Clothing and guarding the valley:
To its beauties a veil undrawn—
Hung a mystical mist, still awaiting the tryst
Of the Sun and the East at Dawn.

Far above in the sky soared an eagle,
With pride in his powerful flight;
And with careless disdain surveyed his domain:
Watched the waning and passing of night.

Far beneath in the hush of the Earth,
Yearning for morning's sweet air:
Watched a mouse from his hole—'till his rebel soul
Shivered and shrank in despair.

Reposing, the great green Hills
Seemed dumbly to utter a prayer
To the God of all light—the dispeller of night:—
To the God of the upper air.

Through the stillness, intense and expectant,
Thrilled the Sun's first throbbing ray
And in message of gold incontestably told
Of the glorious presence of Day.

F. M. F., '13.

EDITORIAL

A FEW SUGGESTIONS



HIS number completes the thirty-third volume of THE HAVERFORDIAN, and it seems not unfitting as we turn through another cycle, to consider our weaknesses as a magazine and to try to formulate our ideals for volume thirty-four. Of necessity we speak to the undergraduates in particular, yet we shall endeavor not to weary the uninitiated by technicalities or to exasperate the learned by our simplicity.

THE HAVERFORDIAN is primarily to stimulate literary interest among the students. That interest at present is somewhat active, but not active enough. A few men contribute regularly, but the college as a whole takes no part in our work. This, however, is not very surprising in a small college, but it is surprising that of the sixteen men holding the Corporation Scholarships—supposedly the scholastic leaders—only two are members of the Board. The men who are best prepared for this work should not need drumming up, but should be willing to use their ability where it will count. In a college magazine there is opportunity for a man to develop his literary ability along whatever line he pleases. But in all his work he should keep his feet on the ground. No one wants to read unintelligible ravings even if they are of the priest of Apollo. If we may use an old rule of rhetoric—*Have something to say, then say it.*

On first thought we naturally decide that we have nothing to say. Nonsense! We have merely never considered the matter enough to know. If we are not sightless, senseless automatons we can write in at least one of three departments. We refer of course to the short story, the essay, or article, and verse, arranged in a scale of ascending development of personality and probably of descending difficulty. We admit that the last statement is open to serious objection.

Our idea of the short story is that it should be clever and of human interest. It is the preponderating element in our college magazines and hence should be neither too light (frothy) nor too heavy. This, we think, has been our weakest point during the past year. Some of the stories have been clever, others woefully the reverse. Our ideal short story should lead up to a definite climax, and then come to a close as soon as is possible. If we may address ourselves directly to our contributors—Do not put a moral at the end! (That smacks of the prep. school rhetoric, yet frequently we have had to write new endings for stories because the

writer, fearing lest he might number an imbecile among his readers, had ended with unnecessary reflections and *Thou shalt not.*) Then, too, make your story deal with ultimate happiness of real people. It is true that the lives of all of us must be mixed with sorrow, yet when we read a college magazine we want to be entertained, moved if you will, but to put down the story with a feeling that *all's right with the world.*

In our opinion, it is extremely difficult for even an exceptionally brilliant student to write an objective essay unless it is the result of personal observation or a digest of undigested material. Otherwise it is liable to be a rehash of other essays or articles. That is, we do not recommend articles on Emigration or "appreciations" of Thackeray. Those are well enough for the classroom, but not for publication. THE HAVERFORDIAN needs the subjective essay—not of the mushy variety—but at least with some individuality. If you will, read the great thinkers, the great stylists, but when you write, do not let them influence you too much. Do not give us Darwin or Carlyle or Emerson: give us yourself. Understand them, but do not let them obscure the little flame of genius that is in everyone but which, because it is small and flickering, takes little to quench it.

We place verse in the third position because, as the natural means of expression of all people just grasping at literature, it is peculiarly adapted to the development of individuality, and is also capable of the greatest beauty in execution. There is a division of opinion as to whether humorous or serious verse should predominate in a magazine like THE HAVERFORDIAN. We believe that both have their place, but incline toward the serious because it tends to develop a man's deeper nature, and because the average undergraduate cannot write good *vers de société*. If you can write this type of verse, cultivate your talent. We would add a word about form. A great deal depends on the choice of metre. Do not carry Ophelia to her grave to the lilt of

*Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,*

or dance to

*Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known.*

Whatever form of verse you use be sure that you use it correctly. Be sparing of allusions. Use them only when they are especially apt or add force and beauty to your meaning. Choose every word carefully, and in everything that you write, polish and re-polish, cross out and re-

write until you are at least almost satisfied. Then hand it to THE HAVERFORDIAN.

We cannot claim that the present volume has even approached our ideal. Yet we do not apologize; we want volume thirty-four to show a decided improvement over its predecessor. It will be possible to bring about this improvement only by an increased effort on the part of the men in college. It is your magazine. It bears the name of the college. Do not write merely to be elected to the Board, although that means participation in a college activity which lasts not three months, but nine. Write because you want Haverford to put out the best college magazine in the country and because it can become the best only with your help.

THE HAVERFORDIAN will continue under the same editor-in-chief for another year. The editor wishes to express to the retiring members of the Board his appreciation of their harmonious co-operation with him in both the literary and routine work of this volume.

We announce with pleasure the election to the Board of Editors of Stephen Warren Meader, '13; Francis Mitchell Froelicher, '13; Leonard Blackledge Lippmann, '14, and Yoshio Nitobé, '15; also Rowland Stanton Phillips, '14, as Business Manager.

EXCHANGES

"'Foreman Giles has put the steam roller into its little coop for the winter.'—*East Hartford Gazette*. Who says sentiment is dying out in the United States?"



HIS shameless unveiled allusion to the existence of a Factor in life other than the Unfortunately Obvious is found in the January *Lampoon*. But for the sly odor of cynicism, this artful touch would most amply suffice to introduce "The Dreamer" in the *Amherst Monthly* a sincere attempt to re-sublimate the idealist in this academic and Socratean age of "reason why." An age which, when history repeats itself twelve times per annum and transforms Artemus Ward into Henry James; so do our viewpoints vary from month to month. But we would fain return and annoy *The Dreamer* with some correlative chatter. His type is by no means scarce, yet exasperation at the persistent thrusts of "lady's page" humorists and mathematicians and others has all but rendered him obsolete.

The essay is one whose nature lays the ban on originality and also necessitates sincere conviction; unoriginal because universally apparent

and arising from convictions because true. The writer attempts to analyze *The Dreamer*, perhaps never more perfectly described than in the lines of Blake, long since become proverbial, as the one who is able

*"To see the world in a grain of sand
And heaven in a flower."*

Doubtless the reason why this theme is most constantly chosen by the poet lies in the fact that for him it is most easy. The above lines, for instance, embody every phase of the thought touched on by the essay and even more, they are a part of the subject—The Beautiful. It is quite evident that here lies the difference between poetry and prose. One attempts to account for the existence of a dream; the other by the omission of commonplace antecedents enshrouds the description in a mystery which is the dream. We liked the following in that the writer does not consider the treatment of a vital subject too common to be unattempted. "This is an age of work, a busy, worldly age. . . . We worship Thor and Zeus and not Venus and Apollo; we strive with frenzied zeal to place ourselves at blind Plutus' feet and crush with iron heel the nurtured beauties of Ceres' smiling heaths and Gæa's marvelous wonders. . . . We divert our grand Niagaras from their courses where the music of their falling torrents strikes a thunderous strain in Nature's great oratorio, and we transform their rugged magnificence into heat and light and power. . . . There is, there must be, need of the practical man, who can, with steady hand, grasp the throbbing pulse of the world of work, and quicken its heart-beat with his controlling touch. But there is also need of the thinker, the dreamer, the man whose active mind, whose keener vision, by the light of his imagination and hope, can see beyond the narrow horizon of the wholly practical, the commonplace things that be, the reality, to the nobler, the grander things that may be, the ideality. Deep, deep down in the heart of every man born into this world is implanted a tiny spark of celestial fire, an instinct, a love for beauty in nature, art and music, an indefinite yearning for the things of the unseen world—the experiences of the imaginative mind."

Perhaps those who have not turned from this train of thought in disgust may be interested to apply one of the chief powers for enlightenment which H. G. Wells bestows on the Contemporary Novel, to all kinds of imaginative writing. (We refrained from the word fiction in order to lend dignity to the type of essay now on the rack.) "This power exists in part in the opportunity for the introduction of the author's personality."

In the college magazine world this introduction rarely if ever occurs,

but rather the attitude is one of lofty tolerance and a rivalry in cleverness, the "ten-minute" kind, which causes one to curse his density somewhat needlessly. Should not we pass a more pleasant hour with the average college production did its perpetrator obey the injunction of Childe Harold and—

*"Admire, exhalt, despise, laugh, weep, for here
There is much matter for all feeling"?*

Cleverness in itself is mainly beneficial in so far as it calls down reproach upon its own head and makes clear the vanity of flippant speech for its own sake. Perhaps this clumsy pass at a thought can be aided by a re-quotation of Oscar Wilde, in the *Vassar*, from *The Importance of Being Earnest*:

"*Algernon*: All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his.

"*Jack*: Is that clever?

"*Algernon*: It is perfectly phrased! And quite as true as any observation in civilized life should be.

"*Jack*: I am sick to death of cleverness. Everybody is clever nowadays. You can't go anywhere without meeting clever people. The thing has become an absolute public nuisance. I wish to goodness we had some fools left.

"*Algernon*: We have.

"*Jack*: I should extremely like to meet them. What do they talk about?

"*Algernon*: The fools? Oh, about the clever people, of course."

When this small talk is banished the result is the inevitable and sonorous sermon, usually provoked by a merry whistle or other demonstration of unusual levity when one has just returned to the "try again" stage or has learned that the flowers were sent two days late. It is hardly fair to include an essay in the *Smith* on the "Teaching of French and German in the Grade Schools" in this class, yet a little more artful presentation of interesting facts would perhaps prove an aid to their more general acceptance. To illustrate:

"Every American child should be taught to speak at least one other language besides his own, and he should be taught in youth. No one can expect to attain skill without study, mastery without apprenticeship, and yet that is just what is hoped for under our present system. High school and college training are by no means sufficient to give mastery over a foreign language. At best the language learned in these institutions is only a literary language, a 'paper' French or German. Let it be based on

several years of elementary school training where it is possible to teach the living, spoken language and it will then have its proper value." The article is logical, evidences a careful study of conditions and lacks naught but that quality which attracts the uninterested, is exemplified by Wilde, and nauseates when taken alone.

The words which come directly from a life and are written from an inability to keep silent, so strong is the sense that no one ever felt just so before, are when flavored with a healthy aroma of humor, the best possible introduction of an author's personality. That this class is so small gives rise to the query: Do not contributors as a whole expect to be taken seriously? Why should a misguided sense of American modesty restrain the abolition of any garment which misconstrues or in any wise detracts from the simple naked beauty of a thought, which needs no adornment save the gossamer veil of conventional cleverness to satisfy propriety and arouse interest. Here we should prefer to insert in full "The Traitor," *Williams Lit*, and "Mayhap" from the *University of Virginia Magazine*. This last has the tense illusion which Wells calls the aim of the short story and is in accordance with the requirements of the "sincerity without oppressiveness" class. The tale describes the denouements of a gypsy's prophecy for the two companions of Shakespeare and shows the probable realization of her augury for him. "Thou, too, canst prophesy. Thou art a poet, such as the world hath never seen. Men will revere thee. . . . Thou hast a far-seeing eye, a discerning mind. . . . Thou shalt know a little grief, but it will add to thy glory." There is nothing more worth reading in the January issues, yet the effect of the coloring is totally marred by extract. We run the risk of applying this maltreatment in the hope that the taste may survive: "The three men hurried down Bishopsgate Street into the city. Their long walk through the paved street was made in silence, save for an occasional greeting to a passer-by. At the bridge a jostling horde of men blocked the street.

"Three new traitors," observed Marlowe, pointing to as many grisly heads capping the stakes above the tower. "Fresh ones, I grant, for I cannot smell 'em."

"An' it were possible to squeeze a passage through this rag-tag," said Shakespeare, "I would not do't. Let's to the ferry. I have no desire to rub my shoulder 'gainst a tinker's lowsy beard or a butcher's apron."

"Thou shouldst ha' been a lord, Will," said Marlowe, as they retraced their steps.

"Aye, and thou king."

We found little worthy of note in this month's verse. We enjoyed

"Gray Days" in the *Vassar*, yet give it credit for no more than a desire to describe an actual impression,—and not something to which *she* would fain have been subjected.

GRAY DAYS

There are days at sea when the blue-gray bends
 With a fog that trails where the cloud line ends,
 And a mist descends;
 And you scarcely know, as the ships go by,
 Whether they skim the sea or fly
 On the edge of the sky.

The habiliment of an old doctrine from the *Smith* we think sufficiently meritorious to sanction our desire to print:

THE CASTLE OF DESTINY

I reared a shining castle to the sky,
 And dwelt therein and peopled it with dreams,
 And nightly, blinded by its sparkling gleams,
 I sought to raise the glowing pile so high
 That I might touch the stars. When sweeping by
 A mighty wind made sport of shafts and beams,
 Despoiled my castle, vanquished all my dreams,
 And crushed amid their shattered forms, I try
 To learn my sin.

"Poor child," I seem to hear,

"Hast not yet learned that when a finite plan
 Doth not accord with His own will for man
 The Master Architect must interfere?"

"But how to know the Infinite?" I ask.

"Who builds on joy alone doth build in vain,
 While he who builds on joy o'er conquered pain
 Doth build secure, nor duplicate his task.

If dost not know the rock from shifting sand,
 Leave thou the building for a surer hand."

* * * * *

To-day we build; to-morrow we destroy.

But if amid the wrecks of yesterday

Is *one* spark left to light the morrow's way,

Then, let us bless our toil, and count it joy.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

On Saturday evening, January 27th, the Twenty-fifth Haverford College Alumni Banquet was held in the Clover Room of the Bellevue-Stratford, in Philadelphia. About 200 of the Alumni and undergraduates were present. Dr. Alfred C. Garrett, '87, presided and introduced as speakers: President Isaac Sharpless; Mr. Jerome D. Greene, of the Rockefeller Institute; Dr. W. W. Comfort, '94, and Dr. Cornelius Weygandt, of the University of Pennsylvania. President Sharpless gave a very good speech entitled *The College*. One of the interesting things he said was, that of all men from Philadelphia and the vicinity now in any of the colleges, there are only 350 taking a general course such as is taken at Haverford by all but about twenty students. Half of these 350 men go to the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Green spoke on *The Desirable Solidarity of College Men*. Dr. Comfort gave a short, witty, extemporaneous address in place of the Hon. William A. Blair, '81, Representative from North Carolina, who was unable to attend. Dr. Weygandt spoke on *College Men and the Higher Provincialism*.

The banquet went off with a great deal of enthusiasm and good-fellowship. Printed songs were at each place, and there was lots of singing. The College quartette added to the enjoyment of the occasion. W. W. Justice, Jr., '00, was chairman of the committee that arranged this very successful reunion.

It may be in place to mention here the new edition of Haverford College Songs that is to be published. It is to contain all the songs from the first book that are sung and the new songs now in use. The new edition will be bound in paper and will cost \$1.00. The members of the committee in charge of this work, for which they deserve the thanks of everyone connected with Haverford, are: Ralph Mellor, '99, chairman; Elliott Field, '97; C. L. Seiler, '02; H. M. Thomas, Jr., '12, and K. A. Rhoad, '12. They expect to produce the book about Commencement time. Communications should be sent to the Secretary of Haverford College.

On January 20th, at the Hotel Essex, Boston, a meeting was held of the committee in charge of the annual dinner of the *New England Alumni Association of Haverford College*. Among those at the meeting were: R. Colton, '76; F. M. Eshleman, '00; R. Patton, '01; C. N. Sheldon, '04; T. K. Brown, Jr., '06; R. A. Spaeth, '09, and Paul Jones, '05, secretary of the committee. The committee decided to hold this year's dinner on Saturday, March 2nd, at Young's Hotel, Boston.

Ex-'54

We regret to announce the death of Samuel Troth on December 6, 1911. Mr. Troth was in his seventy-seventh year.

'76

David Bispham sang in the San Francisco open-air celebration on Christmas eve, at which the audience was estimated at one hundred thousand.

'85

Dr. R. M. Jones has written the preface to the recently published *Beginnings of Quakerism*, by W. C. Braithwaite. This is one of the series of books that Dr. Jones is editing.

'87

Alfred C. Garrett sailed on February 3rd for a trip to Palestine. Mousa J. Kaleel, '15, is with him.

'88

M. E. Leeds and J. S. Stokes, '89, sailed on January 17th for Panama.

'90

The Class of '90 held a reunion on December 30th, in the Haverford Union. The following were present: H. P. Baily, H. R. Bringham, G. T. Butler, T. A. Coffin, P. S. Darlington, R. E. Fox, D. P. Hibberd, T. S. Janney, J. F. T. Lewis, E. R. Longstreth, W. P. Simpson and J. M. Steere.

'96

The Class of '96 held its annual dinner and reunion at the University Club on Wednesday evening, December 27th. The following were present: M. J. Babb, S. K. Brecht, T. Y. Field, C. R. Hinchman, P. D. I. Maier, J. H. Scattergood, W. C. Sharpless, L. H. Wood.

'98

Walter C. Janney has associated himself with the firm of Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler, bankers and dealers in stocks and bonds.

W. W. Cadbury spoke briefly on *The Need of the Extension Work for the Spiritual Life of the Church*, at a dinner given by the men of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting at Twelfth Street Meeting House, on December 8th. Dr. and Mrs. Cadbury sailed for Canton, via Manila, on January 3rd.

'01

The Rev. George J. Walenta was installed by Bishop Rhinelander, last month, as rector of the Church of St. Simeon, in Philadelphia, where he has been acting-pastor since April, 1910. St. Simeon's is the fifth largest parish, in point of membership, in the country, and conducts an institutional work that has received international recognition.

A daughter, Eleanor, was born recently to W. E. Cadbury.

'02

The Class of '02 held a banquet on December 23rd, at Haverford College. Those present were: W. W. Pusey, 2nd, A. C. Wood, Jr., E. G. Kirk, H. L. Balderston, A. G. H. Spiers, E. H. Boles, C. W. Stork, R. M. Gummere, W. C. Longstreth, S. P. Jones, E. W. Evans, C. R. Cary and E. E. Trout. Plans were arranged for the decennial next June. It was decided to have an informal supper in Dr. Spiers' room, at College, on Class Day evening, as a sort of prelude to the festivities the next day.

S. P. Jones and Henry B. Kümmel, the New Jersey State Geologist, have published together a bulletin on *The Mineral Industry of New Jersey for 1910*.

W. C. Longstreth's *Alco* car made a good impression at the recent Automobile Show in Philadelphia.

Dr. A. G. H. Spiers gave, on January 15th, the second of his lectures on *Old Spanish Ballads* before the *Saturday Club*, of Wayne. The lecture was very successful. Dr. Spiers is at the head of a movement to get news about Haverford College into the newspapers. The aim of this movement, of which the *Faculty Lectures* are a part, is to make it more widely known what a center Haverford has become intellectually. The *Faculty Lectures*, of which two have been given, have been very successful and well attended. The Alumni are urged to co-operate with Dr. Spiers in this movement, as such co-operation is necessary for a purpose of this kind. Through Walter Price, '81, Dr. Spiers has asked for estimates for enlarging the stage in the Union. He hopes to have it fitted up with adequate footlights by the middle of February. Two bookcases and a handsome settee of dark oak have been put in as the first instalment of furniture for the Union study.

'03

A son was born recently to I. S. Tilney.

Hervey M. Hoskins has been re-appointed postmaster of McMinnville, Oregon. He is the first man to have secured a second appointment to this position, in which he has been very successful. He has introduced free delivery and several other improvements.

'04

The Class of '04 held its annual reunion and dinner at College, on December 30th. The dinner was served in the old Y. M. C. A. Room. After dinner various business matters were transacted, and the meeting was adjourned to Lloyd Hall, where an enjoyable evening was spent principally in the discussion of the article on "Alumni Loyalty" recently published in *THE HAVERFORDIAN*. At the defection of the married element at an early hour, the discussion was diverted to the question, "Is

Matrimony Worth While," which occupied the remaining bachelors until the "wee small" hours. Several of the class spent the night at College. The following were present at the dinner: H. H. Brinton, D. L. Burgess, J. W. Clark, A. Crowell, P. D. Folwell, C. R. Haig, G. K. Helbert, W. M. C. Kimber, R. P. Lowry, T. J. Megear, C. C. Morris, J. M. Stokes, H. N. Thorn, S. C. Withers.

'06

Henry W. Doughten was married on January 20th, in St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to Miss Florence Cazenove Jones, daughter of Mr. Frank Cazenove Jones. Arthur T. Lowry, '06, was best man. Among the ushers were: Spencer G. Nauman, '06, and Wm. R. Rössmaessler, '06. Mr. and Mrs. Doughten will live at 31 West Eleventh Street, New York City.

'07

The Class of '07 held its annual dinner on December 28th, at Haverford College. After dinner the annual meeting was held. It was decided to have some special celebration next June, as that will be the fifth anniversary of the graduation of the class, and plans are now being made for it. The challenge of the Class of '02 to a baseball game on Commencement Day, was accepted, and E. R. Tatnall was elected captain. Last year's officers were re-elected: H. Evans, president; W. B. Windle, secretary and treasurer. A silver spoon was presented to the Class Boy, Francis B. Gummere, 3rd. The class then adjourned to Lloyd Hall, where the old songs were sung and much enjoyed.

The following were present: J. C. Birdsall, P. W. Brown, A. E. Brown, R. Cadbury, Jr., G. C. Craig, H. Evans, F. D. Godley, S. J. Gummere, J. P. Magill, M. H. March, J. W. Nicholson, Jr., W. R. Rossmaessler, E. C. Tatnall, E. R. Tatnall and W. B. Windle.

A son, Philip Godley, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Godley, on January 15, 1912.

E. F. Jones is with the U. S. Forest Service at McAllister, Montana.

The engagement of J. W. Nicholson, Jr., to Miss Isabell Huston Haines, of Germantown, is announced. Miss Haines is the daughter of R. B. Haines, '78, and granddaughter of R. B. Haines, '44.

'08

The engagement of Thomas R. Hill to Miss Eleanor Twining, of Wycombe, Pa., has been announced.

'09

On Thursday, December 21st, the Class of '09 held its annual reunion in Lloyd Hall. After a long and unusually interesting business meeting, the regular musical feats were indulged in.

Though only fourteen of the class were present, the occasion was greatly enjoyed. Those present were: R. N. Brey, G. H. Deacon, J. C. Green, P. C. Kitchen, H. M. Lutz, P. V. R. Miller, L. C. Moore, F. Myers, J. W. Pennypacker, F. M. Ramsey, W. C. Sandt, T. K. Sharpless, M. H. C. Spiers and F. R. Taylor.

Alfred Lowry, Jr., arrived from Europe, January 26th. He is going to fill a vacancy in the Westtown School faculty, where he will teach French and German.

Reynolds A. Spaeth recently delivered a lecture before the Natural History Club of Harvard on *The Color Changes of Fishes*.

W. S. Febiger, formerly with Justice, Bateman & Co., of Philadelphia, is now with Brown & Adams, wool merchants, 273 Summer Street, Boston. His residence is 100 Mount Vernon Street, Boston.

J. C. Green was married, January 25th, to Mrs. Eugenia Pierce. Mr. and Mrs. Green will live in Atlantic City.

Ex-'10

The engagement of J. M. Langsdorf and Miss Dorothy Kirshbaum, of 1820 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, has been announced.

N. D. Ayer is the composer of the song, *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*, that is so popular at his Alma Mater.

R. M. Eshleman is now with the William H. Maule Seed Co., Seventeenth and Filbert Streets.

A. W. Hutton is in the paper box department of the A. M. Collins Mfg. Co.

M. O. Frost is working on the *Galveston News*.

Ex-'13

The engagement of A. C. Redfield to Miss Elizabeth Sewell Pratt is announced. Miss Pratt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alcott Pratt, of Concord, New Hampshire, and grandniece of the late Miss Louisa M. Alcott.

The engagement of G. K. Taylor to Miss Sara Schenberger, of Lancaster, is announced.

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